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POST

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WHAT'S EXPO 67 REALLY LIKE?

BOBBY KENNEDY
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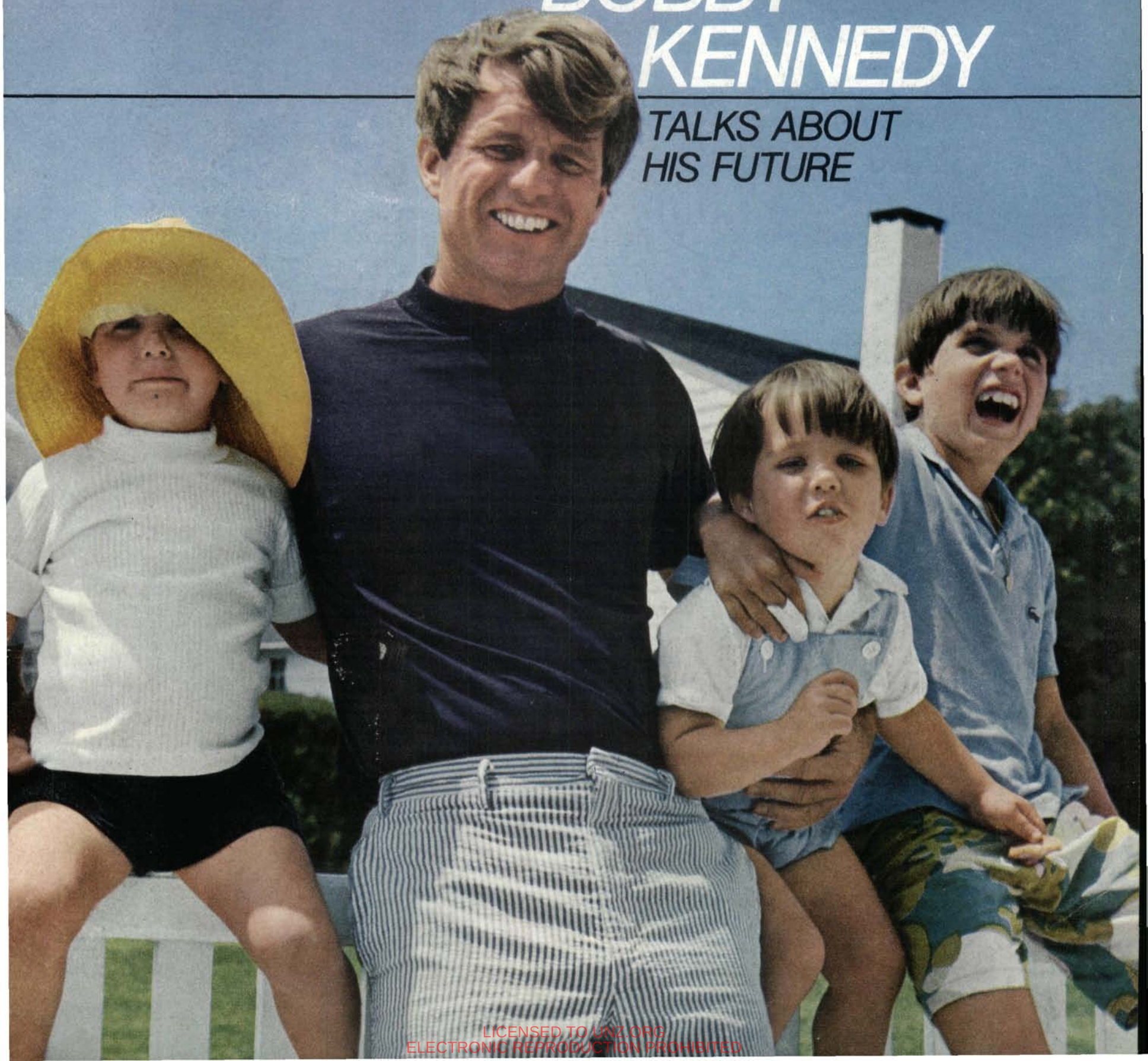
HIS FUTURE



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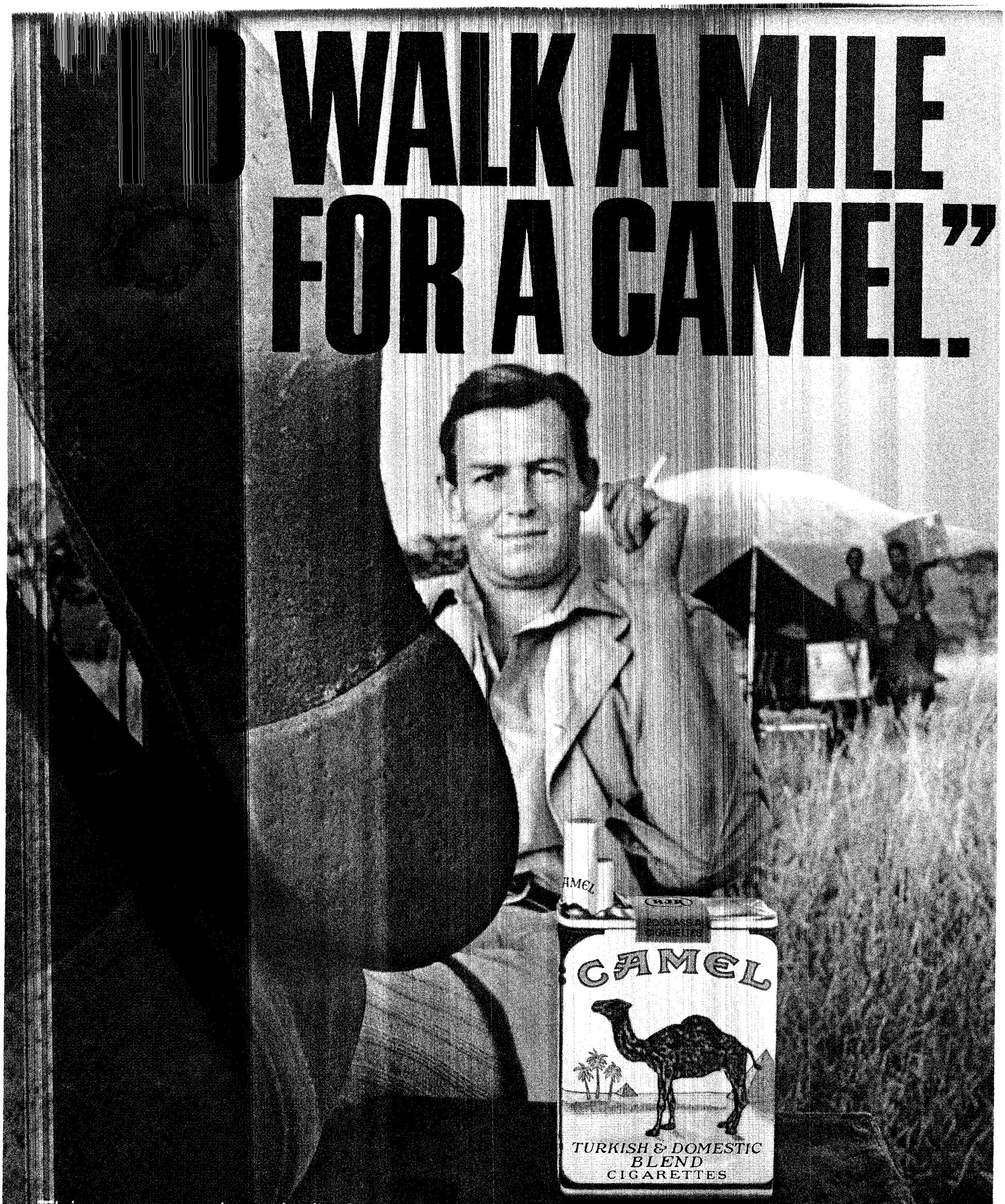

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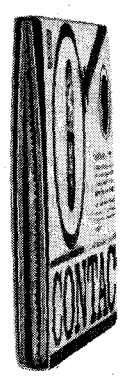

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POST

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CHANGE OF ADDRESS: With service adjustment requests send latest mailing labels, including those from duplicate copies, to Post Subscription Service, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19105. Allow six weeks for change of address.

Printed in U.S.A.

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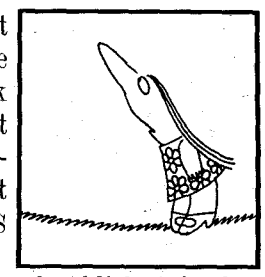
From the Editor



I have taken an outrageous pleasure in working with cartoons at the *Post*. Making the final selection from the thousands that come in every week is a job that defies efficiency—you have to fall back on brute strength and main awkwardness. But the stuff of this effort is cool, crisp and exhilarating. Cartoons are an art form with an enormously varied import—simple gags and serious social comment. Most of all, they are great fun. I find myself laying out the POST SCRIPTS page on the office floor while everything else waits outside.

Our first cartoonist was our founder, Ben Franklin, who created and published the first political cartoon in the *Pennsylvania Gazette* that became *The Saturday Evening Post*. Franklin was followed by a growing band of unusual fellows, and I would like to introduce to the readers all of the really remarkable people who draw cartoons for us today. But for the moment I will have to settle for one—Charley Barsotti. Charley's new cartoon feature, MY KIND OF PEOPLE, begins on page 53 of this issue of the *Post*.

I was surprised when I met Charley Barsotti. But I had expected to be surprised. I have never yet been able to predict what sort of person a cartoonist or a humorist will be, no matter how familiar I am with his work. I enjoyed Barsotti's little pointy-nosed people for themselves. They leaped, lunged, floated or plunged in attitudes of total release or indignant defense, and that was enough. The creator could be whatever he wanted to be. Secretly, however, I suspected that Barsotti was an enormously sophisticated man.

But Charley Barsotti from Prairie Village, Kans., came to New York for a visit. He turned out to be quite a reasonable-looking fellow who could have been extremely competent in taxidermy or a quick-witted district attorney in some high-corn capital of the Midwest. He was not as airy as some of his characters, but then he was not as doughy as others. He stood, disquietingly, somewhere in between. The creator of this extraordinarily sophisticated body of humor was, in truth, a regional personage, a straight arrow still quivering from the flight to New York. Talent aside, he was somewhat like me.

We are very proud of Charley, but we didn't discover him—he discovered himself. We just came upon him, and I believe we are well met. If Charley Barsotti is not soon reckoned to be one of the great new talents in the world of cartoons, I will be surprised one more time.

Bill Emerson

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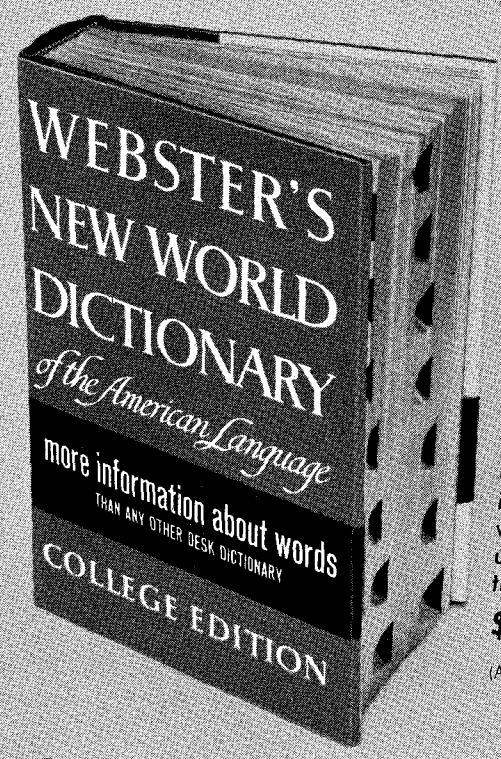

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Letters

Catholicism and change

Gentlemen:

We who had despaired of a traditionalist ever getting a word in thank you for publishing Frederick Wilhelmsen's statement on Catholicism [CATHOLICISM IS RIGHT, SO WHY CHANGE IT?] in your July 15 issue. Here at last is a spokesman for the vast numbers of Catholics who are appalled at the shambles the clerical hippies are making of the Church and who will not abort 2,000 years of tradition for an ecumenical love-in.

LOIS M. KINDLEBERGER
Pacific Palisades, Calif.

Dear Sir:

Despite his lament over "washing dirty linen in public," this expert on "bewildered bishops" and the "Catholic underground" ignores his own stirrings of the dust of confusion. He should be quiet and rub shoulders with the host of us Catholic laymen who, since Vatican II, live more intimately with Christ—and who resemble "Mickey Mouse" much less than we resemble Mighty Mouse.

WOODY GUIDRY JR.
Port Lavaca, Tex.

Editor:

Dr. Wilhelmsen would have a better chance of bringing back the rack, the thumbscrew and the Inquisition if he returned to his beloved Spain.

EILEEN R. TRANFORD
Dorchester, Mass.

Gentlemen:

The Roman Catholic Church's principal mission is a spiritual one that is by no means dependent on conquering poverty and disease. These aims are fine; but in this time of social confusion, Catholics need their Church to champion other and higher goals than those already hotly pursued by everybody from the U.S. Government to the Girl Scouts.

THOMAS E. SCHAEFER
San Francisco, Calif.

Sir:

Dr. Wilhelmsen postulates that changes initiated as a result of Vatican II may be faulty. But Vatican II was sponsored by one supreme pontiff and its deliberations were approved by another. One may argue, then, that Dr. Wilhelmsen is assailing the doctrine of the infallibility of these pontiffs in matters of faith and morals—a doctrine to which he and I and millions of other Catholics subscribe.

R. ERNEST DUPUY
Arlington, Va.

Gentlemen:

For every one of Dr. Wilhelmsen's kind, there are 10 Catholics scraping the barnacles off the Rock of Peter to make the Church we love more meaningful to Christians everywhere.

CHARLES MORGAN
Santa Clara, Calif.

Mind of a murderer

Dear Sir:

I would like to commend Dr. Marvin Ziporyn and Jack Altman on their extremely well-written articles concerning Richard Speck [THE MIND OF A MURDERER, July 1–July 15, 1967]. They show that even in such a horrible tragedy as this there is also another human side which we, the public, seldom see.

BRENDA LANEY
Verona, N.D.

Sir:

Doctor Ziporyn's interviews with mass-murderer Speck belong exclusively on the shelf with Krafft-Ebing's text on abnormal psychology and sexual perversion or in the nation's crime laboratories—but not in the pages of the *Post*.

MR. AND MRS. G. M. MUSICK
Arvada, Colo.

Dear Sir:

I think investigators someday may trace the violence and crime of our times to confused "experts" who unwittingly aid and abet suggestible people bent on destruction. At least Speck had more sense than Dr. Ziporyn when, in response to the psychiatrist's statement that Speck may not have killed the nurses (hinting an alter ego was involved), Speck replied, "It was me, all right."

JOSEPH P. BOYLE JR.
Albany, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

Thank you for your article. We cannot help the dead, but we can help those who wish they were dead, like Richard Speck.

LIZ ARMAND
Burbank, Calif.

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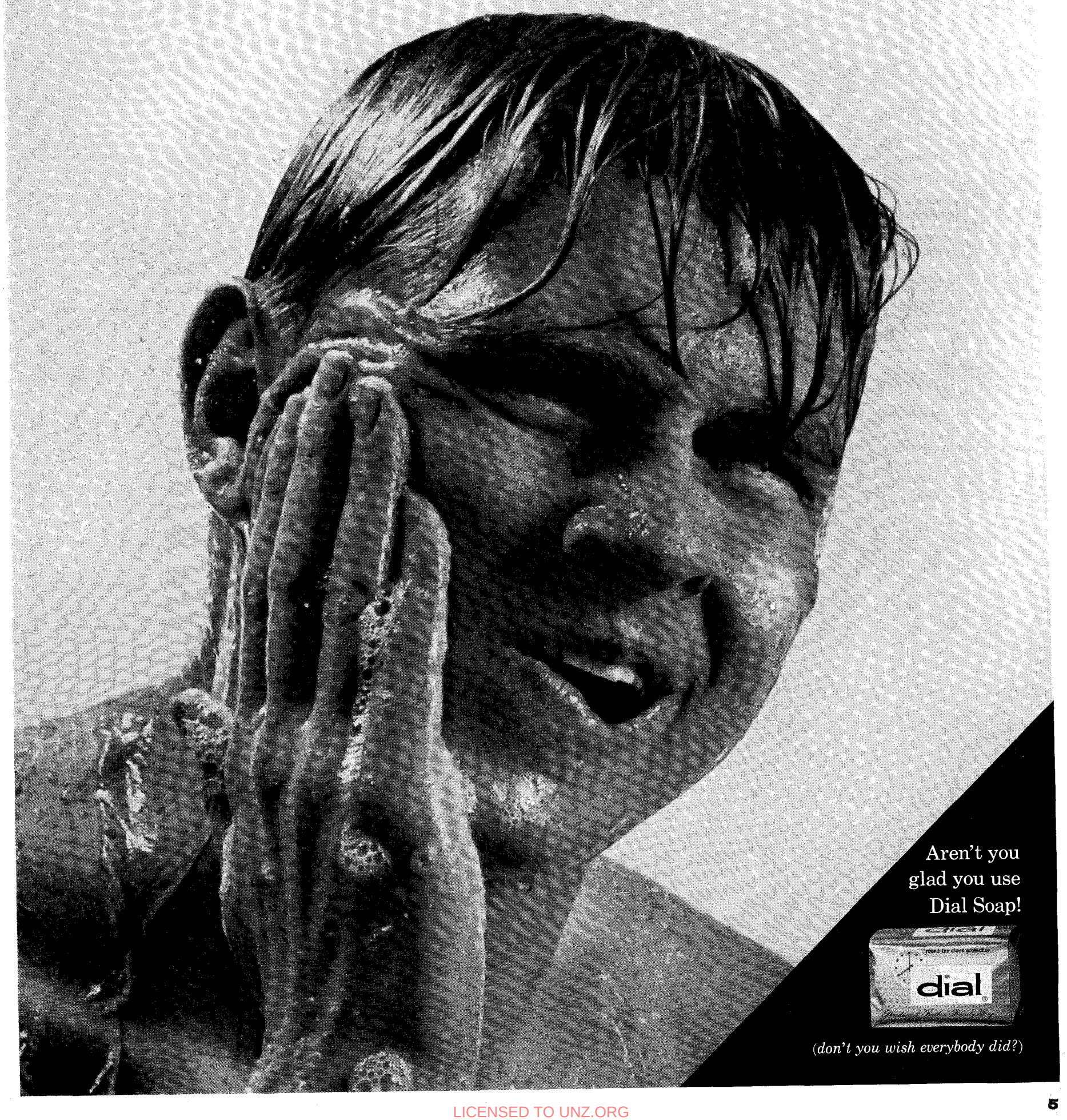

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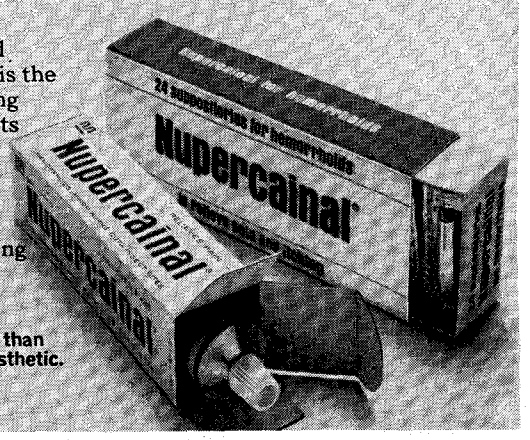

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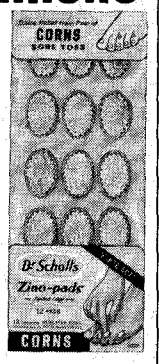

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Letters

Black immigrants

Dear Sirs:

Having just finished THE BLACK IMMIGRANTS in your July 15 issue, I felt compelled to write and congratulate author Ben H. Bagdikian. The article was written with compassion and in a beautiful style, and anyone reading it must certainly feel he has "walked a mile in the other man's shoes."

JUNE VALDESPINO
Orlando, Fla.

Gentlemen:

These people in Ben Bagdikian's article are just people laboring under tremendous handicaps and often hopeless situations to achieve a way of life I take for granted.

I prefer articles that deal with statistics instead of people. Now I keep wondering what a steady diet of salt pork and greens would be like.

ROBERT BROWN
Midland, Tex.

Dear Sir:

When I read that Mrs. Walter Austin purchased her last dress in 1956, I was moved to tears. But after noting, a few paragraphs later, that her family purchased a TV set in 1963, I wiped my eyes and threw the *Post* in the trash can.

VIVIAN J. BOLLIN
Sparta, N.C.

Dear Sir:

It is not only the Negro who is entrapped by subhuman conditions. In our great United States, a country that feeds other nations, we must get busy and take care of all our people, both white and black.

MRS. M. W. HARDEN
Richmond, Calif.

Outdoor feasting

Dear Editor:

Roy Andries de Groot's article on picnics [FOUR MARVELOUS WAYS TO EAT OUTDOORS, July 15] was charming. I can't wait to gather children, grandchildren, dunes and the Atlantic Ocean together and have a clambake such as the writer described.

BERYL T. YOCUM
Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Sir:

May I just say that I feel a sense of pride in having my FOUR MARVELOUS WAYS TO EAT OUTDOORS in this particular issue of the *Post*—which seems to me, as I go through the rest of it, to be lustrously conceived, harmoniously designed and edited towards dramatic variety.

As to my text, there now appears on your printed page one factual error so glaring that I assume it must be a "typo" by the printer.

On page 35, in the oyster roast recipe, there appears the phrase "I use a Spanish *paella*, 18 inches across." There is the sharpest possible difference in the Spanish language between the words *paellera* (the pan) and *paella* (the food in the pan). What is now in the printed text is equivalent to saying that the oysters are to be roasted on an 18-inch omelette!

I was alerted to this point by 27 gaily sarcastic notes in my mail this morning, from both distinguished gourmets and quite average cooks.

ROY ANDRIES DE GROOT
New York, N.Y.

Pop music

Dear Sirs:

Thank you for your article POP MUSIC: THE MOST? OR JUST A MESS? [by Alfred G. Aronowitz, July 15]—but it barely skimmed the surface of a fascinating industry. Teenyweenybopper? Not on your life! I'm 23 and I find the current pop scene more groovy than it could have been 10 years ago, even 3 years ago. It's exciting and alive like never before!

JERI HOLLOWAY
Shreveport, La.

Dear Editor:

If you think pop music is a mess, well your article about what's happening in pop music was the best mess I've seen in a long time. Saying that the Monkees are the most popular group in the world—how stupid can you get?

JOHN GARY
Battle Creek, Mich.

Visit to 'The Rock'

Dear Sir:

My warm compliments to Joan Didion for the excellent mood piece on Alcatraz in your July 1st POINTS WEST column. She has captured both the temper and substance of "The Rock" meaningfully and accurately.

The prison was a noble experiment in efforts to control and deter crime by a strict and inexorable prison regime. Like other and less civilized efforts to control human behavior by threat of severe punishment, its total effect was, I am afraid, minimal.

It is good to be reminded by such colorful pieces of "a ruin devoid of human vanities, clean of human illusions." It is the pursuit and abandonment of such illusions that in the end make for progress.

JAMES V. BENNETT
Former Director
U.S. Bureau of Prisons
Bethesda, Md.

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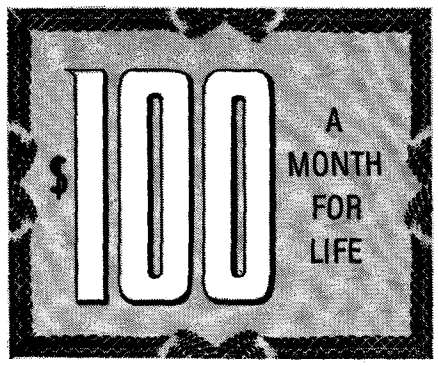

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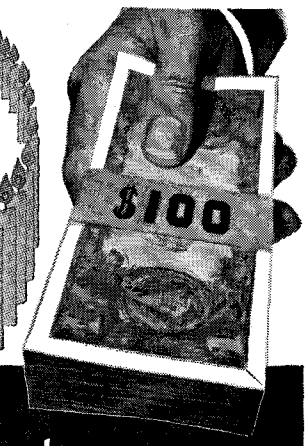

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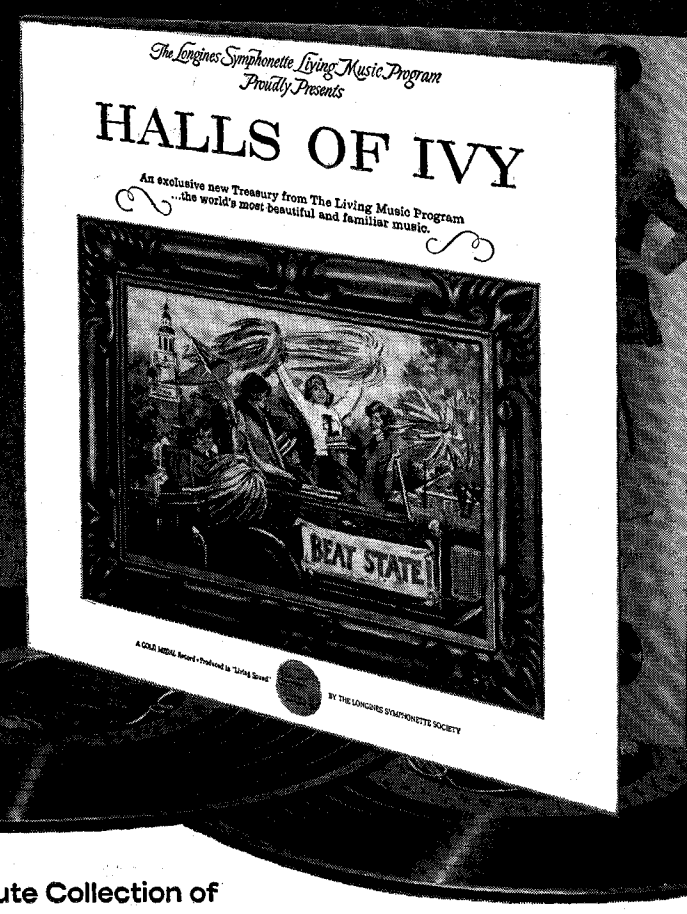
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Girl Of My Dreams
You Gotta Be A Football Hero
Betty Coed
Fight On For Old S.C.
Notre Dame Victory March
Ramblin' Wreck From Georgia Tech
Lord Jeffrey Amherst
Let Me Call You Sweetheart
Yes Sir, That's My Baby
Button Up Your Overcoat
Boola Boola
Down The Field
On Brave Old Army Team
Anchors Aweigh
Sweetheart of Sigma Chi
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Collegiate
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Speaking Out

The author, a native New Yorker (photographed here at a vacation retreat on the Maine coast), has published both novels and short stories, been a professor of English at several colleges, including Barnard, and traveled widely abroad.

WE'VE LOST THE ART OF FRIENDSHIP

by Hortense Calisher

Americans are easy-to-meet, friendly people: This is our stereotype; we see ourselves as bluff and very hearty, full of handshakes and interest in others. We were formed of pioneers, *émigrés*, expatriates, who dealt with new terrain, under conditions of hardship, adventure and idealism. We are bluff and *hearty*.

With us, whether at a gas station or a dinner table, there's rarely a conversation which doesn't soon jump to: "Where do you live, work, go to school? What's your line?" We are very personal very quickly. Our interpretation of this is that we are the friendliest people in the world.

What my puzzled friends abroad often ask is what we mean when we are so accessible to people we scarcely know. "Is it possible," the foreign friends ask, narrowing their eyes, "that this is really a way of avoiding a personal choice or contact?" The typical American hospitality can be suffocating—between the Lions Club during the husband's lunch hour and the Welcome Wagon at the housewife's door. Americans are *terribly* friendly, as the visitors say.

It appears to foreigners that by and large we mistake the mannerisms of friendship for the emotions of friendship. After a point, the so-friendly American neighbors become dubious about any personal relationship outside the family. He and she, the American couple, seem rigid, or just plain embarrassed, or suspicious, about any close emotion not attached to the familial or the sexual. They're alert socializers, but is it not plain that he and she really do not have any talent for an intimate friendship, or any wish for it?

When I ask foreigners what they consider friendship to be, I come up against their national character. If British, they prefer to have their literature speak for them, perhaps in the words of that convenient old duffer Polonius, who long ago advised us, if we have friends, to "grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel." If French, they will be happy to discuss for hours their determination not to miss out on any passionate relationship—at least in talk. Or if I am in the Middle East, I can see right before me the casual physical symbol of friendship between heterosexual men, some of them with two wives, strolling down the avenue hand in hand, their "worry beads" swinging. Most of the world has always had some version of friendship as a powerful, romantic theme. What we Americans have done with our version, behind the friendly façade, is hypocrisy.

I doubt that you have heard any discussion about friendship lately—or even heard the word. It used to mean a relationship of lasting loyalty, sympathy and trust between any persons whose emotions were not complicated by sexual love. Perhaps the word has been blotted out by the blight of America's cross-country moving. The industrial transferee from town to town can expect everything to be prepared prefab for him—all of it temporary, of course. The 20-odd-year series of letters between Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes and the much younger Harold Laski is a testimony to what a friendship can be: a devoted, mutually admiring meeting of hearts and minds. But when a man and his family can expect to move at any time, and when a close family life is good business, there is simply no time or place for friendship. For Americans, the family has come to be the only safe center of feeling.

I have an acquaintance to whom I posed the question of what "a friend" means. He's an intelligent man, a corporate vice president whose warm manner must be called friendly, even though it may have a certain diffuseness after years of moving from place to place. "Why, I have friends in every walk of life!" he says, and it's clear he numbers me among them and also the shoeshine boy at his favorite hotel in San Francisco and the airline stewardesses on his regular runs. "Yes, but whom do you have," I dare ask, "when you are *not* on the run?" He smiles at me. Important men like to have important feelings attributed to them, too.

But most of his smile is for my question. For he, poor man, who has thousands of acquaintances, is allowed only one true, close friend, his wife. It has never occurred to either of them that he might have two, and this leads us to what is surely an American phenomenon—the omnivorous marriage. How has it come to pass that if one partner has a vital relationship outside the family, the other is entitled to think this odd, or even disloyal?

Ever since the rediscovery of the psyche, most of us have had to submit to having every emotion scrutinized, and Americans criticize themselves as a nation very earnestly. We like to be normal; we like to be good; how cleverly we've succeeded in channeling our fears of love and physicality into two safe outlets: family and sex. Meanwhile, we've admitted sex into the family circle, and then made the family circle the total circumference of life. Everything emotional *must* be solvable in the home. Everything of an emotional nature outside home *may* be treacherous, and so friendship—for us, who call ourselves the friendliest people in the world—is outside our emotional range.

Friendship being lost, consider what bearing its absence has on the "successful" American marriage. If the man is gregarious or sporting, he tends to keep allegiances in those areas superficial, as evidence that everything is OK at home. Or he takes "her" with him. We used to have golf widows; now we have the fishing wife. Or our ideal American husband does everything, takes part in every activity, goes everywhere with the family and has no personal time at all. The one area where he is conceded the right to have friends of his own is in business. The office is one of the few places where one American man can put his arm around the shoulder of another and not have this action attributed to anything but the pursuit of money and salesmanship.

"Your men must be so careful to be *rough* in their associations with one another," the young French wife of an American said to me recently. "They cannot show the *softer* feelings to one another." I recall my own early doubts in Britain when one male acquaintance went about his rooms arranging flowers (from his *mother's* garden) and another read us poetry aloud in one of those skippy voices. Later, the first eloped with a pretty girl, and the second turned out to have a wife and four children—to all of whom he also read

One measure of a democracy's strength is the freedom of its citizens to speak out—to dissent from the popular view. Although the editors often disagree with the opinions expressed in Speaking Out, they dedicate the series to that freedom.

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Why should family-sized (big-screen) color—on the market now for over ten years—still be priced out of reach for millions of American families? Why should the least-expensive color sets cost a workingman a month's pay?

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If you'd rather not pay cash, you can have this Philco Color TV for about $14 a month on a two-year plan. That's just about half of what most people expect to pay for color.

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See your Philco-Ford dealer.

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Just as many, many years ago Ford made the automobile a lot more than a rich man's toy—today Philco-Ford is dedicated to bringing color tv to everybody.

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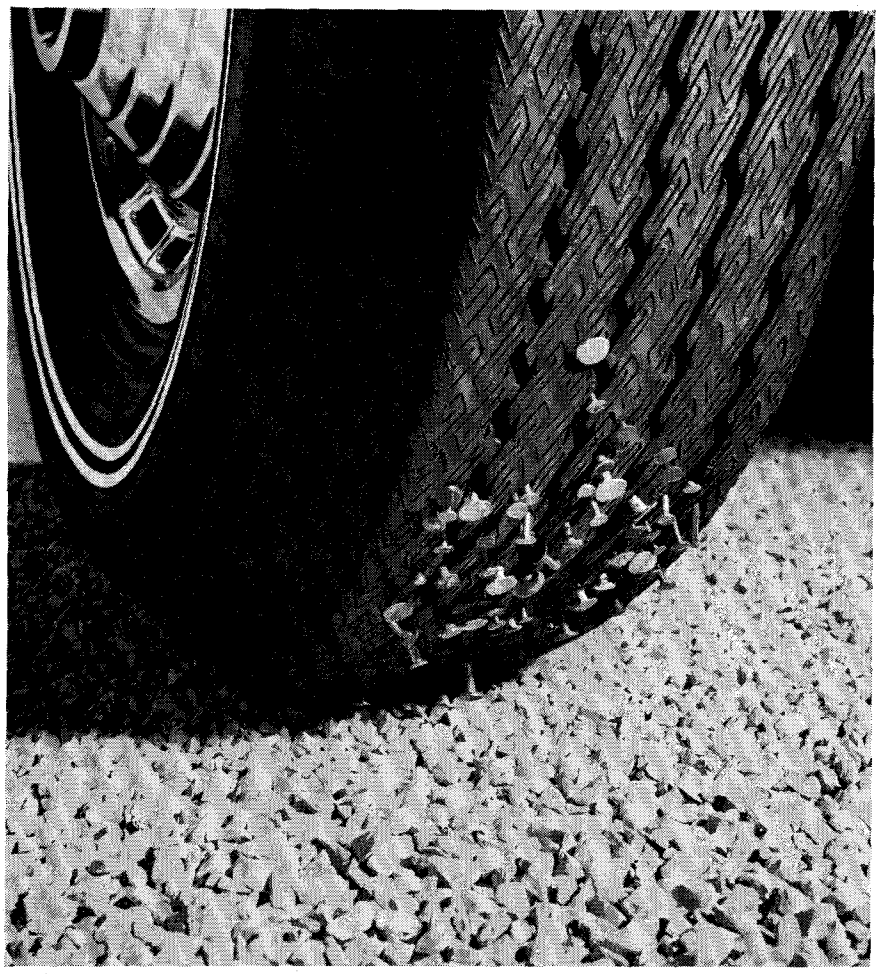
This is Sears' new self-sealing tire. You could drive it with a dozen nails in it.

Here are 42 other reasons it should be the next self-sealing tire you buy.



1 You could drive it with a hundred nails in it. **2** It's guaranteed for 40 months. **3** In writing.

We're putting the guarantee right here in the ad. **4** You'll note there are no wherefores; no ifs, ands or buts. Except one.

5 If the Silent Guard Sealant Tire fails during the first 20 months, we'll give you a new tire free. **6** If it picks up a nail—or a dozen nails—we'll fix it free.

And as they say in the ads, **7** nobody else has a guarantee like this.

8 The Sears Silent Guard is as close to being completely trouble-free as any self-sealing tire ever made. **9** A special patented sealant does the job.

10 There is a five-layer sealant inside the tire. **11** It clings to just about any nail that can get in. **12** It keeps air from getting out.

Depending on your tire size, the Silent Guard is priced from $42.04 to $51.38 with your old tire. Federal Excise Tax included. That's the advertised price. **13** And that's the selling price. **14** You never have to haggle at Sears.

15 No extra charge for mounting. **16** No Money Down on Sears Easy Payment Plan.

You can find self-sealing tires listed at $90 and more. But you can't buy a **17** better, **18** safer self-sealing tire anywhere. **19** For any price.

20 It's 28 per cent heavier than the average of new car tires.

21 Its tread is 15 per cent deeper. **22** And 14 per cent wider.

23 It's got 44 per cent more carcass strength. **24** That's 1,000 pounds more strength per inch than the average of new car tires. **25** In fact, it can even withstand impacts that will bend the steel wheel.

Because of its advanced design, tests proved, the Silent Guard gives you **26** better traction, **27** better wear, **28** better high-speed performance than most other sealant tires.

The Silent Guard is **29** a good-looking job, too. **30** It's got the new low profile. **31** And narrow new whitewalls. **32** Doubleband whitewalls.

33 There's a new scuffing bar above and below the whitewalls to protect them from being attacked by curbings.

You remember that annoying squealing noise that most tires make on turns? **34** The Silent Guard has a patented squelcher to stiffle the squeal. **35** And a patented safety shoulder for added protection.

36 Sears isn't going to put its guarantee on just any self-sealing tire. **37** In fact, this is the only self-sealing tire in the world that Sears will guarantee. **38** Because when Sears guarantees, Sears guarantees.

We want to sell you a tire that will **39** get you home safely.

We honestly think the Silent Guard is the **40** finest, **41** safest self-sealing tire your wheel can go around with.

And it's guaranteed by Sears. Sears, Roebuck and Co.

Get four.

There's safety in numbers.

• • •

Tread Life Guarantee

Guaranteed Against: All failures of the tire resulting from normal road hazards or defects in material or workmanship.

For How Long: For the life of the original tread.

What Sears Will Do: Repair nail punctures at no charge. In case of failures, in exchange for the tire: Replace it at no charge, if failure occurs during first 20 months. If tire fails after this period, it will be replaced, charging only the proportion of current regular selling price plus Federal Excise Tax that represents tread used.

Tread Wear-Out Guarantee

Guaranteed Against: Tread wear out

For How Long: 40 months.

What Sears Will Do: In exchange for the tire replace it, charging current regular selling price plus Federal Excise Tax less 30% allowance.

Sears

42 You can't do better than Sears.

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poetry. For a while I was reassured . . . over there.

But now, over here, I see women take advantage of the "culture" whose emphasis is on sexual success in love to the denigration of all other "love" successes. Where once a man was most male when he was in a posse of his peers, now he is safely male only when he is with his spouse and their issue. If a husband and father is the loser, then his emotional attrition is his duty. Nobody thinks to notice that the family may be the losers too. The code of the omnivorous marriage says: Nobody else may be that important to the partner. The code states that a man is never so male, loyal and virtuous as when he's with his wife, and a woman is never so feminine and fulfilled as when she's with her husband. The idea that either should have a *friend* is, by unwritten law, illegal.

"But of course I have close friends!" says an acquaintance. "I must have half a dozen in every one of my groups!" She looks at me meaningfully. As a social worker, she is always trying to recruit me to help carry her sociological burden even though I am unable to work out my guilt in committee. As I leave her house I give a final pat to the third presence at the tea table, her dog, and she approves. But when we three bid good-bye at the door, she says delicately, "You always see things so *personally*. Have you thought of seeking help?"

I do, of course, often go to my friends for help. Like most relationships which center on the exchange of love, friendship is part necessity and part romance; in this harsh world we all draw our breath in pain; and all of us cleave in some fashion. I myself often think of friendship as the emotion that can exist released from the obligations and tensions which surround sex, money, family, work—a limited and modest aim. Thus, we consider friendship to be a "little" enterprise, and so we disdain it. We know full well that we're all out for work and play and buying and eating and drinking and sex. Yet at the same time we hear each other say how much we'd like to take a powder if there were any tropical isles off the trade routes, if it weren't for the kids. In the aching suburbs, isn't there supposed to be a new word and a new recipe for "belonging," for "togetherness," every year? Isn't every city resident conscious he's a member of the crowd? Doesn't the village watch itself vanish to the highways and the poisoned flora and fauna? With civic violence and atomic war at the door, hadn't we better love not only our neighbor but nearly everybody—before we die?

I have a private name for a future world of my vision; I call it the "unzowie world." It has time, sympathy, confidences, continuity. It is the opposite of what we have now: the rushed, the febrile, the competitive, the false. And friendship thrives in my ideal country, unlike my present one. Today, friends can be found at the cocktail party or the bowling alley. But friendship stipulates the expense of private time and continuity.

I have a friend. We both have engrossing husbands, families and professional lives—she is an artist—but our connection would probably fall in the class of "harem confidences." We are "congenial." We've known each other for years, though our husbands meet only at a tangential dinner once every few years. She and I meet on the side, afternoons, or evenings or on the telephone. We have small talk, and we have our limits. Though neither of us would let the other starve, our family and professions generally come first. What we have between us is a firm and powerful continuity, and we have a mutual perspective which has not been subjected to extreme pressure, obsession or need. Because of that, we can really listen to one another. And sometimes decision comes of this, sometimes consolation, often plain fun.

I have another friend, this time an old man, a poet, who lives in a house full of great memories on the Maine coast. We keep in touch. I have begun to realize that what I go to him for, beyond the pleasant spice of his company, is to learn about the future. He has the advantage of death's imminence. He thinks of me as old-fashioned and young.

When I asked him to define friendship, he did two practical things at once. First, he handed me a bourbon. Then he said, "I don't suppose you writers ever think of looking in *Bartlett's*," and got down the book. The quotations listed under "Friend" number 329; those on "Friendship" 69. My friend chose four: "Friendship is a sheltering tree."—Coleridge; "One friend in a lifetime is much; two are many; three are hardly possible. Friendship needs a certain parallelism of life, a community of thought, a rivalry of aim."—Henry Adams; "To become Love, Friendship needs what Morality needs to become Religion—the fire of emotion."—Richard Garnett; "I had three chairs in my house: one for solitude, two for friendship, three for society."—Thoreau. "Those men belong to *my* period of education," said my host. "They spoke of the sentiments, out loud." He gave me another drink.

And one night later that summer I saw a simple demonstration of what the old man and I so missed. A group of us sat listening to two men playing on one piano. The pair were composer-teachers and longtime friends who met seldom, since they live half the nation apart. Clearly they had spent the afternoon poring over new scores, a wine bottle and a middle-grade piano. One, a brilliant pianist, had persuaded the other, a workmanlike performer, to join in a Schubert duet. This piece is a charming old round, both neat and gaudy. The interweaving hands paused high and plunged again, ending with a hilarious flourish of finger-interlacing and hand-crossing; this drew from me a pang of recognition of an issue over which I had brooded, and the answer was suddenly made plain. The piece is called *L'Amitié Invariable*, translated in the score as "Eternal Friendship." Those men had wives and children, and no fear of each other or themselves. Friendship will be found wherever there is a cleaving or a closeness between people who have no ax to grind, as my pianists connected best on their sympathy for their art. Friendship is not really un-American, and yet we seem to fear it. Is it because it would make patricians of us all?

Hortense Calisher

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■ Affairs of State, by Stewart Alsop

Almost all generals are almost always wrong about all wars

WASHINGTON:

"Put not your trust in princes," the Bible warns. Presidents of the United States might do well to bear in mind a revised version of this admonition: "Put not your trust in generals." For it seems to be a sound rule that almost all generals are almost always wrong about all wars.

Every one of our Presidents since World War II has received dubious advice from the generals. President Truman's military advisers at first told him that South Korea could be defended with American air and naval power. Many bloody infantry battles later, when American divisions were advancing toward the Yalu, General MacArthur pooh-poohed the President's fears that the Chinese Communists might intervene.

A majority of the Joint Chiefs of Staff recommended to President Eisenhower the bombing of the Chinese mainland at the time of the offshore-islands crisis, and the bombing of the Viet Minh at the time of Dien Bien Phu. Eisenhower vetoed both proposals—wisely, in retrospect. But then, Eisenhower was a general himself, so he knew how wrong generals can be.

President Kennedy found out how wrong generals can be when the Joint Chiefs ruled in advance that the Bay of Pigs project was militarily sound and feasible. As for President Johnson, there is not much doubt that his military advisers have been wrong about the war in Vietnam.

President Johnson made two key decisions about Vietnam, both early in 1965. The first was to bomb North Vietnam, and the second was to intervene with American combat troops in South Vietnam. These decisions may have been the right decisions—that is for history to tell. But there cannot be any serious doubt any longer that the military assumptions on which they were based were wrong. To prove that these assumptions were wrong, it is really only necessary to ask a couple of questions.

The bombing of North Vietnam has been heavier than the bombing of Nazi Germany. Yet there has not been the slightest hint from the North of any intention to negotiate seriously, and the rate of infiltration from the North has gone sharply up since 1965. Question One: Were these the results of the bombing that the President's military advisers expected and predicted to the President in 1965?

There are now more than 460,000 American troops in Vietnam, and there will soon be more than half a million. By "reasoning together" with General Westmoreland and the Joint Chiefs, President Johnson has got them to agree to this level—for public consumption. But it is no secret that Westmoreland and the Chiefs really want 600,000 U.S. troops in Vietnam, and eventually as many as 750,000. Yet despite the commitment of a very big U.S. army to Vietnam, the war is very far indeed from being won, and in some areas the Viet Cong is stronger than ever. Question Two: Were these the results of the troop commitment that the President's military advisers expected and predicted to the President in 1965?

The questions answer themselves. All military predictions are of course carefully hedged, but the plain fact is that the President's military advisers expected far quicker and more decisive results from the bombing of the North and the commitment of American troops in the South.

It is no new thing under the sun for the generals to be wrong. In 431 B.C., old King Archidamus of Sparta counseled against making war on Athens, warning that the war would be "bequeathed to the next generation." But the Spartan generals, confident of speedy victory, attacked anyway. The war lasted for 27 years.

Skip the intervening millennia, rife with examples of the wrongness of generals, and consider a few examples from our own century:

ITEM: In the First World War the generals on both sides were consistently wrong. For example, the German General Staff confidently predicted that the war would be over in four months, and with the exception of Kitchener and Joffre, the British and French generals also made their plans on the assumption that the war would be over in less than a year. The war, of course, lasted four long and blood-soaked years.

ITEM: After Hitler's blitz against France, the prevailing view of the American military, as conveyed to President Roosevelt, was that the British could not possibly hold out for more than a few months. When the Germans attacked Russia, the American intelligence estimate was that the German Army would go through Russia "like a knife through butter," six weeks being the estimate of the time required to complete the conquest. In late summer, 1944, General Eisenhower's intelligence staff predicted the end of "organized resistance" by the Germans by "1 December 1944 . . . and it may even end sooner." It ended many months and many thousands of casualties later.

ITEM: Before Pearl Harbor, the military estimates of what the Japanese could and would do were consistently wrong—literally dozens of bad guesses are recorded in Roberta Wohlstetter's book on Pearl Harbor.

The basic assumptions were that the Japanese wouldn't dare to attack the United States, and if they did they would be defeated in a few months. Four years later, in 1945, Gen. Douglas MacArthur was convinced that "the cost in blood in defeating Japan" would be so high that "the President should start putting pressure on the Russians" to get them into the war.

But this gloomy forecast was an exception. Generals usually think that wars can be won quickly, still another example being General MacArthur's famous "home by Christmas" statement in Korea in 1950.

Generals are sometimes right, of course—and civilians, especially journalists, can be even more spectacularly wrong about wars than generals. The trouble is that a civilian President doesn't expect his generals to be wrong about wars, any more than he would expect good lawyers to be wrong about the law. But the fog of war is even thicker than the fog that surrounds the law, and military professionalism doesn't dispel war's fog—it thickens it.

This is not because "the brass" is stupid or wrongheaded—most generals are exceptionally honorable and intelligent men. It is a matter of conditioning. A soldier is trained to be a "can-do man"—it does not come natural to him to say that he doesn't think a war can be won quickly, or that the risks of intervening in some small country are too great. He is also trained to exude a certain authority and certitude, so that when all the generals, all exuding authority and certitude, all agree on a certain course, it is difficult for a civilian President to turn them down.

This is why it may be useful for future Presidents—and all the rest of us—to bear in mind that almost all generals are almost always wrong about all wars. Generals should be listened to with skeptical respect, but never with reverent credulity.

Stewart Alsop

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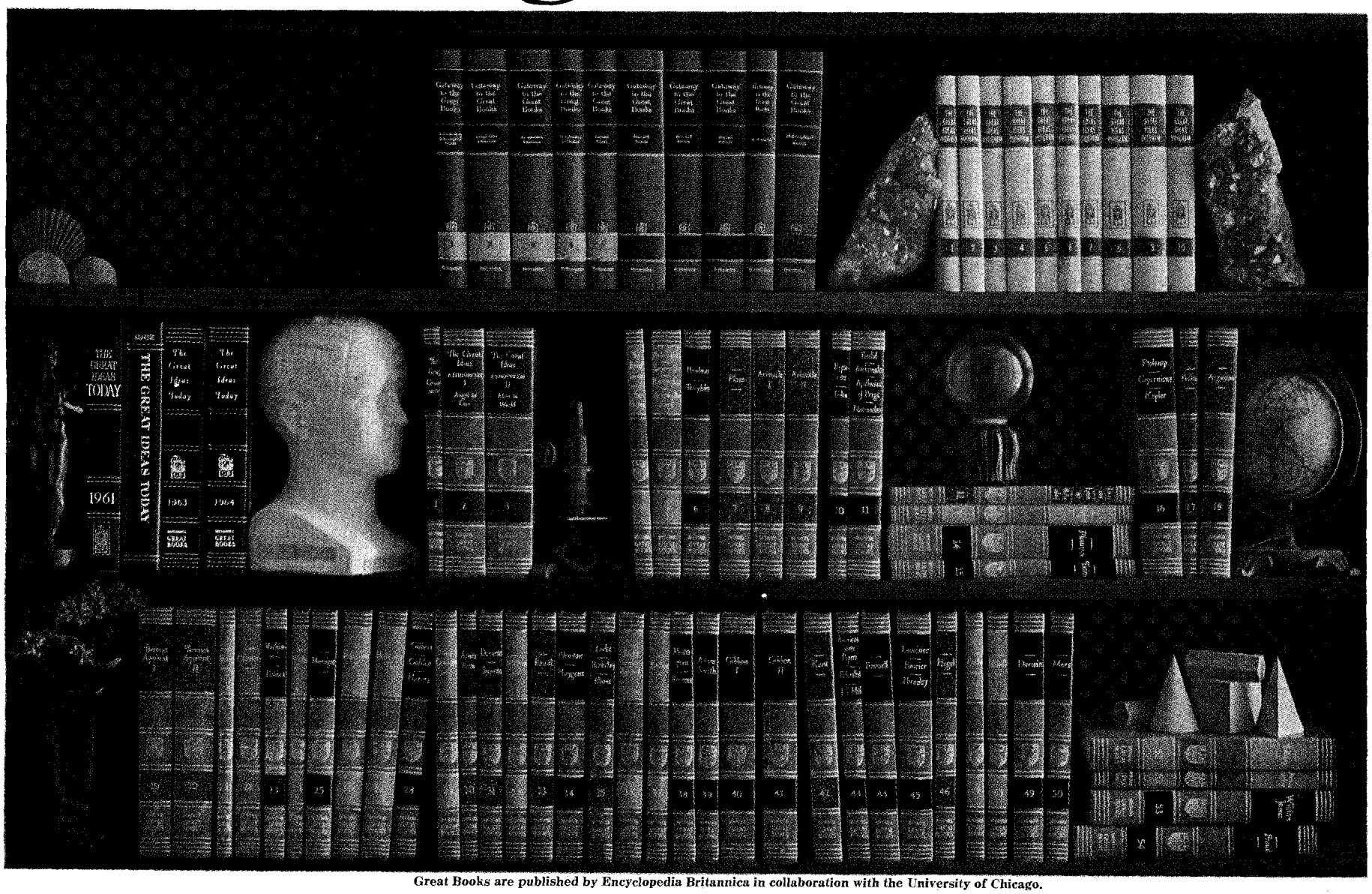
For people who are not ashamed of having brains.



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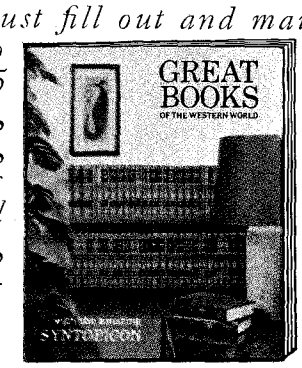

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GREAT BOOKS

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Caught in the act

By Bill Conklin

Two questions for the modern crime fighter:

Where do you hide your police badge when your "plain-clothes" uniform consists of a bathing suit?

How do you protect yourself from a burly attacker when you are dressed like a woman and can't pack a holster and gun?

The answers: When wearing a bathing suit, you don't have to have a badge with you. When dressed like a woman, it is recommended that you carry lead weights in your purse.

Such information isn't useless. In efforts to catch criminals in the act, police departments increasingly are turning to a variety of disguises and tricks . . .

The Wall Street Journal

Diana Dew, who is 23 years old, designs electronic clothes that flash on and off. . . . "The power comes from rechargeable nickel-cadmium batteries, like the ones used in electric toothbrushes," she said. "The charge lasts five hours; you plug the dress into a wall socket overnight. The speed of the flash can be adjusted by a twist of the potentiometer. Suppose the chick wearing this dress is dancing, and the music comes on faster—bam-bam-bam-da-da." Miss Dew twirled the control knob and the lights blinked in a faster rhythm. "Of course, this is only a prototype. . . ."

The New Yorker

I raised a hand in protest as my friend Fetlock Holmes leaned forward and switched off the late evening news.

"Wait a moment," I cried, "we're missing the best part! Didn't you hear him say an enormous rooster has just been slain on the Sunset Strip?"

"Erroneous reporting, Watso. I'll give you odds it was not an enormous rooster, but a cleverly disguised officer of the law."

"Great Scott! You mean ——"

Suddenly there was a curious crunching outside Holmes's comfortable digs in the Hollywood hills. "That would be an agitated young woman in heels hurrying up our gravel drive," said Holmes, opening the door to admit a girl exactly answering his description.

Holmes studied her briefly as he ushered her into the living room. "Watso, I'd like you to meet Miss Diana Dew, avant-garde clothing designer and student of potentiometry."

"But Mr. Holmes," she gasped, "how could you possibly know?"

"Elementary. What other female would roam about in a hand-sewn miniwrap clutching a copy of *The Electronics Handbook* with the initials DD on the cover?"

"Fantastic!" said I.

"Mr. Holmes, I want you to help me recover a stolen dress."

"A *dress*?" I interrupted. "Young lady, do you realize an enormous rooster ——"

"Calm yourself, Watso. The items are not necessarily unrelated. Stop me if I'm wrong, Miss Dew: You plugged the dress into a wall socket, and when you went to unplug it, it was gone. You want it back because it is the prototype for a new line of electronic clothes."

"Yes! Yes!"

"Watso, what have we so far?"

I shook my head. "Slain roosters. Potentiometers. Stolen garments."

"And two tickets for the Policemen's Ball," smiled Holmes producing them from under a vase. "Miss Dew, can you fix the time the dress was stolen?"

"Precisely. It was still plugged in at eight tonight; when I came out of my bath at eight-fifteen, it was gone."

"It is now midnight. One hour left on a five-hour nickel-cadmium charge. Help yourself to biscuits and sherry, my dear. We'll return before you know it."

As we sped to the Palladium, Holmes and I passed a cannibal king swinging a nightstick, and a cruising patrol car manned by Mrs. Angier Biddle Duke and Jose Ferrer.

"Disguises and tricks," I murmured.

"Don't wave, old boy. Bad form."

The Policemen's Ball was well attended. We quickly spotted Inspector Wainwright, who was dressed as a polar bear, and made our way to his table near the raised bandstand.

"Sorry about the enormous rooster, Inspector," I said above the din of a rock-'n'-roll band blaring a few feet from the table.

"It was Jacoby," he answered. "How they blew his cover I'll never know."

"I would venture he was shot at the open entrance of a discothèque," said Holmes.

"Correct."

"And at the time of the slaying a particularly loud burst of music was heard?"

"I see you were at the scene, Holmes."

The Great Detective shook his head. "No; otherwise I might have saved his life, Inspector—as I hope to save yours."

"What ——" the inspector began, but Holmes directed our attention to the figure in Uncle Sam costume striding toward us. "This is surely Officer Murphy with a stolen-goods report."

"Burglary, Inspector!" the patriotic personage shouted. "Digby Electronics. They got away with ——"

"Digby's entire supply of rechargeable nickel-cadmium batteries," Holmes interjected. "Like the ones used in electric toothbrushes."

"Is he right, Murphy?"

"Yes, Inspector, but how ——"

"Never mind," said Holmes, "it's ten till one. We have only a few minutes to prevent a tragedy."

Just then, a small spotlight swept the bandstand; a not unattractive Go-Go dancer appeared in its beam, and the band began a truly frenzied rhythm. *Bam-bam!* went the drums, *bam-bam!*

"Observe carefully," Holmes shouted in my ear. As we watched, the girl's abbreviated dress began to flash red and green in alternating vertical panels. Holmes abruptly rose and left the table.

The infectious beat and the gyrations of the Go-Go girl absorbed my attention, and it seemed only seconds later that Holmes slipped back into his place. "Never forget, Watso, the speed of the flash can be adjusted by a twist of the potentiometer," he exclaimed. "Now! The chick is dancing and the music comes on faster—*bam-bam-bam-da-da!*"

I watched, hypnotized, as the girl turned the control knob and blinked her lights in a faster rhythm. Suddenly I heard a scuffling in the rear. I rose from my chair, but Holmes had already vaulted the bandstand; moments later the girl was sobbing softly as Holmes subdued the drummer and led him to us.

"In efforts to catch criminals in the act, Inspector, police departments increasingly are turning to a variety of disguises and tricks. You may not have noticed the significant fact that the ensemble was one guitar short this evening." Holmes glanced toward the back of the hall where a Good Humor man was handcuffing a struggling guitarist.

"That's Officer Moriarty making an arrest," cried the inspector.

"His prisoner is your would-be assassin," said Holmes. "And his guitar is the same cleverly camouflaged machine gun he used to shoot Jacoby."

"Incredible! But how . . . what does it all . . .?" the inspector stammered.

"The electronic dress was the key," Holmes went on. "Jacoby was shot from the bandstand at a moment when the flashing lights and ruthless noise obscured the deed. You were to be dispatched in the same manner, but from the rear of the room—an ingenious variation. While helping immerse us in sensory impressions, the girl in the dress was exploiting her close-up view to penetrate your disguise. Then she used her lights to signal your description to the gunman in Morse code. Elementary—red dashes, green dots. I picked up her message and alerted Moriarty."

"Amazing!" the inspector cried.

"The brains of the plot was Little Eddie here," said Holmes, turning to the crestfallen drummer. "He set the beat and called the tune. With this prototype electronic dress, plus a vast supply of nickel-cadmium batteries, a reign of terror might have engulfed the modern crime fighters of the nation—abetted by Little Eddie and his sinister group, the Burly Attackers."

"Once more I'm in your debt, Holmes," the inspector said.

"Pish-posh. Just make sure this dress is held safe for a Miss Dew, who will soon claim it."

My friend and I departed. Modesty cannot prevent me from recording the conversation I overheard as we left.

"Just look at Holmes," the inspector said. "No need for *him* to have a badge with him, even in that bathing suit."

"And good old Watso," Officer Murphy added. "The way his purse is dragging he must have fifty pounds of lead weights in there." □

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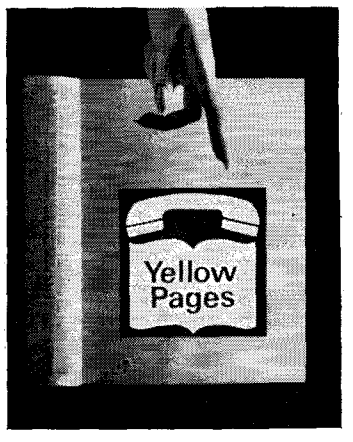

Points West

By Joan Didion
and John Gregory Dunne

The Santa Ana

There is something uneasy in the Los Angeles air this afternoon, some unnatural stillness, some tension. What it means is that tonight a Santa Ana will begin to blow, a hot wind from the northeast whining down through the Cajon Pass, blowing up sandstorms out along Route 66, drying the hills and the nerves to the flash point. For a few days now we will see smoke back in the canyons, and hear sirens in the night. I have neither heard nor read that a Santa Ana is due, but I know it, and almost everyone I have seen today knows it too. We know it because we feel it. The baby frets. The maid sulks. I rekindle a waning argument with the telephone company, then cut my losses and lie down, given over to whatever it is in the air. To live with the Santa Ana is to accept, consciously or unconsciously, a deeply mechanistic view of human behavior.

I recall being told, when I first moved to Los Angeles and was living on an isolated beach, that the Indians would throw themselves into the sea when the bad wind blew. I could see why. The Pacific turned ominously glassy during a Santa Ana period, and one woke in the night, troubled not only by the peacocks screaming in the olive trees but by the eerie absence of surf. The heat was surreal. The sky had a yellow cast, the kind of light sometimes called "earthquake weather." My only neighbor would not come out of her house for days, and there were no lights at night, and her husband roamed the place with a machete. One day he would tell me that he had heard a trespasser, the next a rattlesnake.

"On nights like that," Raymond Chandler once wrote about the Santa Ana, "every booze party ends in a fight. Meek little wives feel the edge of the carving knife and study their husbands' necks. Anything can happen." That was the kind of wind it was. I did not know then that there was any basis for the effect it had on all of us, but it turns out to be another of those cases in which science bears out folk wisdom. The Santa Ana, which is named for one of the canyons it rushes through, is a *foehn* wind, like the *foehn* of Austria and Switzerland and the *hamsin* of Israel. There are a number of persistent, malevolent winds, perhaps the best known of which are the mistral of France and the Mediterranean sirocco, but a *foehn* wind has distinct characteristics: It occurs on the leeward slope of a mountain range and, although the air

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begins as a cold mass, it is warmed as it comes down the mountain and appears finally as a hot dry wind. Whenever and wherever a *foehn* blows, doctors hear about headaches and nausea and allergies, about "nervousness," about "depression." In Los Angeles some teachers do not attempt to conduct formal classes during a Santa Ana, because the children become unmanageable. In Switzerland the suicide rate goes up during the *foehn*, and in the courts of some Swiss cantons the wind is considered a mitigating circumstance for crime. Surgeons are said to watch the wind, because blood does not clot normally during a *foehn*. A few years ago an Israeli physicist discovered that not only during such winds, but for the 10 or 12 hours that precede them, the air carries an unusually high ratio of positive to negative ions. No one seems to know exactly why that should be; some talk about friction and others suggest solar disturbances. In any case the positive ions are there, and what an excess of positive ions does, in the simplest terms, is to make people unhappy. One cannot get much more mechanistic than that.

Easterners commonly complain that there is no "weather" at all in Southern California, that the days and seasons slip by relentlessly, numbingly bland. That is quite misleading. In fact, the climate is characterized by infrequent but violent extremes: two periods of torrential subtropical rains which continue for weeks and wash out the hills and send subdivisions sliding toward the sea; about 20 scattered days a year of the Santa Ana, which, with its incendiary dryness, invariably means fire. At the first prediction of a Santa Ana, the Forest Service flies men and equipment from northern California into the southern forests, and the Los Angeles Fire Department braces for disaster. The Santa Ana caused Malibu to burn the way it did in 1956, and Bel Air in 1961, and Santa Barbara in 1964. Last winter 11 men were killed fighting a Santa Ana fire that spread through the San Gabriel Mountains.

Just to watch the front-page news out of Los Angeles during a Santa Ana is to get very close to what it is about the place. The longest single Santa Ana period in recent years was in 1957, and it lasted not the usual three or four days but fourteen days, from November 21 until December 4. On the first day 25,000 acres of the San Gabriel Mountains were burning, with gusts reaching 100 miles an hour. In town, the wind reached Force 12, or hurricane force, on the Beaufort Scale; oil derricks were toppled and people were ordered off the downtown streets to avoid injury from flying objects. On November 22 the fire in the San Gabriels was out of control. On November 24 six people were killed in automobile accidents, and by the end of the week the Los Angeles *Times* was keeping a box score of traffic deaths. On November 26 a prominent Pasadena attorney, depressed about money, shot and killed his wife, their two sons and himself. On November 27 a South Gate divorcée, 22, was murdered and thrown from a moving car. On November 30 the San Gabriel fire was still out of control, and the wind in town was blowing 80 miles an hour. On the first day of December four people died violently, and on the third the wind began to break.

It is hard for people who have not lived in Los Angeles to realize how radically the Santa Ana figures in the local imagination. The city burning is Los Angeles's deepest image of itself: Nathanael West perceived that, in *The Day of the Locust;* and at the time of the Watts riots two summers ago what struck the local imagination most indelibly were the fires. For days one could drive along the Harbor Freeway and see the city on fire, just as we had always known it would be in the end. Los Angeles weather is the weather of catastrophe, of apocalypse, and, just as the reliably long and bitter winters of New England determine the way life is lived there, so the violence and the unpredictability of the Santa Ana affect the entire quality of life in Los Angeles, accentuate its impermanence, its unreliability. The wind shows us how close to the edge we are.

Joan Didion

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The New Super Sports

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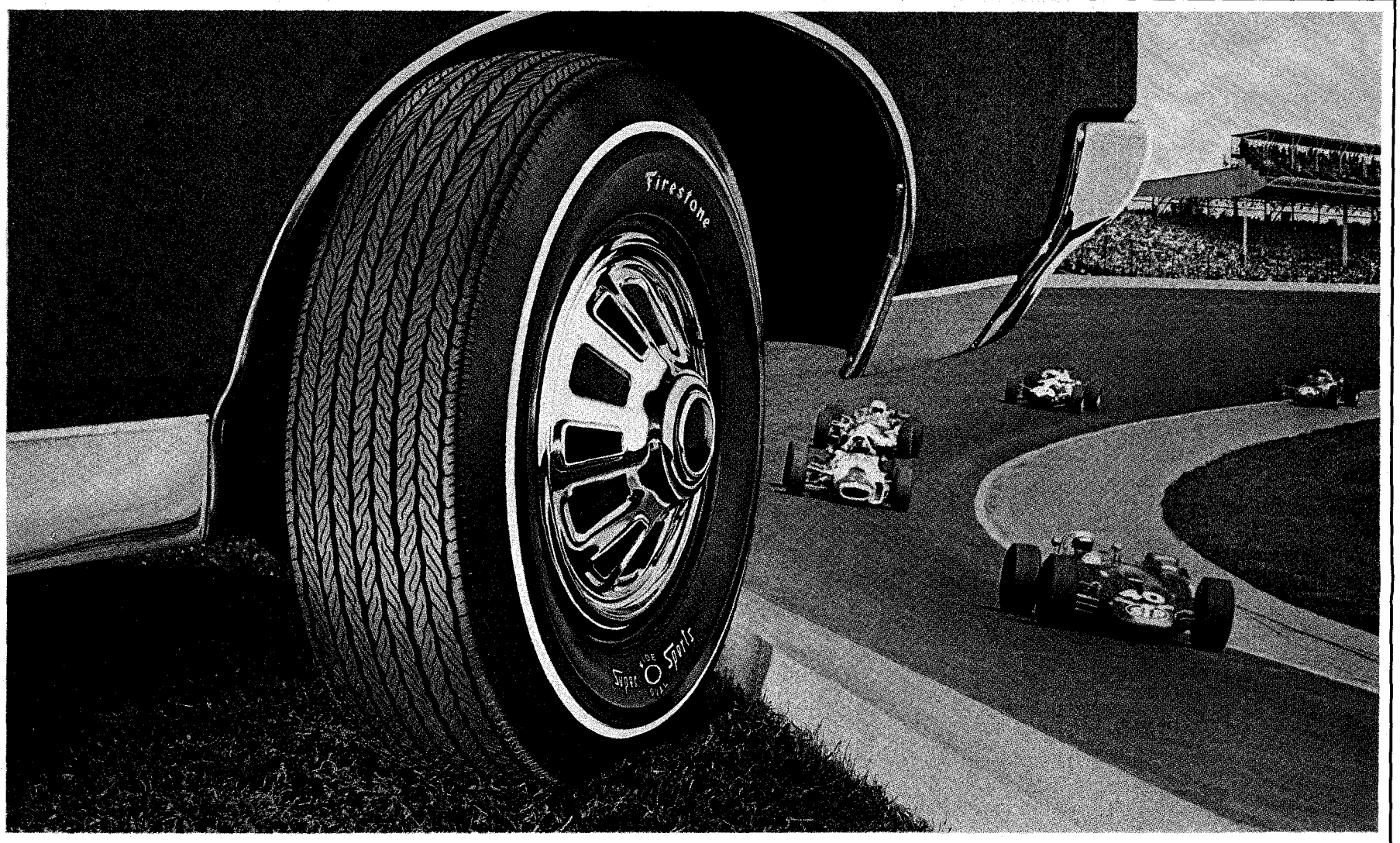

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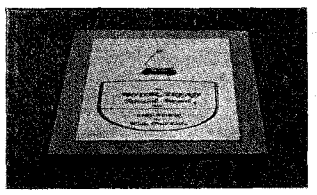

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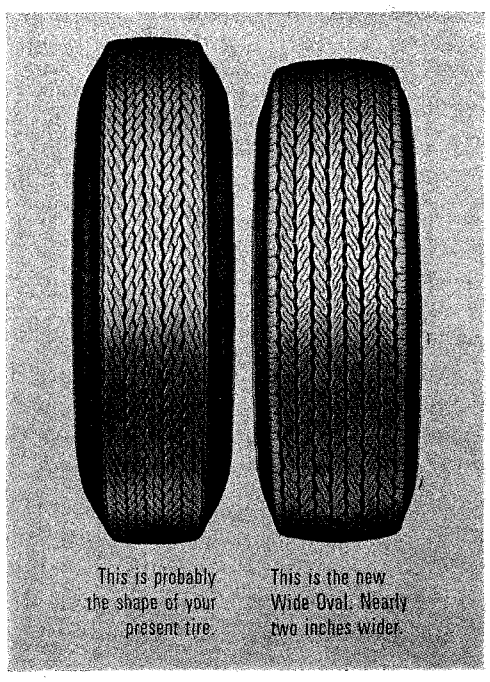

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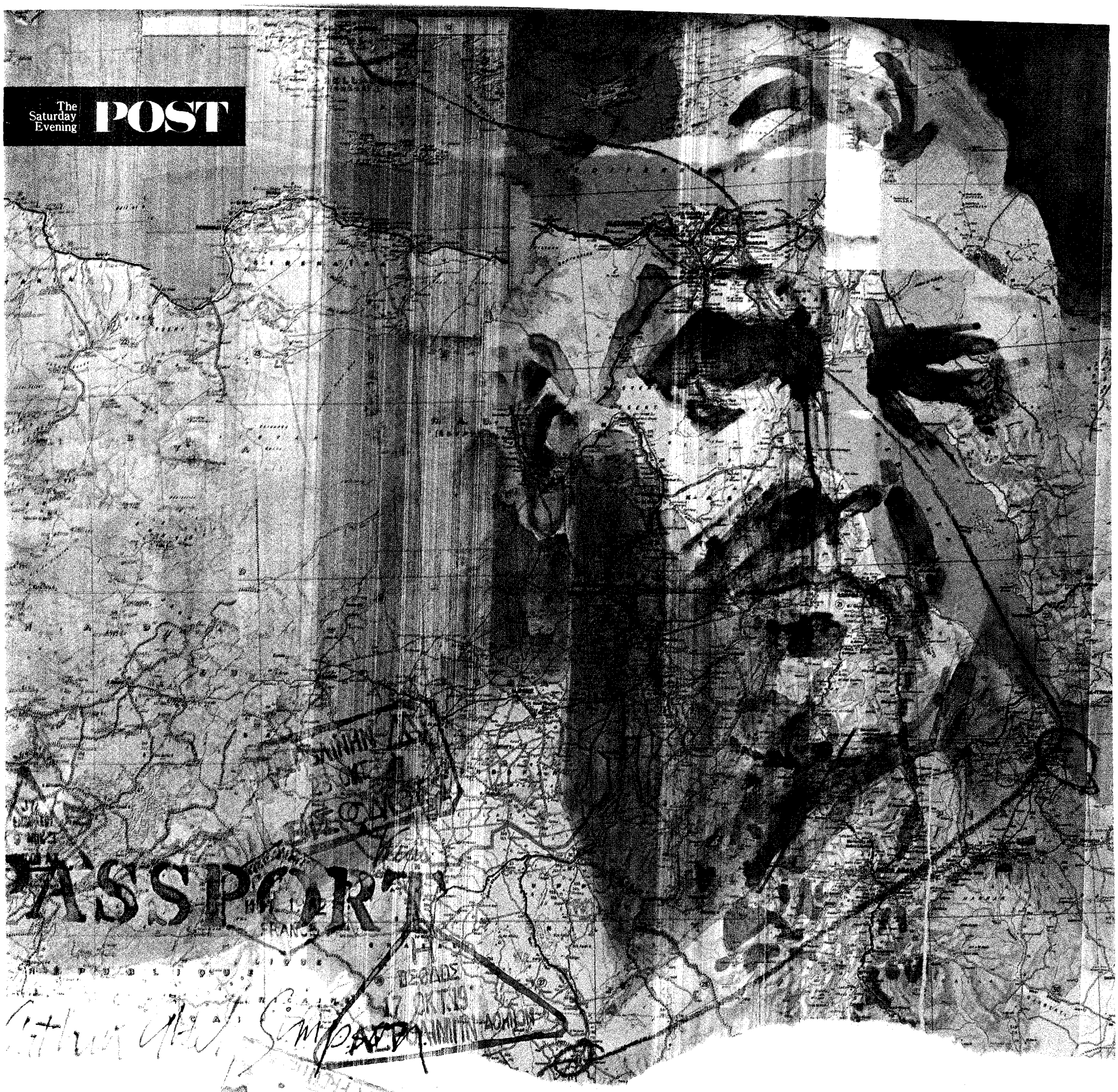
The Saturday Evening POST



DIRTY STORY

Remember Arthur Abdel Simpson, the outrageous scoundrel who helped stage the great jewel robbery in the movie 'Topkapi'? He's back again—in Eric Ambler's new novel of suspense and international intrigue. Fleeing from the police, Simpson makes his precarious way from Athens to Africa—and plunges into the wildest adventure of his life. Beginning an exciting three-part serial.

BY ERIC AMBLER

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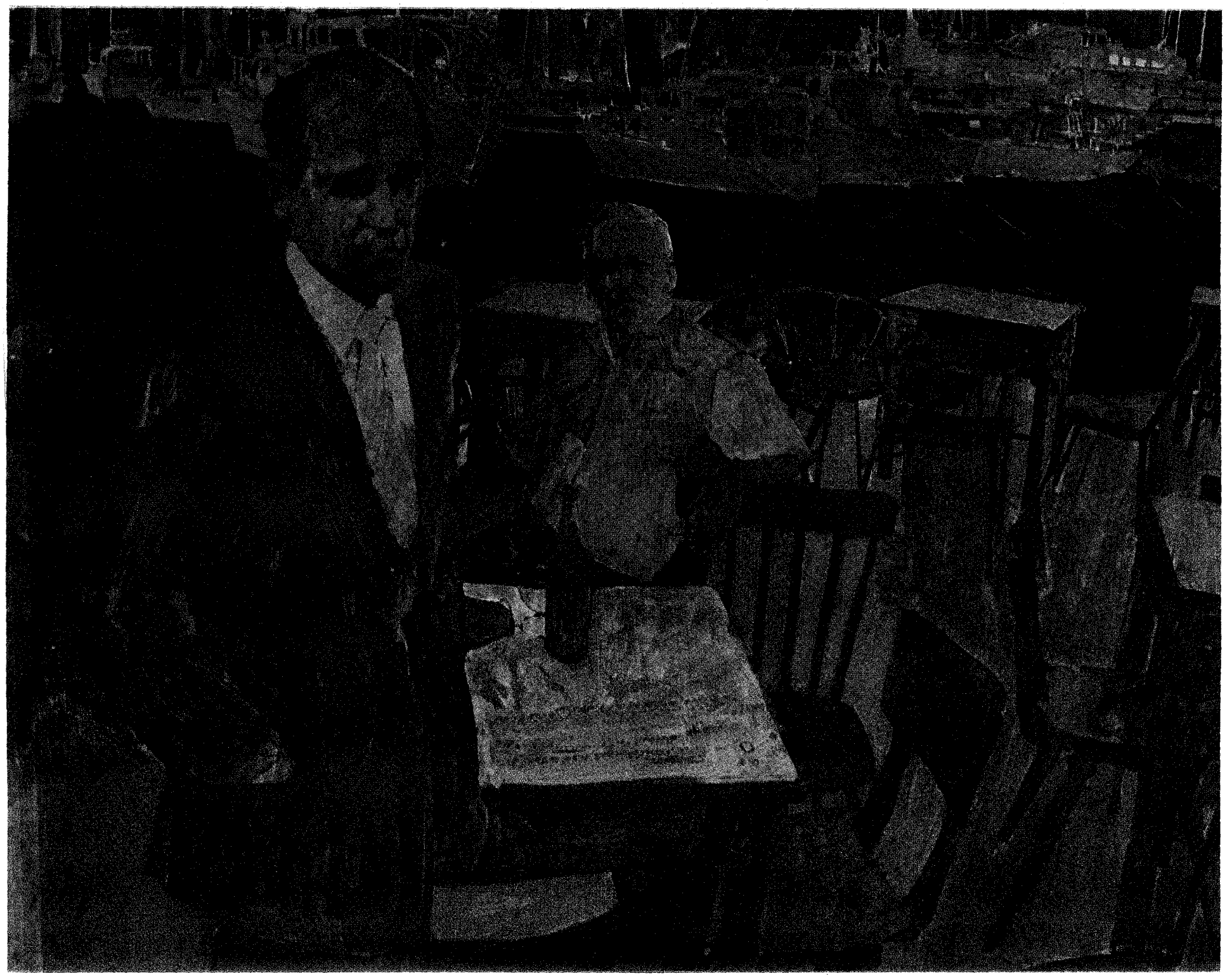
They were waiting for me, and
I soon found out that Gennadiou hadn't forgotten our deal.
"Did you bring the money?" he asked.



Write it on the walls.

H. Carter Gavin, Her Britannic Majesty's vice-consul in Athens, is a rat.

In my letter I had specifically requested an interview with the consul general, but I got this H. Carter Gavin instead.

He began by keeping me waiting for half an hour, and throughout the interview he was absolutely bloody.

"Mr. Simpson," he said, "here in these offices you have become quite a celebrated nuisance. But there is a limit to the amount of time we can waste on nuisances. What is it you want?"

"As I explained in my letter to the consul general, I want my British passport renewed." I felt that it was time to put him in his place. "I thought your job was helping British subjects—I'm sorry you find the job a nuisance."

He picked a file out of his IN tray and opened it. "You are *not* a British subject, Mr. Simpson."

© 1967 by Eric Ambler. To be published shortly by Atheneum Publishers.

There it was again, the same bloody lie. I took out the wallet with my papers in it. I remained quite calm. "I have here a British Army birth certificate which proves my nationality," I said.

"I already have a copy." He held up a photocopy taken from his file. "It states that your name is Arthur Abdel Simpson, that you were born in Cairo, Egypt, on October the sixteenth, 1910. It also says that you are the son of Regimental Quartermaster Sergeant Arthur Thomas Simpson of the Army Service Corps and his wife, Mrs. Rhita Simpson, whose maiden name is given as Rhita Fahir."

"What of it? My mother was Egyptian."

He put the photocopy down. "Quite so. But she was not married to your father."

"That is a despicable lie." I was still calm. "The certificate is signed by the adjutant of my father's regiment."

"No doubt. Possibly he didn't read what he was signing very carefully." Sneering all the time. "Possibly he didn't read it at all. As regimental quartermaster sergeant, your father probably gave him a great many papers to sign."

"My father was an officer and a gentleman," I protested angrily.

"He became an officer, certainly, and it is possible that he was also a gentleman. But he was not married to your mother."

"The British Army said he was."

He shook his head. "No. In 1917, when your father died, your mother applied for her officer's widow's pension. It was established at that time that they had not been married."

"Then why did the army grant the pension?" I really thought I had him there. I'd foxed them before with that one.

He took up another paper from the file and read it thoughtfully.

"The British Army is paternalistic, I suppose. It likes to look after its own. It is particularly tolerant and helpful, for example, in the matter of common-law wives. It was helpful in your mother's case, and yours. She got her pension, you were

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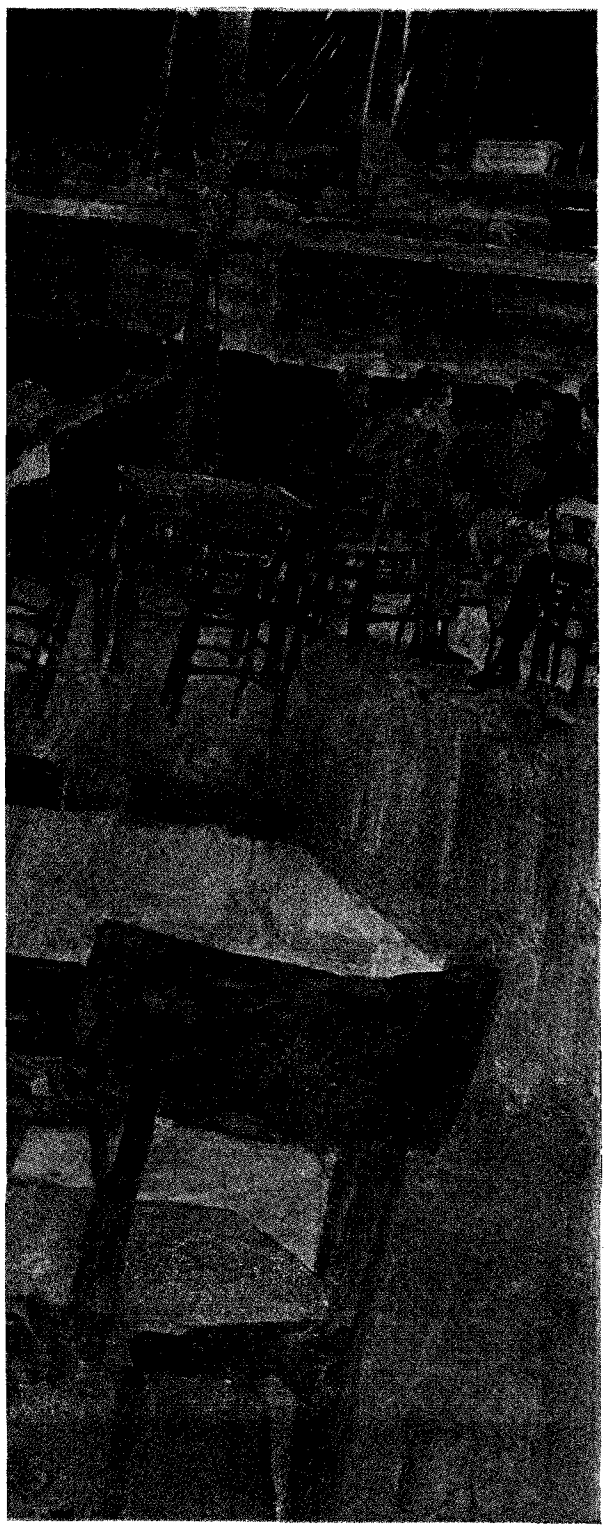

sent to England and given a good grammar-school education. An officer's family benevolent association paid for your schooling, as you probably know, but the army made it possible. I doubt if the association was ever told that you were illegitimate."

"They weren't told I was illegitimate because I wasn't! And I *am* a British subject." I decided to pin him down. "You seem to forget that a passport was issued to me in 1928."

"The army birth certificate got you that. The same is true of the consular renewal you obtained in Cairo five years later and subsequent passports and renewals issued in London and Beirut. It wasn't until your arrest in London in 1955 that questions even began to be asked. All things considered, I'd say you'd been very lucky."

"Lucky!" I laughed.

"Very shortly," he said, "I'm going to have you thrown out of this office. But first, Mr. Simpson, I'm going to make certain you don't come back. To do that I'm going to tell you what is now known about you by me and by every other British consular official in the service who cares to look at your file. I'll start with the Interpol dossier on you."

I didn't like that. Interpol is the International Criminal Police Commission, and an Interpol dossier is nothing but a lot of international police gossip, of course, but if people take it seriously, it can cause trouble. I knew that the Athens police didn't have a copy, because at that point I'd given them no reason to ask Interpol for one, and because I still had my Greek residence permit. But if this officious young sod decided to show them his copy, things would be awkward for me.

"It goes back quite a long way." He was riffling through it. "And you are variously described as a journalist, an interpreter, a chauffeur, a waiter, a publisher, and a guide. Which are you now?"

"I am a chauffeur-guide. I own a licensed hire car and run a tourist service."

He made no comment. "In 1930, I see, you were in the restaurant business in Cairo."

"I managed a restaurant owned by my mother."

"Partly owned by your mother. When she died, you sold it without telling the other partners in the business. The buyer charged you with fraud."

"He withdrew the charge."

"Yes, after the police allowed you to regularize the transaction. The next year you bought a partnership in a small Cairo publishing business."

"Certainly. We distributed foreign magazines and periodicals. Anything wrong with that?"

"No, but you printed some, too, didn't you? It says here that your real business was the production of pornography for the Spanish- and English-speaking markets."

I had also faced this charge before. "That is absolutely untrue."

"The information was supplied to Interpol in '54 by Scotland Yard. They had quite a lot on you by then. Mr. Simpson. Is it all untrue?"

"I have edited and sometimes written for a number of magazines of a literary nature over the years." I knew this speech by heart. "Sometimes they may have been a little daring in their approach and have been banned by censors ——"

He looked up. "Such as *Gents Only?*" He didn't wait for an answer, he was enjoying himself too much. "In January, '55, you were arrested in London. In your possession were samples of pornographic material which you had been attempting to sell in bulk. Among the samples were copies of magazines called *Gents Only* and *Enchantment*. All the material had been produced by your Egyptian company. You were charged, tried, and given twelve months. That is when the question of your real nationality first came up. When you had served your sentence, the Home Office moved to deport you."

"I fought that deportation order."

"You did, and successfully." He shook his head ruefully. "I don't know how you managed it. The magistrate must have had an off day. Anyway, you were issued a new passport and then you went back to Egypt, where you proceeded to denounce a perfectly innocent British businessman to the Egyptian authorities as a spy." He was suddenly ugly again.

"No."

"No, what? Are you telling me that you *didn't* denounce Mr. Colby Evans? I have our intelligence report here if you'd like to read it."

"No. I mean that was later."

"Before you applied for Egyptian citizenship or after?"

"I never applied for Egyptian citizenship."

"But you have an Egyptian passport. I can give you the number."

"I got that Egyptian passport during the Suez crisis. It wasn't safe for anybody to be British in Cairo then. That passport is out-of-date now."

"Then if you need a passport, you'd better go to the U.A.R. consul and have it brought up-to-date. Or won't he play either?"

"I am a British citizen, and under the Act of 1948 you can't deprive me of that citizenship, no matter how many other passports I've had." I stared him straight in the eye.

He stared back at me for a moment. "We both can and will." He picked out another paper from the file. "In December, '55, a London magistrate gave you the benefit of the doubt. He said you were British. So by way of gratitude to your country, you denounce an innocent man as a spy. I suppose that was to show the Egyptians how anti-British you were and to pay us back for those few months you'd had to spend in prison."

"I thought he was a spy."

"Nonsense. Even the Egyptians couldn't make out a case against him, and they tried hard enough. In the end they had to let him go. It was pure spite on your part." His lips tightened. "You're a disgusting creature, Mr. Simpson. Your life is nothing but a long, dirty story."

"I didn't come here to be insulted."

"No, you came here because the Cairo police discovered last year that you had made a false statement in your application for Egyptian citizenship. You stated falsely that you had never been to prison or convicted of a criminal offense. When they found that you had, they canceled you out. Now, *we're* canceling you out."

"You can't do it. Under the Act . . ."

"Under the Act, the only way a British subject can lose his citizenship is by making a formal renunciation of it on Home Office Form R6. In June of '57 you did just that."

"That is another lie." I was feeling quite sick.

"I have a photocopy here if you wish to see it."

I said nothing. I'd signed that bloody form because the Cairo lawyer who had handled my naturalization papers for me had advised me to. The British had been kicked out of Egypt at the time, and it hadn't seemed to matter what I signed. I'd assumed the thing would get lost anyway.

He leaned back in his chair. "Perhaps you're wondering why we renewed your passport in 1960. That wasn't carelessness, I assure you, merely chance. While we were out of Egypt, the Swiss acted for us and stored all our records. When we went back in the spring of '59, it took quite a while to sort things out. And then your Form R6 had to go to the Home Office first for their records. It wasn't circulated to consulates until late '60. You were lucky again." He stood up. "But the luck's on our side now. You're in the black book. It's taken a long time, and I'm sure the dirty story will continue *ad nauseam*, but at least it won't be a British story."

He closed the file and put it in his OUT tray.

I picked up my wallet and started to leave.

He stopped me. "Just one more thing, Mr. Simpson. You still have your old British passport. That is British Government property."

"I've lost it."

He nodded. "I thought you might say that. Well, I'd better warn you. Don't try to sell it to any of those paper-fakers down by the docks, and don't try getting it touched up for your own use. It's been reported to the police as stolen. Now, you can get out."

Charming, right to the last. If Gavin reads these words, he may like to know that he was sending me to what could very well have been my death. Morally speaking, he is a *murderer!*

I left the car parked outside the consulate and went to the nearest café for a brandy. I needed it—I have always been something of a displaced person; now I was stateless as well.

In ten days' time my Greek residence and work

Illustrated by Bernie Fuchs

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They had to get us out of the country before we told the police what we knew. Late that night we were smuggled aboard a freighter.

permits were due to expire, and I would have to go to the Aliens Bureau to get them renewed. That part was all right; I had kept my nose fairly clean while I was in Greece, and they had renewed my permits for the last two six-month periods. The part that wasn't all right was that when you renewed your permits you had to produce your passport, and it had to be valid. Last time I had used the old Egyptian passport, which hadn't then expired. I knew that it was no use taking it to what that bastard had called "those paper-fakers." The Aliens Bureau people really look carefully at passports, and the sort of doctoring that might get you past an airport immigration control on a busy day would land you in prison if you tried it on the bureau. I knew where I *could* get a new passport, of course—Panlibhon. The question was, how did I pay for it?

I'd better explain about Panlibhon. It is a made-up word used by shipping men when they are talking about "flags of convenience" countries, and it refers collectively to the republics of Panama, Liberia, and Honduras. If you are a big shipowner and you don't happen to like the tax laws or the seamen's-union restrictions or the safety regulations of your own country, you transfer your ships' registrations to one or another of the Panlibhon states. Then, no more taxes, no more labor problems, and your ships are cheaper to run. Quite simple and absolutely legal.

Which brings me to Mr. Gomez. A ship's registration certificate is really nothing more than her passport, and Mr. Gomez had the idea that if it was all right for his government to sell flags of convenience, it was all right for him to sell passports of convenience. As he is a second secretary to one of the Panlibhon legations in Athens, he has been able to put this idea into effect.

The trouble is that his passports are terribly expensive. He wants forty thousand drachmas, cash, take it or leave it. If you have American money, he will come down a little; you pay twelve hundred dollars. But that's as low as he'll go. You have to deal through an intermediary—a man called Gennadiou, a yacht broker with an office by the harbor at Tourcolimano. But Mr. Gomez will sell to you only under two conditions: You can't use the passport in its country of origin, and you have to take a passport that is validated for only two years and franked as unrenewable. Naturally, Mr. Gomez has to protect himself. When he sells you a passport, he doesn't record the issue officially; so, if you were to turn up at their consulate in Rome, say, to have the passport renewed, they'd take the number and find out that it was a phony. Then he'd be up the creek. Still, twenty thousand drachmas a year just to have a phony passport is a bit much. I didn't have *one* thousand at that moment.

True, I had the car; but when I said that I owned it I was not being quite accurate. Legally, the car belonged to a woman named Mrs. Karadontis. She is a widow in her sixties with a bit of money, and she owns four tourist hire cars, all with drivers working on a commission basis. The car I drove was an eight-year-old Plymouth which needed new brake linings. She was very mean about repairs; in fact, the old bitch was mean about everything, including my commission.

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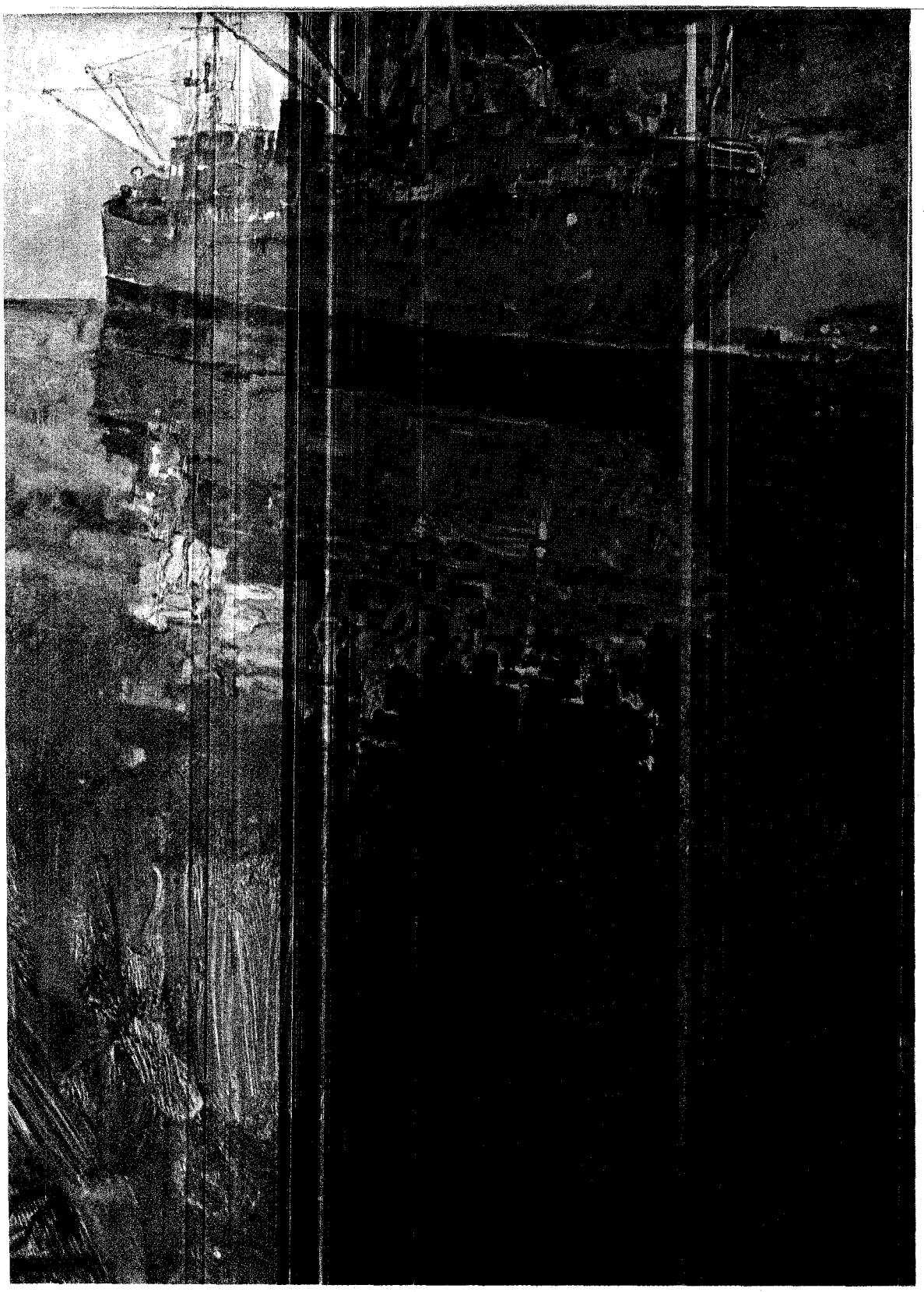

Although I didn't really think that she would lend me the money I needed, I knew of nobody else whom I could go to for a sum like that. So I just had to pretend that she would lend it.

I made up my mind to go to Gennadiou that afternoon and order the passport before I saw Mrs. Karadontis about getting the money to pay for it. Business was slack. I had been driving some German tourists for the past week, but they were leaving that day, and all I had to do was take them to the airport. They weren't very experienced, and I was able to fiddle their bill a bit. I had nearly seven thousand drachmas in my pocket when I drove back from the airport.

Before going to see Gennadiou, I went back to my flat. Nicki, my wife, was off in Romania somewhere on a three-week tour with the rest of the troupe. She is an exotic dancer, and if anyone wants to know how it was that a man my age, still vigorous but admittedly a bit the worse for wear, came to have a Greek woman twenty years his junior for a wife, they must ask her. I will say only this. My first wife, Annette, was an oversexed neurotic who ran off with an Egyptian Army officer and lived, I am sure, to regret it bitterly. Nicki is different—quieter, very practical. I always handle her business affairs for her and, when she is in a good mood, she calls me "Papa." I went through her things to see if there was anything I could sell. What there was would fetch very little, so I decided to wait before I sold anything.

I drank a glass or two of wine and then drove to Tourcolimano. Gennadiou's office is on the yacht harbor quay. There are photographs of yachts on the walls and a ship's bell rings when you open the door. In the back he has storerooms full of canned goods and large stocks of wines and spirits. It's a nice little business, chartering yachts. You wouldn't have thought it worth his while to deal in passports as well, but he's that type, greedy. He has a brother in the police, so he manages to keep his fingers everywhere—a small, sallow, sharp-eyed man who wears silk shirts and is very sure of himself. When he heard what I wanted, he scowled.

"Who told you to come to me?"

"A friend of Mr. Gomez." Actually, I'd heard about the Gomez passports from one of the "paper-fakers." However, there was no point in telling Gennadiou that his involvement in the passport racket was getting to be a matter of common knowledge. That would only make him more difficult to deal with.

He motioned me into one of the storerooms behind the office and shut the door. "This passport is for yourself?"

"Yes."

"But why? I thought you were Egyptian."

"I am British, but they are making difficulties, something to do with my father's army registration. It may take months to clarify. I need this passport to tide me over."

I could see that he didn't believe a word of it, but he didn't say so. He told me both the price and the conditions to make sure that I understood. I said I did.

"Very well. You pay ten thousand drachmas in cash now, the balance in cash on delivery. It will take three days."

"But that's a twenty-five-percent deposit. I was told that it would be ten percent and came prepared for that. Now you tell me . . ."

We compromised in the end on twelve-and-a-half percent. I gave him five thousand drachmas, and handed him my residence permit. He began copying down the particulars.

"It says here that you are an Egyptian national," he pointed out.

"I have dual nationality. In fact, I am British."

He shrugged. "It says Egyptian, so the passport must show you as being formerly Egyptian. That is the rule."

"Very well." I knew that things might be awkward if I ever had to use the new passport in Egypt, but there was nothing I could do about that. Anyway, I had more immediate problems—in particular, the problem of getting my hands on thirty-five thousand drachmas.

He had finished copying out my particulars, but he didn't give me back the permit immediately. He was still weighing me up. "Business must be good with you," he remarked. "Is that your own car you drive?"

"No, it belongs to Mrs. Karadontis. It's one of her tourist hire cars, and I drive it on a commission basis."

"She must be very generous, if you can save so much money."

"Oh, I didn't save it all," I said. "I had to borrow half of it from Mrs. Karadontis." I had made a bad mistake, though I didn't realize it then and neither did he. He believed me. With a nod, he handed me my residence permit.

"Three days," he said. "That will be Friday at this time. And," he reminded me firmly, "the whole balance in cash. Thirty-five thousand exactly."

As if I didn't already know.

That evening, I went to see Mrs. Karadontis. She drank a lot, and I deliberately arrived late, around nine, because I wanted her to be as mellow as possible when I tackled her about the loan. But it didn't work out. She was an old fool in lots of ways, but she was a demon about money. She threw a fit and refused me, and when I left that night, I knew I was beaten. My stomach was churning as I drove home. If I couldn't get hold of thirty-five thousand drachmas, I'd be a case for the Aliens Bureau and the police.

Friday came, when I was supposed to pick up the passport at Gennadiou's office. Naturally, I didn't go. I knew I couldn't talk the passport out of him. The thought of it lying there somewhere in his desk nearly drove me mad.

On Saturday I took an American couple to Delphi. It was eight *(continued on page 58)*

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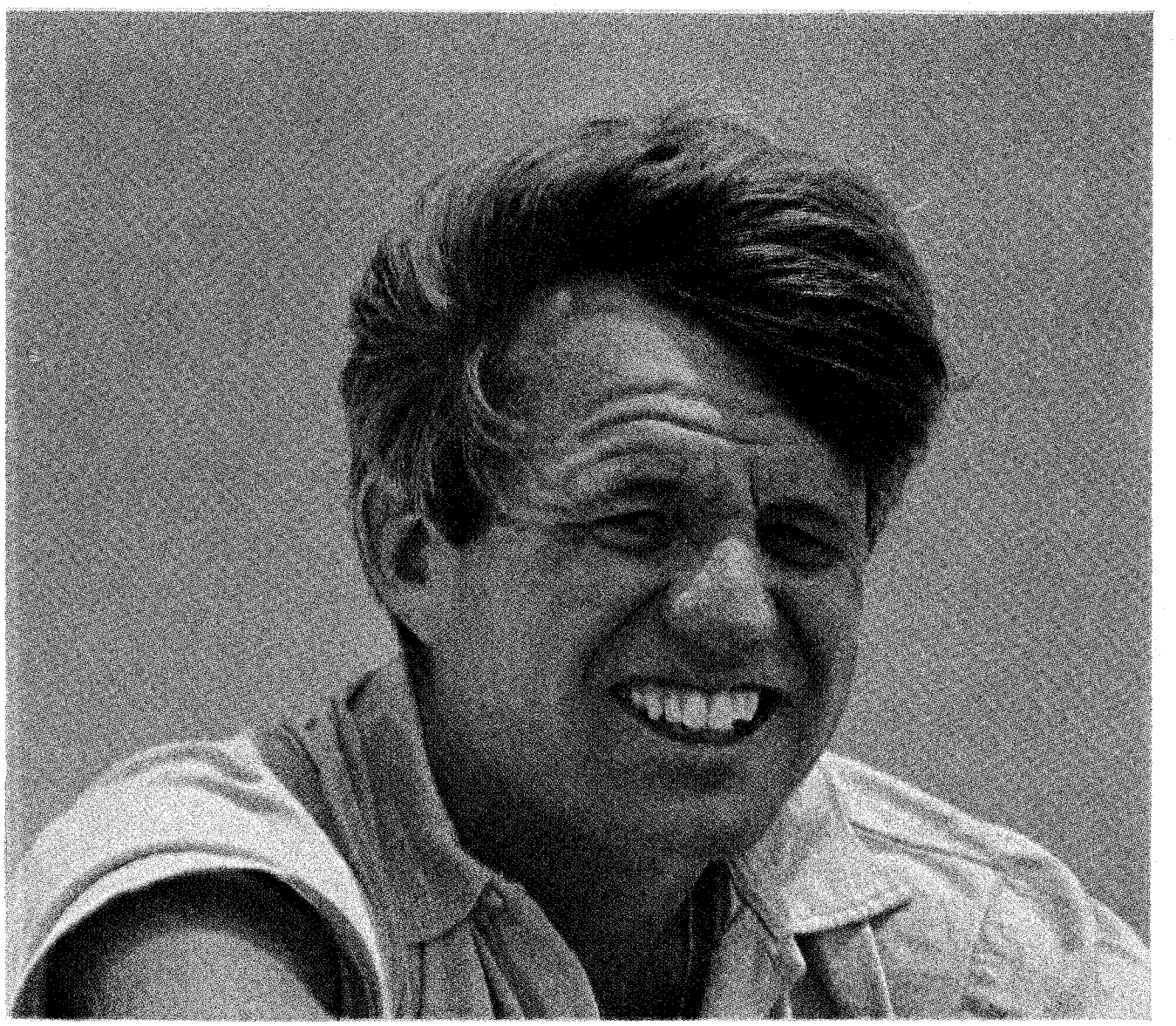
ROBERT F. KENNEDY

At home with the heir apparent



Many Americans are convinced that he will become President someday, but he is not so sure. Here the senator talks informally about his future plans, the younger generation and what he wants for his own children.

By Robert S. Bird

Photographs by Philippe Halsman

It was early on a grand morning at Hickory Hill, Robert Kennedy's house in Virginia, and the senator was not long out of bed. His hair was uncombed, shaggy as a yak's. He had pulled on a faded, blue-striped jersey and an old pair of khaki shorts for the stroll down the lawn to the pool, and he looked at least 10 years younger than his actual 41 years. He seemed lost in thought, his shoulders a little hunched, his blue eyes caught by some inner vision. Seeing him like this, it was hard to believe that uncounted multitudes, including not only his admirers but also many who dislike him, have long tended to think of him as a future President of the United States. Not just as a favored candidate but as an *actual, de facto, future President.* This is an unprecedented position in American political history. In the case of Bobby Kennedy it is, of course, a direct reflection of the power of dynasty, a power which the Kennedy family has been able to build up, maintain and enhance in the span of just two generations.

Arriving a little earlier than the hour appointed for our meeting, I had found the Kennedy home in the same state of morning uproar that prevails in thousands of other American households with 10 youngsters. One of the older Kennedy children whizzed out the front door with a school bag just as I was approaching. Since he left the door wide open, I simply walked in and announced myself. A maid seemed to be directing traffic at the foot of the stairs in the main hall, steering the unfed ones in to breakfast and pointing the fed ones toward the door. To me she said a pleasant good morning and explained, "The senator just this very minute went on down to the pool. You go out that door and down the hill and you'll find him there."

A ragamuffin tot, wearing a tiny bathrobe, came up to me and asked, "Are you the man who's going to fix the cars?" I said no, and hurried out.

Whatever the senator's thoughts may have been, they vanished when he caught sight of this visitor approaching. He called out a friendly "Hi!" in that familiar flat accent of his, and waved an invitation to join him across the pool. "I'll be with you in a minute," he said, and ducked into the cabana. A couple of minutes later he emerged in khaki trunks and promptly lowered himself into the water. I asked him if it was cold. He said, "No, it's fine. I began my morning swims back in March and I had to heat the water up a little then because it *was* pretty cold."

He swam around for five minutes or so, mostly on his back, and I discovered to my surprise that the rather thick mat of hair on his chest is almost completely gray. While he was enjoying himself in the water, I made another surprising discovery. From the many stories I had read about the Kennedy swimming pool, I had tended to think of it as belonging to grown-ups—a fun place for dunking famous people wearing full evening dress on summer nights of champagne, laughter and moonlight. But now I saw that it was designed primarily for the kids. The most attractive nook in the whole complex was a kind of sheltered patio between two cabana structures at the side of the pool. It contained a great round conference table surrounded by a half dozen chairs upholstered in a gay yellow fabric. But the size of the chairs showed that this was a meeting place for children, not for senators, Harvard professors, or the like.

I remarked to the senator when he pulled himself out of the water that I was surprised to see that, society gossip columns to the contrary notwithstanding, the Kennedy pool was really for the youngsters. He grinned. "That's because we grown-ups are outnumbered."

(The accent on youth—and the sense of dynasty—are, of course, even more pronounced at the

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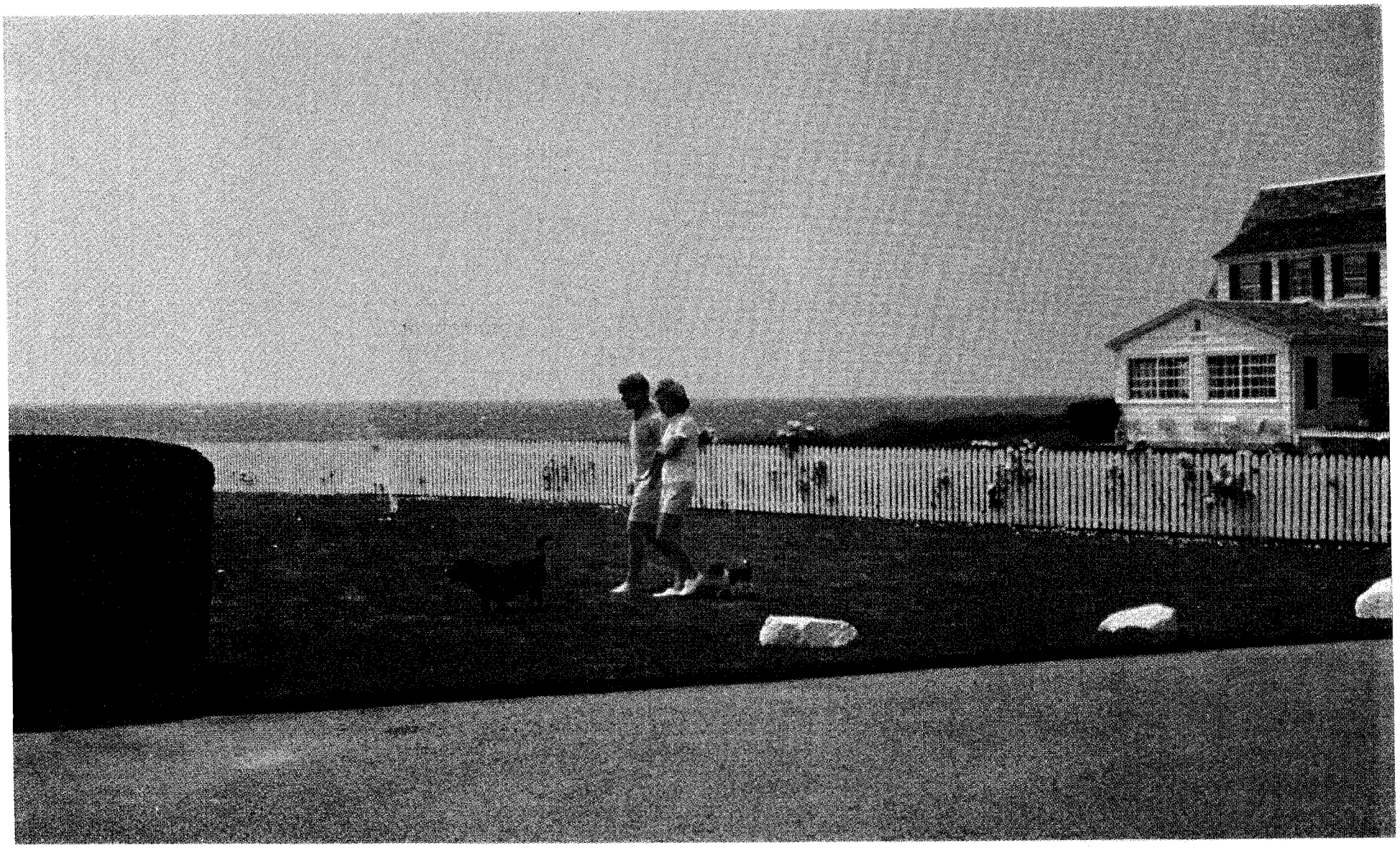
Sen. and Mrs. Kennedy, accompanied by dogs but, for a change, not children, stroll across lawn toward beach. House in background is outside the "Kennedy compound."



Kennedy summer house in Hyannis Port, Mass., where the family moved shortly after my visit to Hickory Hill. On the Cape, moreover, Bobby has much more time to enjoy being a father, because he is away from his senate office, and from the Senate itself. Like his late brother Jack, he spends long hours on the beach—sometimes alone, sometimes with one or more of his children—or in the water or sailing on it. And the inevitable touch-football games, which involve all the children except five-month-old Douglas—along with any visiting friends who can stand the pace—are as strenuous as they ever were in President Kennedy's day.)

When the senator had changed into the old faded jersey and shorts again, we climbed back up to Hickory Hill. There he suggested we have breakfast on a coffee table in the library.

The older children had all left for school, but two very small toddlers were all over the place. We had hardly settled ourselves when a loud wailing "Da-a-a-a-dy!" resounded outside the open library door, and in toddled the second youngest of the

Holding baby Douglas, R.F.K. cracked, "Look as though you're enjoying it; it will be good for me politically."

Kennedy children. The senator addressed the youngster in the razor-sharp voice of a drill instructor of Marines addressing a boot on Parris Island. "Matthew! Maxwell! Taylor! Kennede-e-e!" he boomed. "What, Daddy?" the child asked sweetly, trying to reach his arms to Daddy across the coffee table. The senator boomed again, "Stand up! I want to introduce you!" With a proud grin, he did so. The child looked up at me, and put out his tiny right hand for a handshake. I squeezed it, acknowledged the introduction, and looked at the beaming face of the senator. "Matthew! Say how old you are!" "You mean on my *next* birthday?" little Matthew shot back. "Yes, on your next birthday." "Three." "Show with your fingers how old you will be!" Little Matthew was having the time of his life. He put up his right hand, watched his first finger go up, then his second finger, and finally his third. He held them there very still, for inspection and approval. "That's right," the senator said. And he helped Matthew across the coffee table for a hug and kiss. Next he explained to Matthew—and to little Christopher, not quite 4 years old, who had also come into the library now—that he was about to go into serious conference with this visitor, so why

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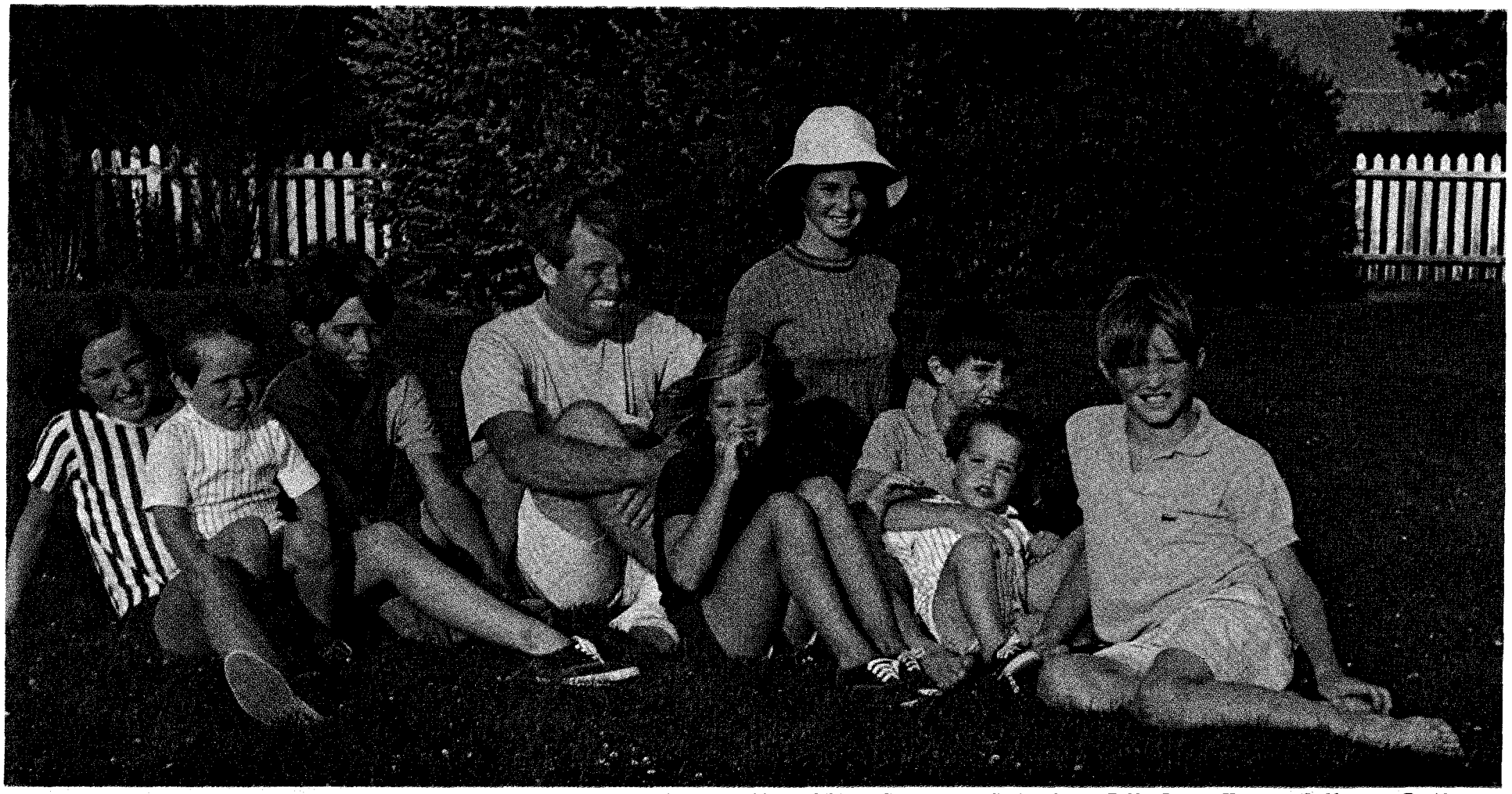
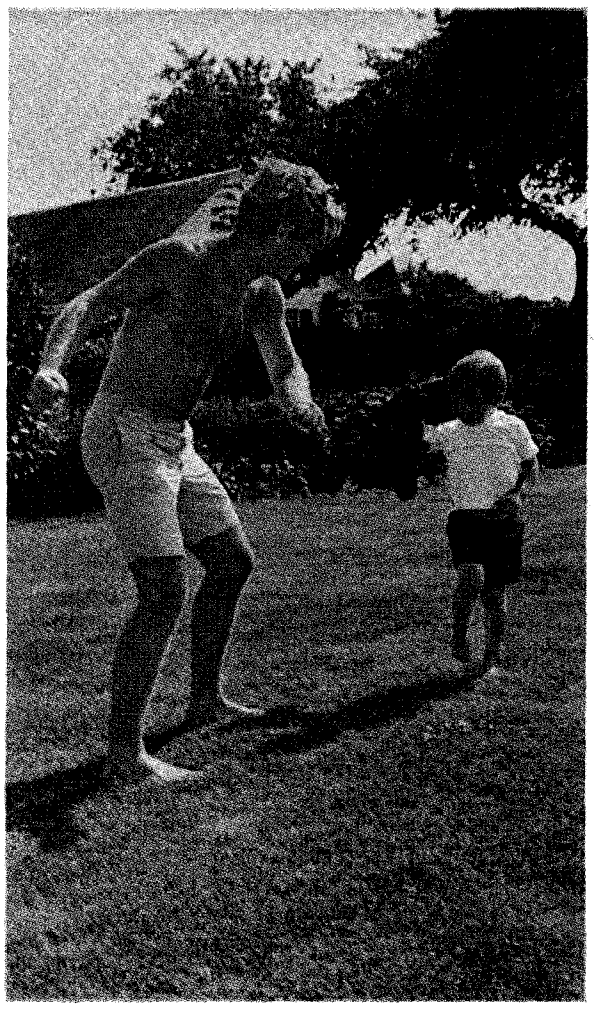
'I am not going to be Vice President under any circumstances.'



Proud father poses with his children: Courtney, 10, Christopher, 4, Bobby Jr., 13, Kerry, 7, Kathleen, 16, David, 12, Matthew, 2, and Michael, 9. Two are missing—the baby, having his lunch, and Joe, 14, in Maine for the summer.



Christopher, who has just snatched Daddy's shirt, gets set for a roughhouse—typical Kennedy fun—on the lawn.

didn't they go on upstairs and play? Then the senator added a characteristic touch. During the next couple of hours I must have heard him say it a dozen times. "OK?" he asked them. "Yes, Daddy!" they called from the stairs.

Now we were alone in the library, an airy, sunny, colorful room, with upholstered furniture, a number of framed family snapshots, and shelves of books running from floor to ceiling on one side—mostly contemporary nonfiction works. The senator had some idea about the kind of questions I had in mind because I had spoken to him briefly on the subject a couple of weeks before. So I don't think he was surprised when I now asked him a question which by actual word count turned out to be a blockbuster 452 words long, concerning several of the more interesting theories generally held about him, or attributed to him.

He listened to every word intently, and when I finished he said, "Let's move into the dining room where we can spread out." When we were settled at the dining-room table, the senator without further prompting replied to my marathon question with a 13-word answer. "I don't think, unfortunately, I'm very good at answering these kinds of questions," he said pleasantly. I began again, trying for a little at a time. I chiefly wanted answers to some of the political questions which always must be asked of Bobby Kennedy. For example, most Americans—whether they like him or not—are convinced that Senator Kennedy has a deep wish to carry on that impalpable, soaring *something* which all Kennedy supporters now believe was embodied in the Administration of President John F. Kennedy. They may think of this something as a specific program or promise, or as an implied new pathway for this nation; at any rate, it is felt as something transcending anything in past American political life.

A couple of weeks before, William vanden Heuvel, one of the senator's advisers, had told me, "Anyone who has gone to the President's grave at Arlington with Robert Kennedy—although never a word is spoken—gets the sense that he feels that something great was broken here, and that as his brother's brother he has an obligation to continue it."

Does Bobby Kennedy feel he must carry on this something? I asked. He was still dressed in those swimming-pool togs, and his hair was damp and tangled. But he was leaning forward now, and he was listening carefully with his intent and extremely intelligent eyes. Actually that is the feeling you get—that those blue eyes are also ears. And he was nodding his head slowly—yes, yes, yes. He didn't say it in words, but he seemed to be saying so with his heart: He *does* want to carry on his brother's work. But how?

A theory that has been widely discussed among political insiders in recent months holds that President Johnson might next year decide to make a deal with Robert Kennedy. The idea behind this is that there are two wings of the disorganized Democratic Party today, the Johnson wing and the Kennedy wing. This split exists against a background of drastic changes occurring in the whole broad arena of American politics—among others, the passing of the old-time political bosses, the rise of hordes of young people to voting age, the new political power of the Negroes and the serious divisions in the country over the Vietnam war.

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Hard-headed politicians have noted that Hubert Humphrey's influence has waned among the liberal elements while Kennedy's has grown, and that Kennedy's appeal to the young voters—the "jumpers and squealers" as some politicians call them—has risen enormously. For this and other reasons there is talk that, in the pre-convention weeks of 1968, President Johnson may find himself in a position where he seems to be facing defeat unless he dumps Vice President Humphrey, whom he has already pledged to keep as his running mate, and offers the place to Senator Kennedy instead. This switch, according to the theory, might assure President Johnson's reelection in an otherwise doomed situation, because it would unite the two wings of the party.

I mentioned the outlines of this theory to Senator Kennedy. His answer was instantaneous. "No," he said intensely. "First, I don't think he [President Johnson] will be in that mood, and I would think it very peculiar if he was; and unfair, and a betrayal of Hubert Humphrey, who has carried the burden all the way through."

"It would be a double-cross?"

"Yes, and secondly, I am not going to be Vice President under any circumstances. I am satisfied where I am, and so I am not going to take it under any circumstances. And I don't think he would offer it to me under any circumstances."

In the next two days a Johnson intimate and a Kennedy staff man both made approximately the same comment about this statement: "That's what he would say anyway, of course." But somehow I think the senator meant it.

I then asked Kennedy if it was also true that he would not under any circumstances challenge President Johnson "head on" in 1968. "That's right," he shot back. "So," I pressed on, "that would leave only the possibility that President Johnson's health, or something else, should cause him to take himself out of the running?" The senator nodded. What about 1972, then?

"I don't think I can plan for it," he said. "It would be foolish. I don't even know if I'm going to be here." This feeling of fatalism is very much a part of him these days. "I think you affect in a very adverse fashion your ability to cope with present problems if you try to govern yourself by thinking of problems too far in the future. I don't have any long-range strategy—but I think everybody's going to go on thinking I do."

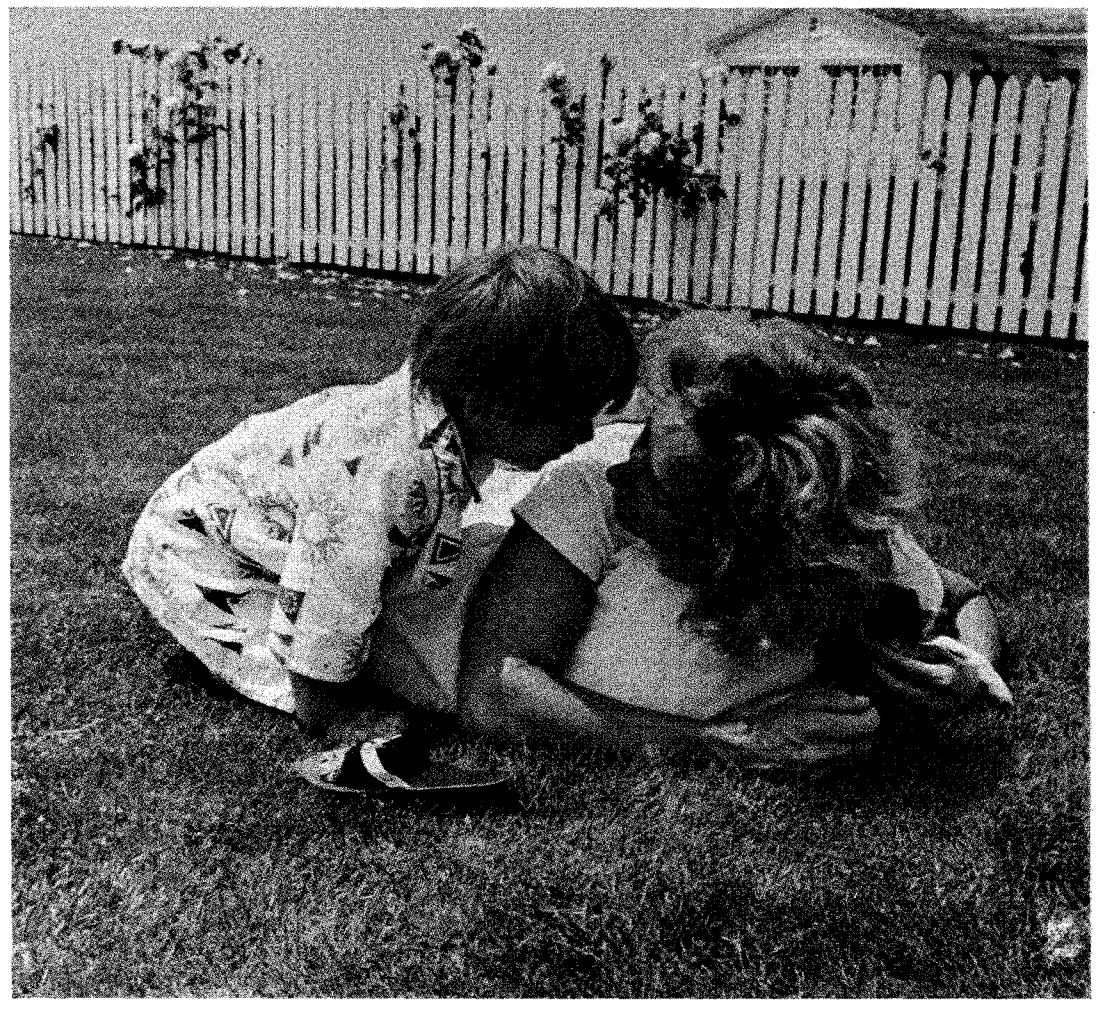
Suddenly Christopher and Matthew Maxwell Taylor Kennedy came crowding into the room. "D-a-a-d-e-e!" Matthew was yelling, "make me a paper airplane like you made for Christopher, please!" He had a sheet of paper in his hand and he pushed it at Daddy. The senator directed him to watch carefully how it was folded so he could do it himself the next time.

"But as you see things now," I went on, "you will definitely run for reelection as senator in 1970?" "Yes."

The senator folded the paper, creased it carefully and lined it up for proper aerodynamic balance. Matthew reached for it eagerly, but Daddy took careful aim and launched the plane. We all watched it sail the length of the dining room and out the door. The kids screamed with delight and ran after it.

The senator looked at me with a grin, curious to see how I was taking life with father at Hickory Hill. This man—who can drop a glacial curtain over his eyes so fast you can almost hear it fall, who can clam up tight in front of an eagerly

While Ethel spoons a meal into Douglas Harriman Kennedy, Kathleen pops in to report on personal news—the town's new discothèque, a dance she had been to—and Matthew stands by to get a word in edgewise when he can.



Young Matthew finds Mom resting on a sail bag, in time to impart a confidence before she leaves to board the boat.

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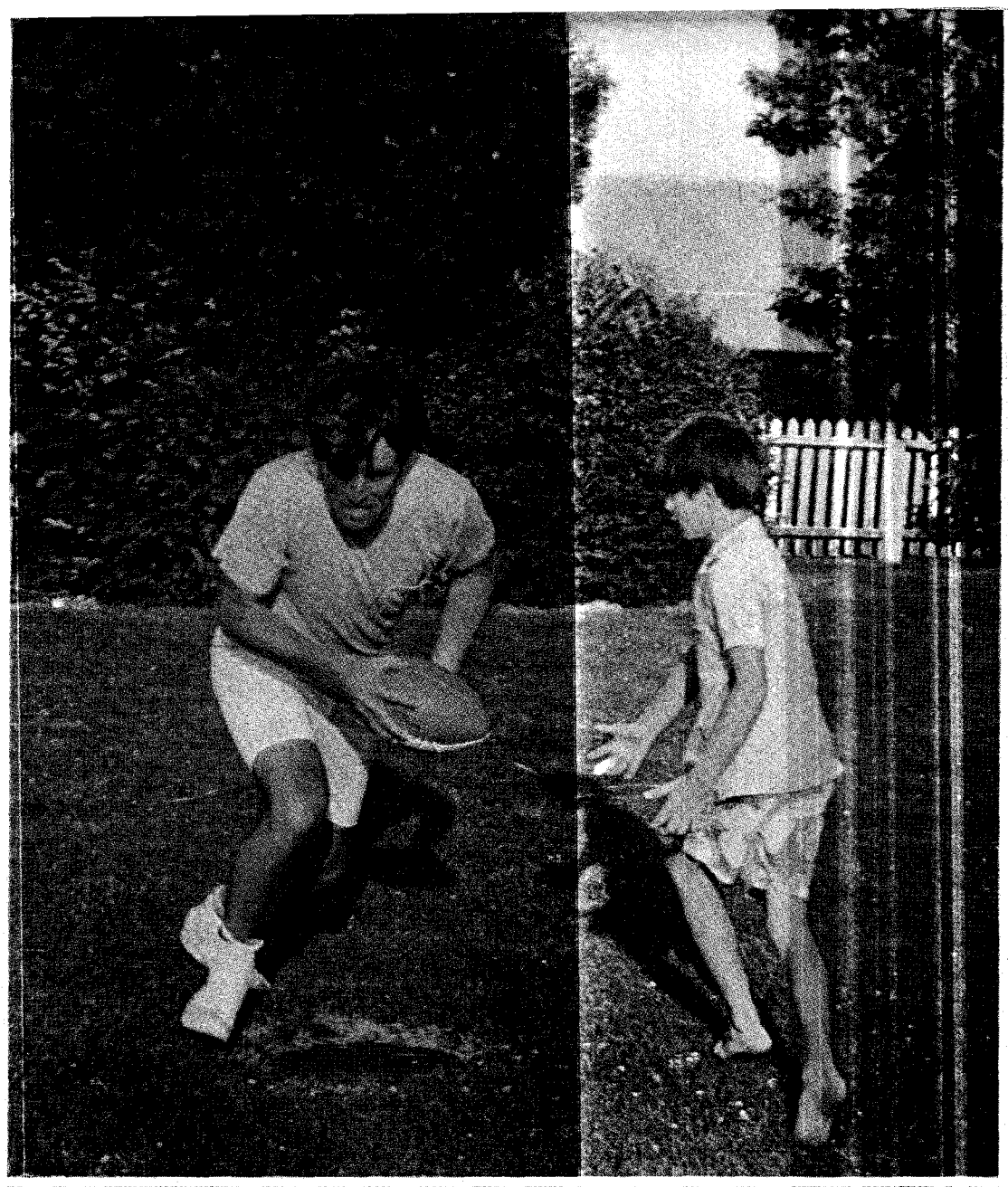

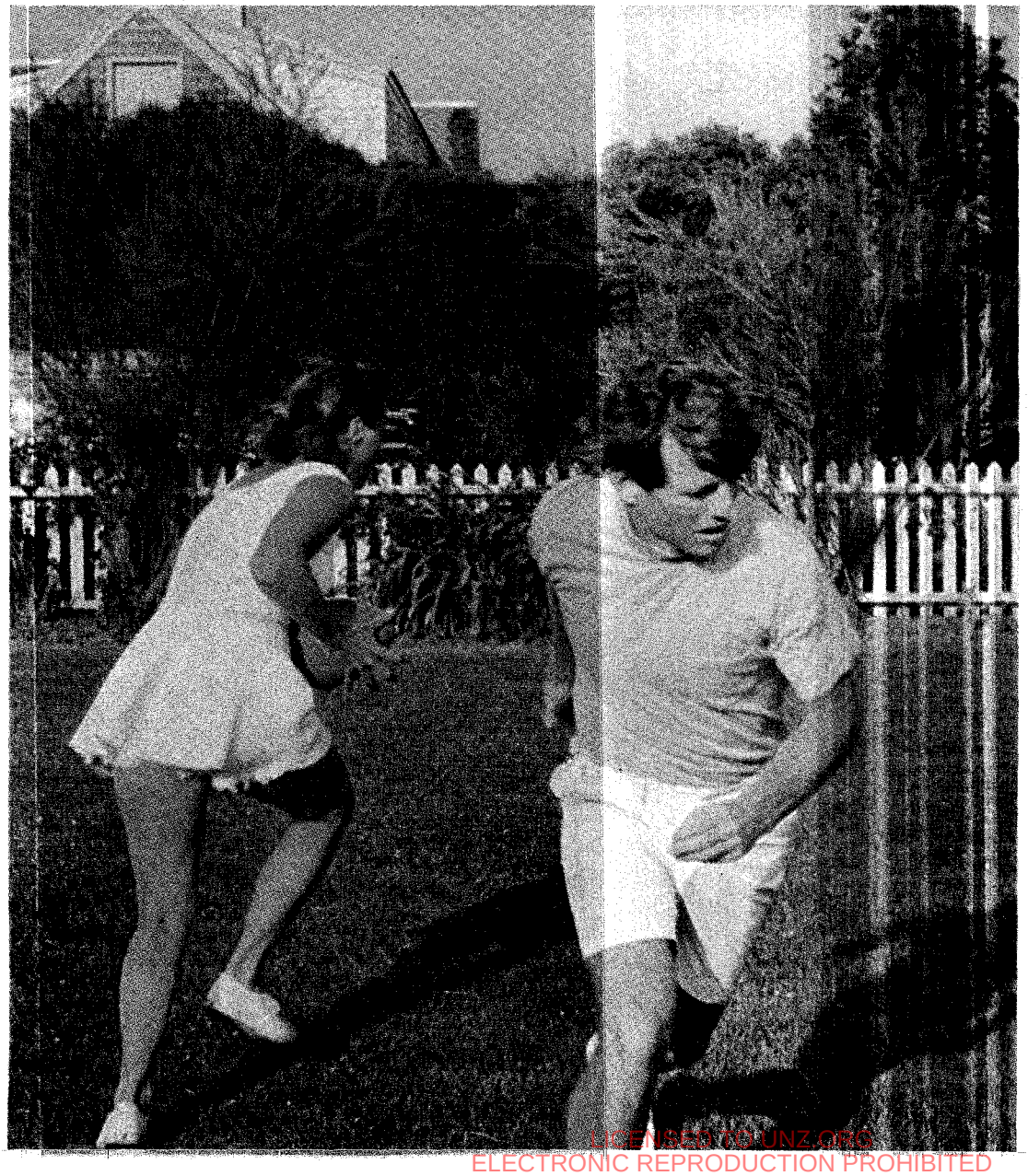

waiting audience, who can seem to be hardly even one-dimensional when he chooses to withdraw from people around him—was, with his children, a totally three-dimensional paterfamilias figure.

The sun was streaming in the windows of this cheerful hilltop dining room, whose principal decorations are Francetti portraits of the Kennedy children. These appealing pastels were done by Mme. Francetti over a period of years, and some of the bright-eyed youngsters are now grown into adolescence. The effect here, as everywhere in Kennedy family precincts, was to give the children a preeminent place in the Kennedy milieu—which is to say, the Kennedy dynasty.

With quiet restored, I brought up a little-noticed speech which the senator had made before the Americans for Democratic Action in Philadelphia on February 24. It was a moving address on the frustrated plight of the ordinary individual in this country and elsewhere in the world today, and on the emotional withdrawal of a very large segment of the younger generation from the confused and senseless world they have inherited. Reprints of this speech have become what Kennedy office-staff people call an "underground" circular—hundreds of requests for copies have come as a result of word-of-mouth communication on campuses all over America. I asked Kennedy to explain for me now the reasons for this malaise of our young people.

"I think," he began, "it probably comes down basically to this: That life is very difficult for an individual, with the tremendous changes that have been made in this country and in society and in science, engineering, politics; all the tremendous changes that have taken place over twenty years—in the population growth, and the growth of our cities. The complexity of these problems is such that you don't feel you are a member of any kind of a community. That's the reason, at least in part, why we have violence in the cities and in the suburbs and why we have the young people reacting the way they do—in demonstrations, lying down in front of cars, lying down in front of railroads, walking out of meetings, and at times when they are advocating free speech, joining to prevent someone they disagree with from being permitted to speak. Or they are rude by walking out of a meeting for the Vice President of the United States. They come to the meetings, then walk out."

The senator was talking now with a quite uncharacteristic flow of thoughts and words, more as if he were thinking aloud than answering a specific question. He continued, "It is an effort today, in trying to manifest the importance of the individual, to show that the individual *does* count in a society where he actually appears to count less and less. Many of our young people—and older people as well—feel that they really have no control over what happens in government, and what happens in their country, and in their world—a world that we now have the ability to destroy, along with all mankind, through the use of atomic weapons. The individual feels he has no role to play. He can't affect the situation. I don't think it's a question of just Vietnam, but when these young people see hunger and poverty and discrimination, and when they see other countries which are having a difficult time while we have tremendous wealth here in the United States—then it seems unjust, and they would like to see that our Government and our society are doing something about it."

He hitched himself into an easier position in his chair and went on, "But we don't seem to be doing

The touch-football scene: at top, Bobby fakes a handoff to David, and (left) slips the ball to fleet-footed Ethel.

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it, at least not as rapidly as they would like to see it done and so they feel alienated. I think also that the demonstrations are indications that there is something more to existence than just material wealth. That in itself cannot make people happy. These young people who are demonstrating or taking LSD trips, or are on pot or whatever it might be, are mostly from the middle-class or upper-class families, who have it made. These young people are not struggling the way the young people were in the 1920's and 1930's, just to survive. Those earlier generations never heard of LSD. They all had to struggle just to make it, to get through school, to get through college, to find jobs, to get married and support a family. With nine or ten million people unemployed, it was very difficult."

At this point there was another sudden invasion of the dining room. "Let me tell you something,

'When young people see poverty and discrimination, they would like to see the Government do something about it.'

ment. Those who wanted then to accomplish something and those who were thinking about changes could, in fact, do something."

What would he advise his own children? "I think that life for them must be an adventure," the senator said. "Young people must be shown a way to escape from the mold they live in, in a responsible way, and to get out of themselves, and get interested in other people. That is the most important thing. You can always find other people with bigger problems than you have. You know the story of the man who complained that he had no shoes until he met the man who had no feet."

I asked Kennedy if he gets a reading on the younger generation from his own children. "Not much, really," he grinned. "My oldest child is only sixteen." But then, more seriously, he added, "I enjoy them a lot and I try to stimulate their

The senator executes a one-man blitz, lunging to put the touch on opposing team's quarterback—not a member of the family—who is fading back to pass the pigskin downfield.

Daddy; let me tell you something, Daddy; let me tell you something, Daddy. . . ." Christopher was saying that he and Matthew wanted to go with Daddy to his office, meaning the senatorial office in Washington.

"Listen, Christopher, if you want to go to the office you will have to be quiet now." The senator was being stern, though without a trace of anger. "I am going to be in conference for a little while longer and if you want to go to the office you'll have to go upstairs and get dressed. All right?" "D-a-a-a-dy . . ." "All right?" Christopher promptly vanished up the stairs.

"For the generation of the 1940's," the senator continued, "it was a question of surviving the war, and they went through that with great difficulty. Then in the 1950's there seemed to be a sort of lost generation, and now in the 1960's and 1970's—a generation born right after the war or at the end of it—they don't know the Second World War. They don't know much about Korea. They are suddenly thrown into life, and they find their leaders using a lot of words, not very successfully. Now some have turned to violence, and that's not very satisfactory either. And we still have these tremendous injustices within the United States and abroad, and that doesn't make a great deal of sense. And we are in a struggle 12,000 miles away, and using bombs under circumstances that disturb these young people. So for all these reasons, and with no outlet for idealism in their lives, and nothing in the way of hope for the future being held up for them, it is very frustrating."

"They look to you for leadership," I said. "Do you see the solutions? Or are things just going to get worse?"

The senator answered almost without pause, "There has to be an idealism instilled in the country, and a hopeful objective for the future. And it must be realistic. I think this was done to some extent in the early 1960's by the Peace Corps, and by the efforts made in the civil-rights movement. Those who wanted then to accomplish something and those who were thinking about changes could, in fact, do something."

What would he advise his own children? "I think that life for them must be an adventure," the senator said. "Young people must be shown a way to escape from the mold they live in, in a responsible way, and to get out of themselves, and get interested in other people. That is the most important thing. You can always find other people with bigger problems than you have. You know the story of the man who complained that he had no shoes until he met the man who had no feet."

I asked Kennedy if he gets a reading on the younger generation from his own children. "Not much, really," he grinned. "My oldest child is only sixteen." But then, more seriously, he added, "I enjoy them a lot and I try to stimulate their interests in many different areas, whether in the fields of poetry, interest in other countries, sports, politics, or any area in which they may have some special interest. A couple of my children are very interested in animals. In fact, they are writing a book on animals, on cruelty to animals. They are having correspondence with people all over the world on that subject. Some of the other children are interested in other areas. I suppose Ethel and I want them to have as wide a range of interests as possible."

What, then, did he want for the United States in 1985, say, when his youngest child will be a teen-ager? The senator thought this one over, but not for very long. "Well, I think there has to be trust in individuals. At the same time we have to feel that society needs something more than personal aggrandizement. If material wealth is emphasized, then I think we are going to have estrangements and difficulties in this country.

"One of the tragic things about Vietnam is the

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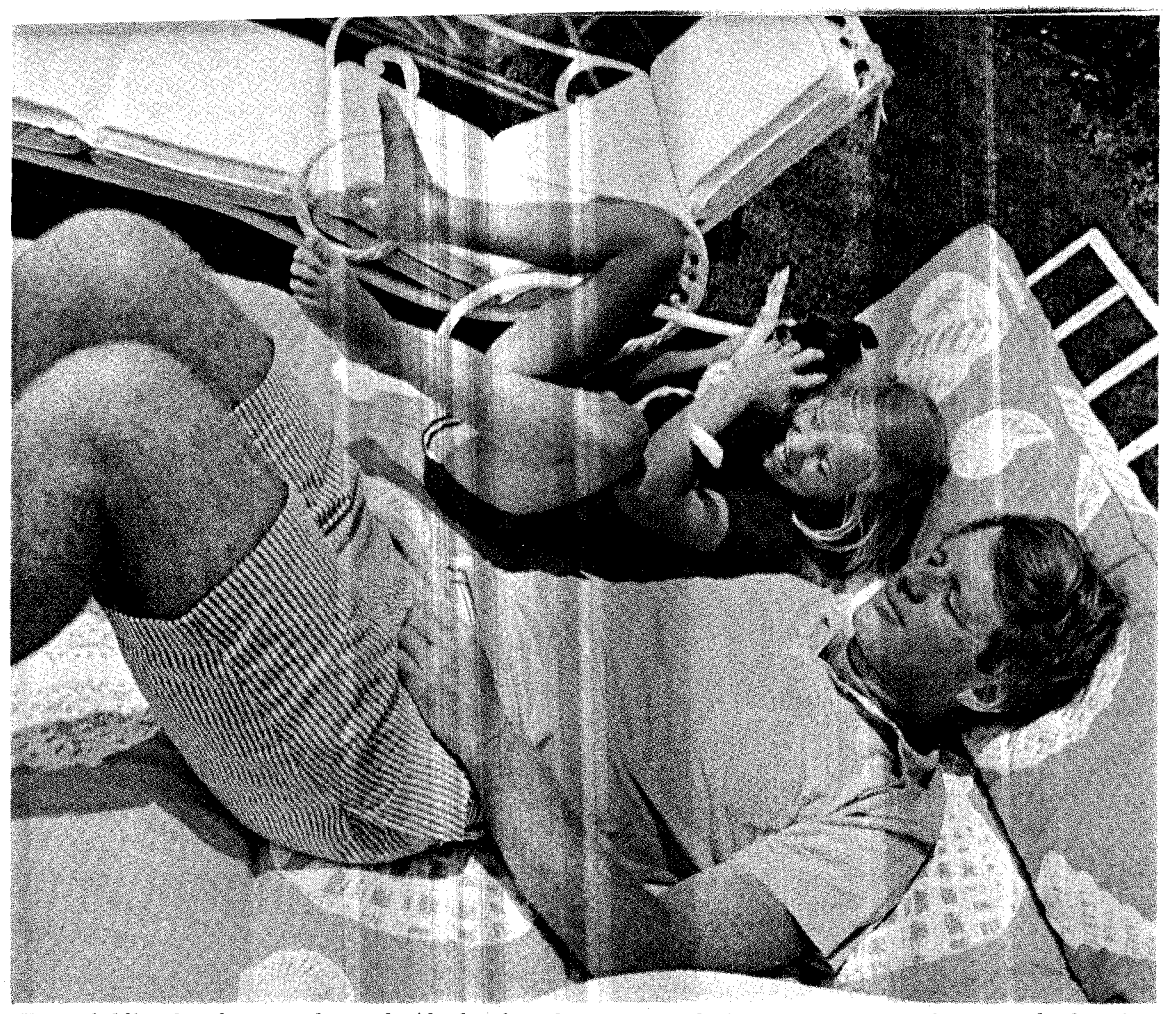


Kerry, holding her dog, snuggles up beside the often-absent senator during a rare moment of peace and relaxation.

In a very short time the senator came running down the stairs, a dramatically transformed man. He wore a conservatively elegant businessman's suit, and his hair was carefully combed. He was alert and bright-eyed as we walked out the front door. Christopher and Matthew Maxwell Taylor Kennedy followed us, with their mother in hot pursuit. A member of Kennedy's staff was waiting to drive him to the office. The senator got into the front seat of the car, always his preferred position. The children were hurrying over. "Are you coming?" Kennedy called to them. "Yes," they shouted back. "Do they want to come?" the senator called to Mrs. Kennedy. She walked briskly over toward the car. "I didn't know that you'd take them," she said. Christopher announced that he definitely did want to go to his father's office. Mrs. Kennedy and the children were nearing the waiting car, and Bobby said, "Ethel, Mr. Bird wants to know what are the differences between the Kennedy brothers?"

The senator was grinning, and Mrs. Kennedy laughed. "Oh, I'd say that Bobby is much jollier, more outgoing ——" Senator Kennedy broke in, "She's joking, aren't you, Ethel?" and she nodded. "It's awfully hard to compare," she said.

estrangement and alienation between two of our strongest, brightest and most articulate groups—the young ones who were in the Peace Corps, or were Rhodes scholars, or were editors of college magazines, and so on. Some of them represent, I think, a minority who are opposed to the war in Vietnam. And then on the other side are those who are making the sacrifice—going over there to Vietnam to fight, and some to die. These again are the best of our young people, who feel strongly about the efforts we are making to win the war. Now these two groups are becoming more and more alienated from each other, and I think that this is most unfortunate."

Did he think that the universities have anything constructive to say about this? "No," Kennedy said emphatically. "They have become such machines. But we are trying to do something in New York through the Democratic Party—a community action program. You know, I think the political parties can do something more than just try to get people elected. We are trying to get some effectiveness by building an organization that will go in and help the mentally ill, the retarded, and give tutoring that will bring together the college students."

I asked him how he thought the country as a whole might be unified in purpose. "I don't think there will be any magic formula or any one program," he answered. "I think it will begin when the people of this country get a feeling of what the country and society stand for. We'll still have problems, but *that* feeling is lacking at the moment. It is replaced by this internal strife over what we are doing, right or wrong, in Southeast Asia."

The morning was wearing on. From an earlier visit to Suite No. 3327 in the new Senate Office Building, I knew that Robert Kennedy's staff would already be at work dealing with the first of the 1,000 letters which he receives on an average day, and of the 200 telephone calls that would be coming in, many from distant parts of the globe.

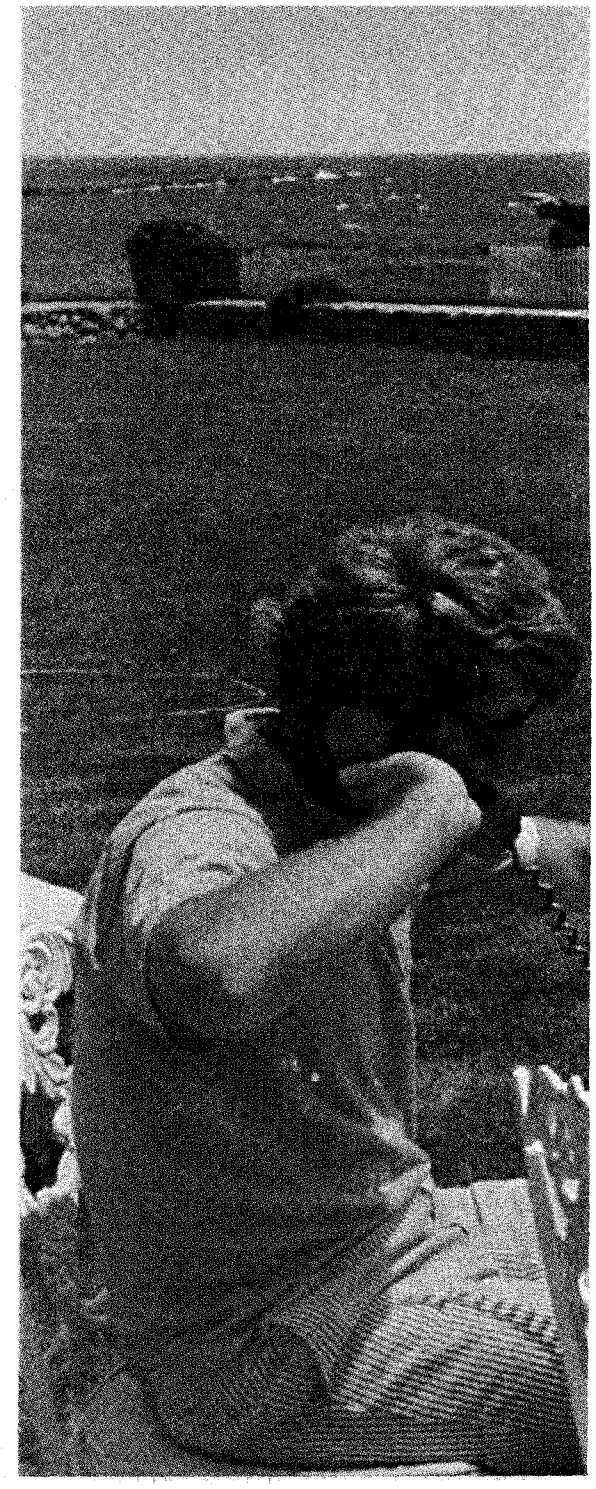
Because his seniority in the Senate is low, Kennedy's office is a small one. And because he has one of the largest personal staffs, it is unbelievably crowded, with file cabinets, desks jammed together, potted azaleas and geraniums—and people. Abstracted young men and svelte, cool, mini-skirted girls, some of them speaking alternately in two languages, are constantly passing in and out, and calling across the room to one another. "How's your project going, Janice?" . . . "Teeny, pick up on four." The air fairly vibrates with a feeling of people and ideas in motion.

Without exception, these young men and women feel that Robert Kennedy is interested in more questions of national and international concern than other senators—and he all but overwhelms them with a constant flood of queries and memoranda. "When most people get to the Senate," one staff member explains, "they stop learning and instead begin applying what they have already learned." The clear implication is that this is not true of Sen. Robert Kennedy.

I disliked prolonging the interview further, but I wanted the senator's views on the reason for his appeal to the younger generation. "They think you understand them," I said, "that you are on their side. You must have a sense that they are with you because you have seen them turn out for you by the millions." He was nodding as I said this. "Why do you think these young people all over the country follow you like a pied piper?" "I don't know that," he said, his voice utterly flat.

I mentioned the New Left and he jumped at that. "Well, of course," he said, "those who are completely on the New Left want to destroy our basic institutions because they think they are corrupt, and they share with the extreme right a hostility toward those in the middle who want to preserve and reform those institutions." He hesitated a moment and then went on, "I don't mind their criticism of the establishment or whatever it might be. I think that's all worthwhile, but I just don't happen to agree with it."

Then, without a pause, he added in a fast, hard-to-catch monotone, spoken as if it were a part of the same sentence: "I have to go upstairs to get dressed, would you mind waiting a few minutes in the library and ride to my office with me?"



"Uncle Ted" interrupts buffet lunch on brother's lawn to pick up Bobby and Ethel Kennedy for a sailboat race.

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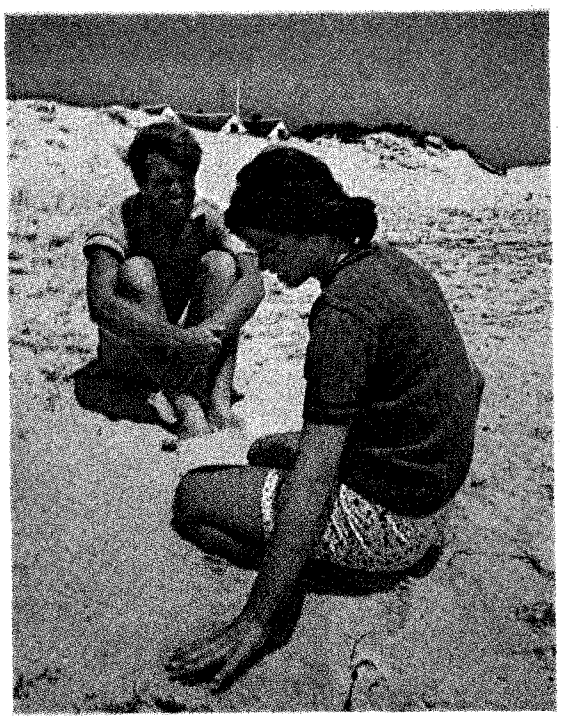
"No, Mummy's not coming," the senator was explaining to Christopher. The children were plainly in a quandary. They wanted to go to Daddy's office and at the same time they wanted to go with Mummy when she drove the older children home from school. The driver had started the motor, and Mrs. Kennedy was pulling the two small boys from the car. "Oh, I thought they were coming to the office," the senator said. "No," Mrs. Kennedy said, "I'm going to take them to school." The senator then put it to them directly and sharply, "Are you going to school, children?" Both children answered, "Yes." "I thought you were going to the office, you rascals," he said. "Well, you come over here and kiss me good-bye. My God, I've been sitting here for ten minutes waiting for you; do you think you're going to get away with that all your life?"

"Ye-e-e-e-s," the children said, running over and throwing their arms around their father. The senator told the driver to get started and, as the car moved off, the Kennedy sheepdog, Panda, set up a noise indicating that he didn't want to be left behind. The senator said Panda would be all right. The dog raced after us for a few moments, then dropped out of sight. □



Kathleen joins her father for a quiet talk on the beach.

The dedicated young men and svelte mini-skirted girls of Kennedy's staff are deluged with memos and queries from him.

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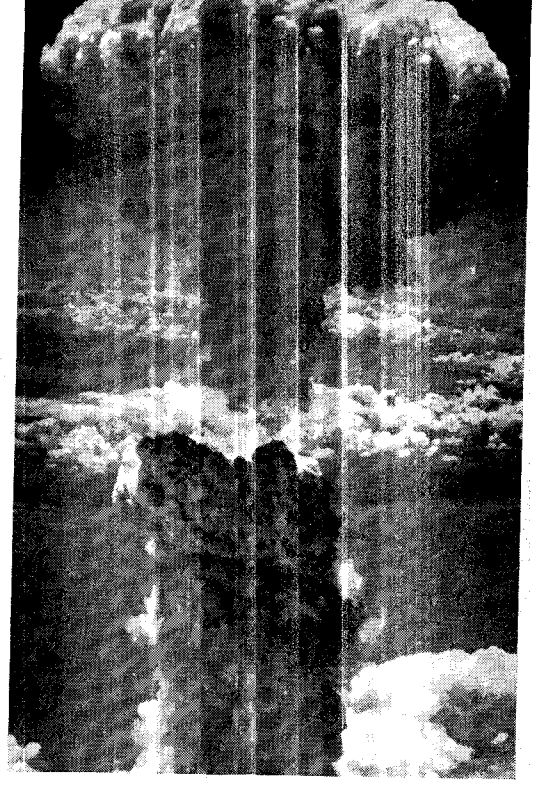

THE FALL OF JAPAN

From Potsdam, in conquered Germany, the Allied leaders sent Japan their ultimatum: Surrender or be destroyed. Hiroshima, then Nagasaki, vanished in a mushroom cloud, yet the Japanese still did not cave in. This is the untold story of what went on in Tokyo while a beaten nation refused to admit defeat.

By William Craig

On the 68th day of his Presidency, Harry S Truman called together his chief civilian and military advisers. When President Franklin D. Roosevelt died, he had left a dazed Vice President to conclude a global war and secure a lasting peace. Twenty-six days later Truman had been able to announce the capitulation of Germany while warning that "Our victory is but half won." Now, on June 18, 1945 the American leaders discussed what must be done to end the war in the Pacific.

America's vast industrial strength had finally enabled Gen. Douglas MacArthur and Adm. Chester Nimitz to push the Japanese armed forces back toward their home islands. The once powerful Imperial Navy had been sent into hiding. All spring, while the Japanese 32nd Army died on Okinawa, Gen. Curtis LeMay's B-29's had firebombed the major cities of Japan. Hundreds of thousands of civilians died in the flames, and half of Tokyo vanished. Still the Japanese military refused to accept inevitable surrender. They had

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Devastated by the plutonium bomb, Nagasaki lies dying.

hoarded planes, boats, bullets and guns for one great battle to be fought on the beaches, for one last attempt to wipe out the invaders when they came. Death was acceptable; defeat was not.

On that June day the commander in chief of the United States forces asked his leading strategists how to achieve victory. "As I understand it," President Truman summed up, "the Joint Chiefs of Staff . . . are still of the unanimous opinion that the Kyushu operation [invasion of Japan] is the best solution under the circumstances." The officials agreed. As the meeting adjourned, Truman asked John McCloy, Assistant Secretary of War, to add his comments. McCloy said that all the talk of invading Japan struck him as rather "fantastic." He asked, "Why not use the atomic bomb?"

The meeting was once more called to order, and McCloy's remark was discussed. Truman listened intently as the men at the table argued the merits of first warning the Japanese to surrender and then using the new weapon if the enemy ignored the ultimatum. The dialogue broke down because of one basic truth: No one in the room knew whether the device being readied in New Mexico would actually function. Truman again affirmed his approval of the invasion of Kyushu while work on the bomb proceeded.

The Manhattan Project had been evolving since the late '30's as scientists raced to produce an atomic weapon that would shift the balance of power in the world. Two separate designs had emerged: The slim uranium bomb was called "Thin Man" for Roosevelt, the bulbous plutonium bomb was named "Fat Man" after Churchill. In its final stage the Thin Man was shortened, and it became known as "Little Boy."

The bomb drop itself would be the mission of the 509th Composite Group, training at a secret base in Utah. As group commander, Col. Paul Tibbets, 29 years old, had arranged for some of his old flying companions to become key members of the 393rd Bombardment Squadron, entrusted with actual delivery of the weapon. In the spring of 1945 the 509th moved to a new base on Tinian, a Pacific island in the Marianas group. Surrounded by barbed wire and armed guards, the men of the secret outfit endured mounting criticism from other airmen who were flying to Japan every week and losing their friends to Japanese fire. On July 16, as the bomber crews dawdled in front of their Quonset huts or swam in the ocean, the plutonium test bomb exploded in the New Mexican desert.

In Potsdam where Truman was conferring with Churchill and Stalin, Secretary of War Henry Stimson received this dispatch from Washington:

SECRETARY OF WAR—FROM HARRISON

DOCTOR HAS JUST RETURNED MOST ENTHUSIASTIC AND CONFIDENT THAT THE LITTLE BOY IS AS HUSKY AS HIS BIG BROTHER. THE LIGHT IN HIS EYES DISCERNIBLE FROM HERE TO HIGHHOLD, AND I COULD HAVE HEARD HIS SCREAMS FROM HERE TO MY FARM.

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Highhold was Stimson's summer place on Long Island, 250 miles from Washington; Harrison, his assistant, had a farm 50 miles away in Virginia.

Stimson was elated. On the morning of July 17 he told the good news to President Truman and urged that the Japanese be warned of the destruction that awaited them if they continued the war.

One of the major items on the agenda at Potsdam had been the entry of Russia into the Pacific war. As of July 16 the need for Soviet help in Asia had vanished. On July 26, as the Potsdam conference drew to a close, the American cruiser *Indianapolis* stood in Tinian harbor, unloading the components of the uranium bomb. The month-long meeting ended with the issuing of the ultimatum that promised the Japanese complete destruction unless they surrendered.

On July 27, in Tokyo, the Japanese cabinet sat down to study the document transmitted from across the world. Attention focused on topics related to surrender terms:

Point 6: There must be eliminated for all time the authority and influence of those who have deceived and misled the people of Japan into embarking on world conquest. . . .

Point 12: The occupying forces of the Allies shall be withdrawn from Japan as soon as . . . there has been established in accordance with the freely expressed will of the Japanese people a peacefully inclined and responsible government.

Point 13: We call upon the Government of Japan to proclaim now the unconditional surrender of all Japanese armed forces. . . . The alternative for Japan is prompt and utter destruction.

The men in Tokyo could not possibly have construed the threat to mean immediate use of an atomic bomb. The declaration contained nothing surprising to the Japanese cabinet. What the Potsdam paper did not cover was what they most wanted clarified: the future status of their emperor.

President Truman maintained a flexible attitude toward the emperor. Both he and Secretary of State James Byrnes feared that public opinion in the United States would reject any "appeasement" at this stage. They felt that the question of Hirohito's future role should be held as a bargaining feature of any negotiations with the Japanese.

When reporters in Tokyo asked Japanese Premier Kantaro Suzuki for a reaction to the Allied message, he meant to tell them that the government would "withhold comment" on it for the time being. Unfortunately, he used the word *mokusatsu* to describe his attitude. In Japanese, *mokusatsu* also means "take no notice of, treat with silent contempt, ignore." The news agencies broadcast it just that way. The Allies were told that the ultimatum was not worthy of comment. The blunder in Tokyo went uncorrected by any official. In Potsdam, Harry Truman reacted predictably to Suzuki's *mokusatsu*. He allowed the atomic-bomb mission to proceed according to schedule.

On Monday, August 6, Colonel Tibbets led the way to Japan with the Little Boy tucked inside the bomb bays of the *Enola Gay*. Tibbets turned west 60 miles from the target, and shortly Hiroshima lay exposed and beautiful under the B-29's. At precisely 8:15 and 17 seconds the Little Boy, a black-and-orange shape weighing nearly five tons, fell down on the 255,000 people of Hiroshima. In an instant, more than 64,000 people were dead or about to die. In Tokyo the first word was received from an eyewitness: "The whole city of Hiroshima was destroyed by a single bomb."

Late on the night of August 8, in a room at Japanese secret-police headquarters in Osaka, two men stood over an American flyer, Lt. Marcus McDilda. Shot down that day on a strafing mission, McDilda had been marched blindfolded through the streets as civilians smashed him with their fists. Bruised and bleeding, he was taken to a building where Japanese officers asked questions

Three members of the "Big Six" that presided directly over Japan's wartime affairs did their utmost to stave off unconditional surrender: Gen. Yoshijiro Umezu (top), Adm. Soemu Toyoda and Gen. Korechika Anami.

about his home base at Iwo Jima. He lied consistently. For several hours officers beat him. Then the same questions were asked again. One officer demanded that he tell what he knew of the atomic bomb dropped two days before on Hiroshima. McDilda assured him that he knew absolutely nothing about the weapon.

Around midnight a door opened, and a general stepped in. He, too, insisted that McDilda tell about the bomb. When the lieutenant did not, the general drew out his sword and cut through an open sore on McDilda's lip. Blood ran down his chin onto his flying suit. The general screamed, "If you don't tell me about the bomb, I'll personally cut off your head." Then he stalked from the room.

McDilda was badly shaken. As the interrogators picked up the familiar questioning about the bomb, the pilot began talking inventively about the splitting of atoms, of negative and positive charges. "Well, we've taken these pluses and minuses and put them in a huge container and separated them with a lead shield. When the box is dropped out of a plane, we melt the lead shield and the pluses and minuses come together. When that happens, it causes a tremendous bolt of lightning, and the atmosphere over a city is pushed back. Then a tremendous thunderclap knocks down everything beneath it. The bomb is about thirty-six feet long and twenty-four feet wide."

The Japanese asked, "Do you know the next target for this weapon?" McDilda thought a minute, then chose the two cities whose destruction might be most demoralizing. He said, "I believe Kyoto and Tokyo."

The excited secret policemen pressed him for further details, appalled at the news that Tokyo might become a victim of the terrible new bomb. McDilda continued to tell his preposterous story.

Shortly after 11 P.M. on August 8, a second B-29 crew, No. 15, strolled across Tinian's North Field to the bustling briefing room for their instructions. The map on the wall clearly indicated the primary target, Kokura, in the northern part of Kyushu. The alternate target would be Nagasaki, on the western side of the same island. Three planes would fly together to the target. Maj. Chuck Sweeney, a cherubic Irishman from Boston, would carry the bomb, and Maj. Fred Bock the instruments. Since Crew 15's bomber, *The Great Artiste*, had been outfitted for the Hiroshima flight as an instrument laboratory, it was decided to leave it that way for the second mission. Fred Bock would fly *The Great Artiste*, while Chuck Sweeney used Bock's own plane, *Bock's Car*, to carry the Fat Man. The third plane would carry movie cameras and scientific observers.

A typhoon was wandering about off Iwo Jima, and rendezvous had been set for Yakoshima, a tiny island off the southern coast of Kyushu. The three planes must join there within 15 minutes of the appointed moment.

Crew 15 ate sparingly as preflight tension knotted their stomachs. When they reached the runway, several hundred people milled around the three planes. No. 77, *Bock's Car*, stood in the glare of 30 klieg lights set up around it. In its bomb bay the Fat Man waited. Armed guards stood by to prevent any close inspection of the weapon.

Colonel Tibbets came to the side of *Bock's Car* and talked quietly with the men. As he discussed the mission, Sergeant Kuharek, the engineer, came down from the ship and spoke to him and Major Sweeney. A fuel pump was broken, and 600 gallons of gas were trapped. This would mean going to Japan and back with no reserve fuel.

Sweeney and Tibbets discussed the situation. It was important to drop the Fat Man soon to convince the Japanese that there was an unending supply of the new weapons. To delay now would give the enemy time to gain his balance.

Sweeney turned to his men. "To hell with it," he said. "We're going anyway." The plane could land at Iwo Jima on the way back and refuel.

Jagged streaks of lightning laced the sky as the giant silver plane rolled from its hardstand toward Able Runway. No. 77's motors roared as Sweeney strained to see down the runway, then released his brakes. *Bock's Car* rumbled down the strip. As the Pacific rushed at him, Chuck Sweeney pulled up on the controls. The bomber rose slowly over the water, held at 50 feet in level flight and turned ponderously to the north, climbing as it went. It was 1:49 A.M. Japanese time.

Two crewmen worked over a little black box connected to the Fat Man by an inch-thick umbilical cable. Halfway to Japan, they saw that the red light on the black box was suddenly on, signifying that all firing circuits were closed. The discovery was terrifying. One of the crewmen calmly opened the console and checked every wiring sequence. After a tense half hour, he smiled and sighed, "I've found it." A switch had failed,

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causing the light to glow. He fixed it.

At 7:45 the clouds broke, and Yakoshima, the rendezvous point, lay dead ahead. Twenty-four minutes later, *Bock's Car* and *The Great Artiste* made rendezvous. The two planes began to circle Yakoshima, waiting for the camera plane to appear. It was actually in the area but at a higher altitude. Unable to break radio silence and contact it, Chuck Sweeney grew increasingly concerned about his fuel supply. After 40 minutes the major waggled his wings at Fred Bock, who followed *Bock's Car* toward Kyushu.

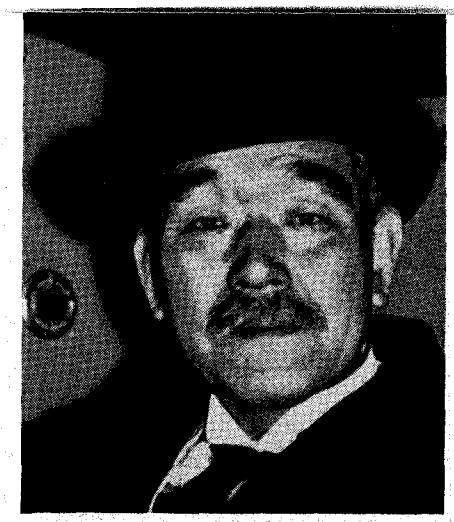
Kokura, the primary target, basked in the summer sun. The bombardier, Kermit Beahan, gazing into the bombsight, waited for his target to appear. The bomb-bay doors opened, and a sustained humming signaled that the bomb was ready for release. Beahan's aiming point was the Kokura arsenal. He saw the river that flowed by it, he saw the streets and buildings of Kokura, but the arsenal never came into view. Beahan shouted, "No drop." Sweeney spoke to the crew on the intercom: "Relax. We're going around again."

The plane wheeled about to approach Kokura from another angle. *Bock's Car* thundered in again, the bomb-bay doors open, the Fat Man poised in the open bay. The humming signal sounded. The city flowed beneath. The river next to the arsenal emerged clearly in the sight, but the arsenal remained hidden by clouds. No drop. Beahan was following orders to the letter—no drop unless the specific target could be clearly seen.

On the third approach the arsenal was still shrouded in a smoky haze, and Beahan shouted "No drop" once again. As he did, another crewman spoke into the intercom: "Fighters below. Coming up." Still another told Sweeney: "Fuel getting very low." Antiaircraft flak in black puffs mingled with the fleecy cumulus clouds. Chuck Sweeney made up his mind. He waggled his wings to Fred Bock and turned away from the city. At the moment of reprieve for Kokura, danger seemed remote to the population of Nagasaki. The morning was mild, and 200,000 people began the day as bicycles and military vehicles clogged downtown streets. Children chased dragonflies in the park. There had been an air-raid warning, but at 8:30 A.M. a single American weather plane had passed over. Despite this, 2,000 people still remained in shelters, unaware that others had already gone back to work. Overhead, banks of puffy clouds marked fleeting shadows on the sidewalks.

One man in Nagasaki that morning was preoccupied with a sobering problem. Just the day before, Prefectural Governor Nagano had met with Takejiro Nishioka, publisher of a local paper. Nishioka had come from Hiroshima, where he had suffered burns and radiation exposure. The publisher described the brilliant light and the following blast and heat. Nishioka recommended placing the people in mass shelters at the approach of any single plane, and he had stressed that everyone should fall to the ground or behind any cover if the white light burst over them.

Governor Nagano, troubled deeply by the publisher's report from Hiroshima, planned a major indoctrination



Three of the Big Six fought for peace against the fanatics: Premier Kantaro Suzuki, Shigenori Togo and Adm. Mitsumasa Yonai.

program for the next week. This morning he initiated the necessary paperwork for the project.

At the Urakami railroad station the baggage master prepared to go out to the platform to unload an incoming train. His assistant, Aiko Tagawa, a girl of 20, worked inside, sorting packages. The clock on the wall registered 10:55 A.M. As the sound of motors broke into the lazy morning, air-raid sirens began to shrill.

High overhead in *Bock's Car*, Chuck Sweeney was now in serious trouble. The two-tenths cloud cover reported by the weather plane at 7:48 A.M. had changed to an apparent nine tenths.

Sweeney called for Navy Commander Fred Ashworth, who was in operational command of the bomb itself. "We have enough gas for just one pass over Nagasaki," Sweeney said. "Otherwise we won't make it even to Okinawa. How about dropping it by radar?"

It was a question Ashworth had been dreading. He was under explicit orders not to release the bomb unless the bombardier could actually see the target through the cross hairs. Ashworth hesitated, then said firmly, "No."

Sweeney kept talking. "I'll guarantee we come within a thousand feet of the target, and that's better than dropping it in the ocean. I'm sure the radar will work right."

Ashworth knew that his would be the final decision. If he vetoed Sweeney's suggestion, the Fat Man would probably have to be jettisoned into the sea. Tokyo was officially out of bounds, there was no other worthwhile target within range, and he had no right to drop it on any other city.

Ashworth said, "Chuck, let me think about it for a moment." To dump the bomb in the ocean would be a gigantic waste of the Manhattan Project. To attempt to take the bomb all the way to Okinawa could result in disaster, since its weight increased fuel consumption. Yet it would be so simple for him to obey his orders and not take the chance of bombing by radar. Ashworth turned to Sweeney. "Go ahead and drop it by radar," he said.

Nagasaki already showed on the radarscope, a light center surrounded by a darker background, with the water and the mountains around the city showing still darker. Ground Zero would be in the heart of downtown Nagasaki. Fat Man was supposed to drop below the hill range and spread its devastation through the relatively flat land around the bay.

As the plane neared the outskirts of the city, the radarman's eyes were fixed on the scope as he directed *Bock's Car* toward the dropping point. At 30-seconds-to-bomb-release, nothing had changed. Five seconds later, a firm voice called, "I'll take it." Beahan had found a huge hole in the clouds.

The humming signal droned through the plane. The ship shuddered as the open bomb-bay doors caught the air. Beahan saw only the oval outline of a stadium a mile and a half up the Urakami Valley northwest of the intended Ground Zero. He sighted on it. He asked for a correction to the right, received it, and was able to put his cross hairs on the stadium.

Seconds later the humming signal stopped abruptly. *Bock's Car* lurched upward as the Fat Man fell toward the ground. Over the intercom, Beahan said, "Bombs away," then quickly corrected himself: "Bomb away." Sweeney turned the plane steeply to the left while the fuselage groaned. In the other B-29 someone shouted, "There she goes!" Fred Bock turned as the cluster of instruments drifted down on parachutes several miles behind Fat Man.

Fat Man detonated just northeast of the stadium in the Urakami Valley. At the moment of ignition, there was an intense bluish-white flash. The entire area grew hazy with smoke. Simultaneously there was a tremendous roar, a crushing blast wave, and searing heat.

Nineteen hundred feet to the northeast the roof and masonry of the Catholic cathedral fell on kneeling worshipers. All of them died. At the Nagasaki Branch Prison just north of the explosion, 118 guards and convicts saw the brilliant light but nothing more. There were no survivors.

The baggage master at the railroad station never rose to meet the incoming train. The roof of the building dropped onto his head. His assistant, torn by flying glass, ran into the street, where people were beginning to jump headlong into the river. The approaching train had stopped for a moment to discharge passengers near the entrance to the Urakami Valley. Most of the people never left their seats as the white light flooded over them.

The fireball of the bomb had broadened in seconds to fill the valley. The blast wave leaped the ridges and raced through the seaport. People by the hundreds lay on the streets, in the fields, in wreckage, and screamed for water. Creatures that barely resembled human beings walked dazedly, skin hanging in flaps, torsos blackened.

Over the wreckage of the Urakami Valley towered a monstrous expanding pillar of smoke shooting upward from the middle of the explosion at incredible speed. Like a genie, it changed faces, it changed colors from purple to salmon to gold to soft white.

"Let's get the hell out of here," somebody shouted into the intercom, and Sweeney veered away from the ruined city. As *Bock's Car* flew south, even the seriousness of the fuel shortage could not dampen the men's spirits. Shouts of congratulations flooded over the intercom as the crew climbed out of flak suits and survival equipment. Ditching in the ocean was something they were willing to risk if necessary.

With 300 gallons of gas, Sweeney took the B-29 down the chain of islands between Kyushu and Okinawa. He told radioman Abe Spitzer to call air-sea rescue. Repeated messages got no answer. An hour out of Yontan Field on Okinawa, *Bock's Car* began trying continually to contact the tower. There was no response. Sweeney called into his voice radio, "Mayday, Mayday." The ground ignored him. Then he yelled to a crewman, "Shoot every flare you've got." Twenty-four of them, all colors—signifying "dead and wounded on board"—arched over the airbase.

The fireworks display finally attracted attention below. *Bock's Car* descended rapidly and hit the strip at 120 miles per hour. The two outboard engines suddenly quit cold, and the plane veered to the left, narrowly missing a line of B-24's parked to the side. The men in the rear were tossed about as Sweeney turned into the taxiway. When Sweeney cut the functioning motors, a man came to the door as it opened and asked where the dead and wounded were. None were aboard *Bock's Car*. The dead and wounded—thousands of them—were several hundred miles to the northeast.

Thirteen hours after *Bock's Car* dropped the Fat Man over Nagasaki, 11 nervous men gathered in an air raid shelter in Tokyo and waited for the Emperor of Japan to appear. Russia had invaded Manchuria that day, and the second atomic bomb had killed tens of thousands. In the airless, 18-by-30-foot room, the assembled officials, all dressed in formal attire or high-collared uniforms, perspired heavily.

Four of the men were aides or secretaries. One man was a guest. The others were the Big Six, Japan's "inner cabinet," formally named the Supreme Council for the Direction of the War. To these six men—four cabinet ministers and two military chiefs of staff—was entrusted the formulation of policies, subject to full cabinet approval, which ruled the destinies of the 80 million citizens of the Japanese Empire.

The "inner cabinet" operated very

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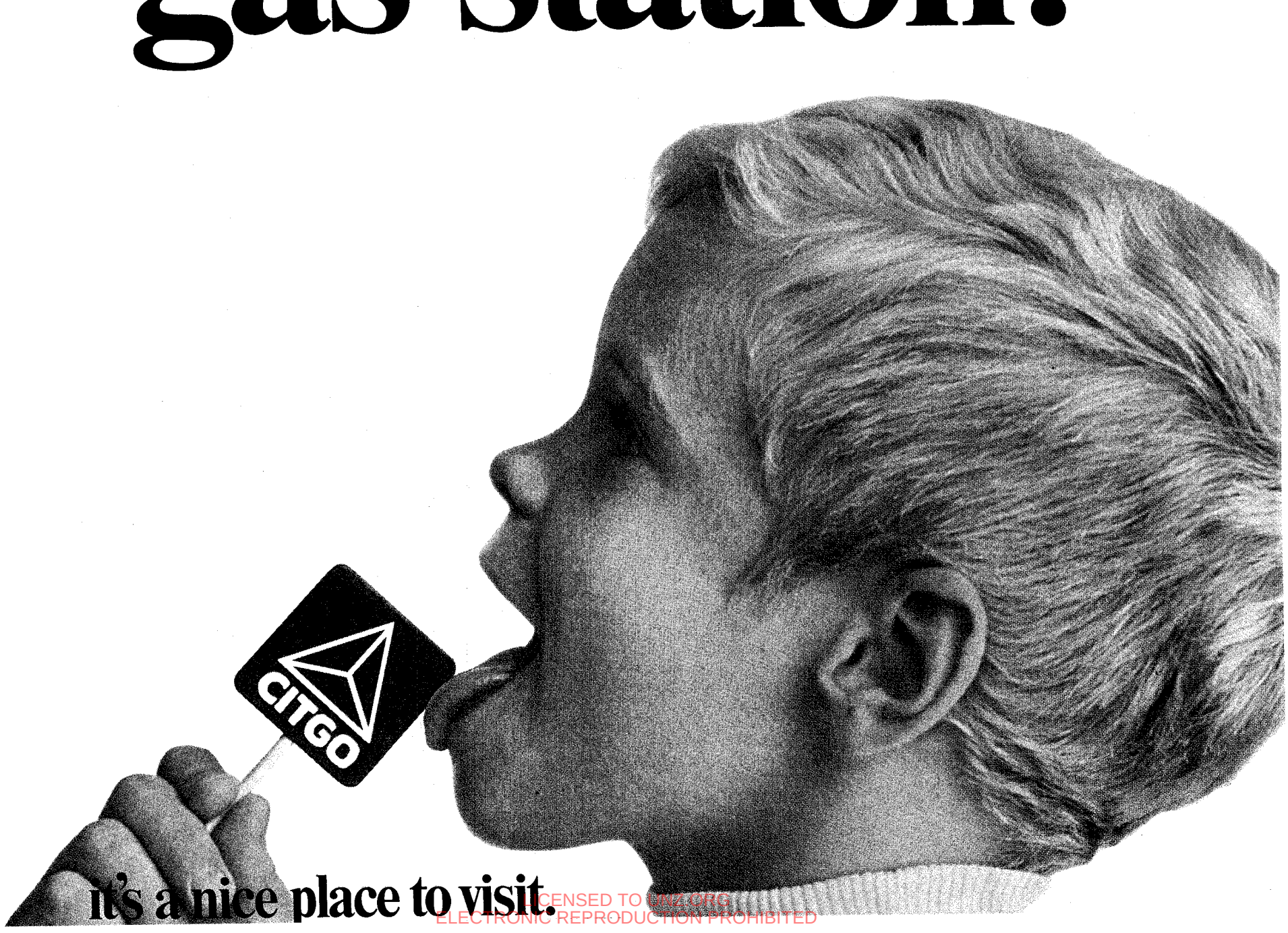

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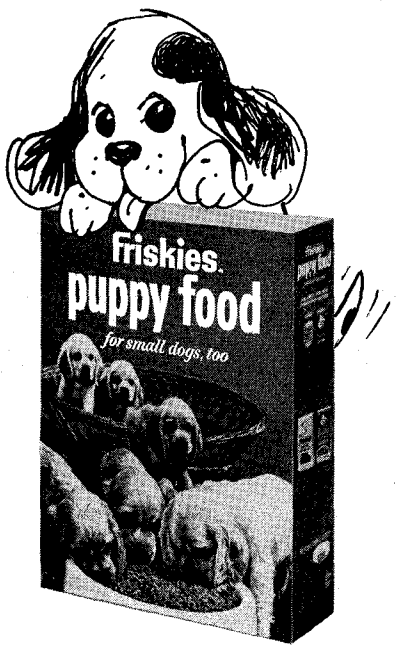

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cautiously, because, in the summer of 1945, real power in Japan was vested in the Army and Navy General Staffs. The Diet, similar in makeup to the United States Congress, was now a rubber-stamp assembly. The Privy Council, once a powerful group advising the throne, was now consulted after the fact. The *jushin*, ex-premiers, held no official authority, but managed to exert some pressure on events, as they had in forcing Gen. Hideki Tojo from the premiership in 1944. The cabinet, organized like those in America and England, nevertheless had little mind or authority of its own; the military dictated its actions.

Above all governmental branches sat the Emperor of Japan, who could express his opinions, show his feelings, but who by tradition did not order his own subjects to do his bidding. He had no veto power. On this night, for instance, he could only suggest courses of action to the men in the shelter.

The titular leader of the Big Six was Premier Kantaro Suzuki, a popular hero of the Russo-Japanese War of 1904–5. Now in his 81st year, he was partially deaf, and he dozed frequently at conferences. Suzuki puzzled some Japanese by his vacillation on the conduct of the war—vowing one day to fight on, saying the next that peace terms should be accepted. The Japanese people delight in oblique tactics, but Suzuki's actions confused even his closest confidants. He wanted to surrender, but he knew, as did others in Tokyo, that a premature declaration of intent would probably mean his death. Suzuki had barely escaped during a rampage by military fanatics in 1936, and his mind as well as his body still bore the scars of the three bullets that had nearly killed him. The premier had been extremely wary of the military faction all summer, but now he was at last prepared to show his hand and take his country out of the war.

Beside Suzuki in the emperor's shelter sat Foreign Minister Shigenori Togo, 63 years old and a strong supporter of surrender. Though later the Allies would brand him as a war criminal for his actions as foreign minister at the time of Pearl Harbor, Togo had assumed a dominant role in the summer's efforts to end the war. The third member of the peace faction was a military man, the navy minister, Adm. Mitsumasa Yonai, whose weather-beaten face had been a familiar sight among top circles in government for nearly 20 years. At 65, Yonai had many enemies among the military, who resented his "pacifist" attitude.

Ranged against Togo, Yonai and Suzuki were the other members of the Big Six. Their leader was Gen. Korechika Anami, war minister, spokesman for the army, and the most powerful man in Japan. His army numbered in the millions, but it was doomed. Anami had one hope left. His forces might bleed the Americans so badly on the beaches of Kyushu and Honshu that Japan could extract better peace terms from the conquerors. Thus far no one had been able to convince him not to fight one last battle.

His chief of staff sat next to him—Gen. Yoshijiro Umezu, who looked like an oriental version of Benito Mussolini. His head was shaven, his eyes were narrowed slits, his thick lips constantly

'How can you believe it is still possible to continue the war under these conditions?'

pursed, lending a perpetual scowl to his face. Umezu was the American image of a Japanese warlord, but he was not blind to the truth of impending defeat. He merely wanted better terms than those offered by the Potsdam Declaration. The army must have peace with honor, or it would fight on.

The sixth member of the council was Adm. Soemu Toyoda, a beefy man with a pockmarked face, who was navy chief of staff. As such, he was the most recent addition to the select group and had been appointed by Navy Minister Yonai both for his competence and for a less apparent reason. Toyoda came from the same clan and region as General Umezu. Assuming that Toyoda leaned toward immediate peace, Yonai felt that the admiral would be a positive influence on Umezu in the final weeks of discussion. He guessed wrong.

The guest, Baron Kiichiro Hiranuma, had no legal right to be there. As president of the Privy Council, he approved decisions already laid down by the full cabinet. Hiranuma had been invited merely to observe and to report on this meeting, thereby speeding up the decision-making process within the government. However, the bespectacled, 80-year-old politician intended to do more than listen. Hiranuma had decided to become a devil's advocate, soliciting facts, seeking out loopholes in arguments, generally pressing the participants closely in order to help them break through to a conclusion.

The Big Six, their aides and Hiranuma waited 25 minutes in the underground shelter before the door to the emperor's quarters opened and the Divine Ruler walked in, accompanied by an assistant. Hirohito moved quickly to a straight-backed chair at the head of the table and sat down. His subjects bowed and sank back into their seats.

All of them were dismayed to see that their sovereign's hair was unkempt, hanging in disarray on his forehead. His look was hardly that of a godlike leader. Hirohito cleared his throat and waited for the meeting to begin.

The emperor was never an impressive figure. Short, bespectacled, he was shy to an extreme. His right cheek was marred by a nervous tic. His chin receded. His shoulders twitched. His voice was high-pitched. Yet to millions of his subjects he was beyond criticism, nothing less than a direct descendant of the Sun Goddess, Amaterasu.

Born in 1901, Hirohito had been brought up in a traditional pattern, and on Christmas Day, 1926, he had become the 124th Emperor of Japan. Hirohito settled down to ceremonial routine, and he continued with a major love, the study of the sea. A retiring man, he watched as Japan fell under the sway of the militarists. Hirohito could have spoken out, but the emperor of the Japanese people was not supposed to get involved in worldly intrigues. While he sat behind the gray walls of his compound, his subjects set the Pacific on fire.

Three years and eight months after Pearl Harbor was attacked, the Emperor of Japan, sickened and depressed by the casualty figures, began to insinuate himself into discussions of peace. Legend and history had bestowed power on him. Now Hirohito intended to use it.

Premier Suzuki stood at the emperor's right and addressed the assemblage. "I would like for the cabinet secretary to read us the Potsdam Declaration once more."

The secretary, bushy-browed Hisatsune Sakomizu, quickly recited the terms laid down by the Allies, terms that every man in the room knew. Suzuki then outlined the difficulties in reaching agreement. In two previous meetings of the Big Six, opinion on the note was divided, 3 to 3. In a cabinet session of 14 ministers that afternoon, no harmony had been achieved. Six ministers were for peace, providing only that the emperor's status was left unchanged. Anami, Umezu and Toyoda wanted this provision plus three others: Japan must be allowed to try its own war criminals; Japan must be permitted to disarm its own men in the field; and America must not occupy the home islands. The five other ministers advocated peace with varying combinations of the conditions set forth by Anami, Umezu and Toyoda.

After his prefatory remarks, Suzuki asked Togo for his opinions. The foreign minister rose, bowed to the emperor, and began to outline his position. He eventually concluded, "We must accept the Potsdam Declaration with the sole condition that the emperor's status remain as it is." He sat down.

Admiral Yonai said quietly, "I agree with the foreign minister."

Anami leaped to the attack. Pointing his finger at Yonai, he shouted, "Absolutely not! There is enough determination left in the armed forces to wage a decisive battle in the homeland. Unless all four conditions are met, there is no other choice for us. We will fight on."

General Umezu swiftly echoed that determination, and added, "I have no objection to a decision in favor of accepting the Potsdam Declaration, but the four conditions must be included."

Premier Suzuki switched tactics. Ignoring Admiral Toyoda, he asked Baron Hiranuma to give his opinion. Toyoda was left with his mouth open.

Hiranuma rose to assume a role he relished. He began asking revealing questions of everyone in turn, bearing down hardest on the state of military strength. As evidence of weakness mounted, an undercurrent of dismay ran around the table. Anami and Umezu shifted uncomfortably. Anami was worried by Hiranuma's questioning, and he was also plagued by the information received from Osaka, where the captured American pilot, Lieu-

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tenant McDilda, had said that Tokyo itself would be the bomb's next target. McDilda had been discussed at that morning's cabinet session, and the possibility that he might be telling the truth was appalling.

Hiranuma pursued the military men on several more points, then suddenly asked in disgust, "How on earth can you believe it is still possible to continue the war under these conditions?"

Anami, Umezu and Toyoda sat dumb.

Suzuki let Toyoda speak. The admiral recovered from the onslaught by Hiranuma. The military position could salvage honorable terms from the Americans. The army might revolt otherwise, and the four conditions were a necessary prerequisite to stability.

The opinions had been given. Now the moderator, Kantaro Suzuki, prepared for his own masterstroke. At 7:30 in the morning he had gone to the palace and agreed with Hirohito that the Potsdam Declaration must be accepted that day. Suzuki had told the emperor that he would make sure that no final cabinet vote was taken until the emperor could break the stalemate.

Now, at 2 A.M., more than two hours after the discussion began deep under the streets of Tokyo, Suzuki did the unprecedented. He stood up in the humid room and said, "I believe that everyone has fully expressed his opinion, but I regret that we did not come to an agreement. As it is a matter of great importance, there is no way left but to rely on the decision of His Imperial Majesty." He addressed the emperor. "Your imperial decision is requested as to which proposal should be adopted, the foreign minister's or the one with the four conditions."

The only visible reaction in the room was an immediate stiffening in posture and sharp attention to the 124th emperor of the Japanese people at the head of the long table.

Hirohito rose. He began to speak slowly, as though feeling his way for the proper words.

"I agree with the foreign minister's plan. I have given serious thought to the situation prevailing at home and abroad and have concluded that continuing the war can only mean destruction for the nation and a prolongation of bloodshed and cruelty in the world. Those who argue for continuing the war once assured me that new battalions and supplies would be ready by June. I realize now that this cannot be fulfilled even by September. As for those who wish for one last battle here on our own soil, let me remind them of the disparity between their previous plans and what has actually taken place. I cannot bear to see my innocent people struggle any longer. Ending the war is the only way to restore world peace and to relieve the nation from the terrible distress with which it is burdened."

Hirohito continued, personally assuming the onus of breaking the deadlock, and giving the diehards a face-saving way out. His face lined with grief, the emperor concluded, "It goes without saying that it is unbearable for me to see the brave and loyal fighting men of Japan disarmed. It is equally unbearable that others who have rendered me devoted service should now be punished as instigators of war. Nevertheless, the time has come when we must bear the unbearable."

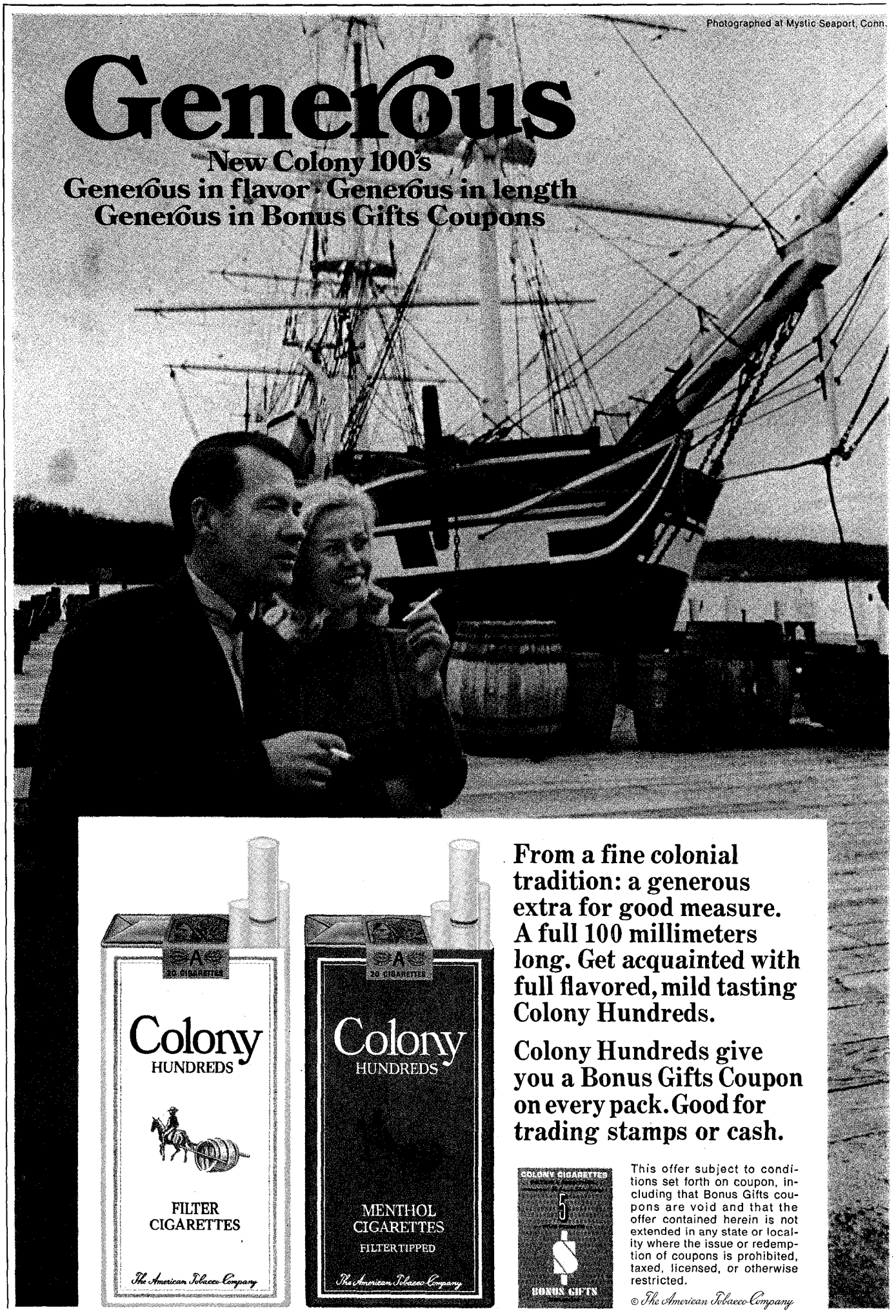
Hirohito did not wait for a reaction but rose from his chair and went to the door opened by his aide. He walked through it and was gone.

Eleven men remained with their own thoughts. The emperor had spoken. No one raised his voice in either protest or agreement. There was no sound.

Finally Suzuki rose to his feet. "His Majesty's decision should be made the decision of this conference as well." No one disagreed. Then the premier adjourned the group to a full cabinet meeting at 3 A.M. at his official residence. The meeting broke up, and the participants made their way up the long flight of stairs into the night air of Tokyo. As they emerged, a disgruntled military aide lost his temper and lunged at Premier Suzuki. "Are you happy? Are you satisfied now?" he screamed, as the bewildered premier dodged. General Anami stepped between the two men and wrapped his arms about the old statesman as the furious officer was led away.

From the cloistered garden of the imperial palace the 11 men went to join other cabinet members assembled at Suzuki's house, to consider an appropriate answer to the Allies. After argument over the phrasing of the stipulation about the emperor's status, a message was agreed upon by the full cabinet. At 7:33 A.M., wireless operators began clicking off the momentous news in code to Switzerland and Sweden, for transmission to the Allied capitals. Reaction to the news would come swiftly, and it would indicate trouble ahead, both at home and abroad.

President Truman called his chief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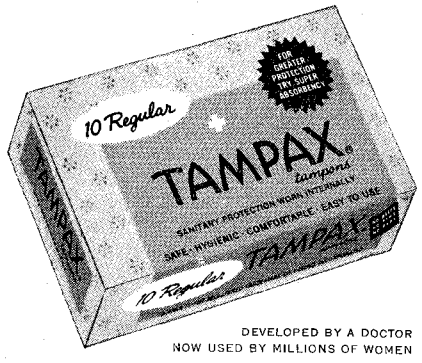

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advisers to the White House at 9 A.M. Gathered in the cabinet room, they considered the Japanese message, specifically the phrase touching on the emperor's future.

Truman asked Secretary of War Henry Stimson what he would do about the "conditional acceptance" of the message. The Secretary reiterated his plea for retention of the emperor. Navy Secretary James Forrestal concurred. Outside the building, large crowds had formed on Pennsylvania Avenue as rumors of peace swept through the streets. Washington—the entire United States—was ready to explode at the first official declaration of an end to the war.

By four in the afternoon notes seeking Allied approval of the reply had been sent out. Britain and China agreed promptly to the terms. Russia balked. When Ambassador Averell Harriman presented Truman's message to Molotov in Moscow, the Russian told him that the Soviets would agree to the settlement only on condition that they participate in the Allied High Command. Harriman had been briefed by Truman at Potsdam on just such a demand, and despite Molotov's insistence, he refused to transmit the proposal to Washington. Minutes after he got back to his office at the American Embassy, he received a call from the Kremlin and was told there had been a misunderstanding; the Russians merely wished to be consulted on the choice of a supreme commander; they had not meant to imply that agreement on the choice was required. Russia's bluff had been called.

By the end of the hectic day of August 10, Secretary of State James Byrnes's statement replying to the Japanese was being readied for transmission. But on the other side of the world, Tokyo seethed with unrest.

The forces of opposition to surrender had rallied swiftly. Hisatsune Sakomizu, the premier's secretary, was the first to feel the wrath of the angered military. Asleep in an armchair at Premier Suzuki's residence, he was rudely awakened at seven o'clock by four young officers from the War Ministry. They cornered the secretary and demanded to know why the council had agreed to surrender. After an argument the soldiers became flustered when Sakomizu ordered them to remove their swords, and they walked out.

At nine o'clock General Anami was in his office in the Ichigaya Heights War Ministry building, where the senior officers were assembled for a meeting. Anami knew the temper of his men and spoke prudently: "I do not know what excuse to make to you, but since it is the emperor's decision, it cannot be helped." There was no sound from the assembled officers. Anami continued, "The important thing is that the army shall act in an organized manner. Individual feelings must be disregarded. Those among you who are dissatisfied and wish to stave it off will have to do it over Anami's body." Some officers broke out in protest at the remark. Anami waved them quiet. "This decision, however, was made on the condition that the upholding of our national polity [way of life] be guaranteed. Consequently it does not mean that the war has ended. The army must be prepared for either war or peace." Grumbling erupted. Anami dismissed the men.

Rebellion immediately became a common topic in the corridors of the War Ministry. The atomic bomb did not matter to the zealots who still believed surrender a worse fate than death. Officers in the War Ministry broadcast throughout the Pacific a call for Japanese soldiers to "crush the enemy." Anami, duped by his own men, was powerless to stop transmission of the inflammatory appeal.

The Japanese people heard the army broadcast. They also heard another,

Maj. Kenji Hatanaka attempted a coup.

His ally Major Koga was Tojo's son-in-law.

Colonel Takeshita planned the rebel move.

prepared by the cabinet information board for dissemination at home, which warned of "ominous developments" without mentioning surrender. The resulting confusion served only to further the misery of the population, already reduced to near-starvation rations and under continual B-29 attacks that had left eight million people without homes.

As pressure built up, Lt. Marcus McDilda had become a Very Important Person to the Japanese secret police. After nearly 24 hours of questioning, he had been flown with another American prisoner to Tokyo. On the morning of August 10, McDilda was ushered into the presence of a Japanese civilian sipping tea and wearing a pinstripe shirt. "I am a graduate of C.C.N.Y.," he told McDilda, "and most interested in your story about the atomic bomb." McDilda repeated his lies.

After several minutes the official realized that McDilda knew nothing about nuclear fission. When McDilda told him that he had been trying to say just that to his interrogators, the Japanese laughed. McDilda was taken to a cell and fed. The beatings ceased.

On August 11, while statesmen in Tokyo waited impatiently for the Allied answer, a small group met on Ichigaya Heights to plan revolution. Col. Masahiko Takeshita presided. A brother-in-law of General Anami, he had learned the decisions of the Big Six and knew approximately how much time was left to alter the course of events. His coconspirators included sober, intelligent professional officers such as Col. Masao Inaba and Col. Masataka Ida; others were volatile, impressionable young men like Majors Jiro Shiizaki and Kenji Hatanaka. Hatanaka was a "pet" of General Anami, and a man who could not imagine Japan in defeat. The plotters' ultimate aim was to reject the peace terms. To attain that goal, they would have to seize the palace and dispose of the appeasers, Suzuki, Togo and Marquis Kido, Hirohito's closest adviser. As an afterthought, they added Baron Hiranuma to the list of victims.

They needed support from four generals. Anami was the key man. Takeshita said, "I can guarantee that the general will join us." General Umezu would follow Anami. Like dominoes, Gen. Seiichi Tanaka, commander of the Eastern District Army, and General Takeshi Mori, in charge of the Imperial Guards at the palace, would fall in when the revolt had the blessing of the highest officers in Tokyo. Aware that the Allied reply would come within hours, the rebels agreed to move no later than midnight on the 13th.

Maj. Kenji Hatanaka was to contact General Mori. If Mori proved recalcitrant, the men under him were to be seduced. The approach to Anami would be a joint effort led by Takeshita.

Just before 1 A.M. on the 12th, the unofficial answer from America arrived in Tokyo by shortwave radio. Foreign ministry officials worked furiously at translating the Byrnes message, while army officers on Ichigaya Heights raged helplessly at their own slowness in deciphering the enemy's text.

Premier Suzuki's secretary, Sakomizu, studied the American reply. It neither promised to maintain the emperor's sovereignty nor explicitly denied it. It merely stated that he would be subject to the supreme commander, "who will take such steps as he deems proper to effectuate the surrender terms." Sakomizu was confused by this clause but alarmed by another: "The ultimate form of government of Japan shall, in accordance with the Potsdam Declaration, be established by the freely expressed will of the Japanese people." In this sentence the military would see an indication that the Allies meant to remove the emperor from office.

Sakomizu met with Togo's vice-minister, Shunichi Matsumoto, over breakfast. They agreed to try to push the Allied terms through.

As another hot day broke in Tokyo,

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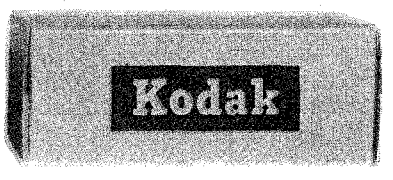

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the two men rode quickly to talk with their superiors. Sakomizu confronted a sleepy Suzuki and convinced him quickly that the Byrnes note was acceptable. Matsumoto had little trouble with Foreign Minister Togo. The two aides returned to their offices somewhat relieved. It appeared that they had stolen a lead on the war faction.

They were wrong. While they went back to work, young officers at the War Ministry were in the office of General Umezu, demanding that he denounce the American proposal. At naval headquarters Admiral Toyoda was besieged by impassioned men who urged that he publicly reject the note. General Anami, the man who could calm troubled aides with a word, was nowhere to be found. Admiral Toyoda and General Umezu tried to ride out the storm until the war minister returned.

Korechika Anami had gone to the official residence of Premier Suzuki. Accompanying him was Baron Hiranuma, whose sympathies toward the peace faction had nearly disappeared as he worried about the fate of the emperor. Byrnes's note convinced the baron that Hirohito was in grave danger, and as a result he had joined hands with his former foe, General Anami, to block unconditional surrender. Shortly after Secretary Sakomizu had convinced the premier to agree to the American demands, Hiranuma and Anami cornered him. Isolated from his advisers, the tired Suzuki was vulnerable. He promised them that he would not give ground on the question of the emperor.

General Anami went immediately to another appointment. He met with Prince Mikasa, the emperor's youngest brother, the so-called Red Prince. Anami hoped to convince the prince to intercede with his brother and block the surrender. He miscalculated badly. Mikasa listened politely to the war minister and then turned on him brutally. "It is most improper that you should still want to continue the war when things have come to this stage." Scolded like a child, Anami bowed out of the room. He was crushed beyond comment. Mikasa's rebuke churned in his mind as he rode back to Ichigaya.

There, the young officers had already forced General Umezu to go to the emperor. Accompanied by Admiral Toyoda, the general stood before the ruler of the Japanese people and urged prompt and unequivocal rejection of the American terms. Hirohito watched them closely and felt that they were mouthing the words. He thanked them for their concern and dismissed them. The emperor then summoned his adviser, Marquis Kido, to help him analyze the dismaying trend developing at military headquarters. If Umezu and Toyoda were under such apparent pressure, unrest among army and navy personnel must be intense and dangerous.

Hirohito's suspicions were well founded. At noon the conspirators came to General Anami in his office, where the war minister had just returned after his shattering experience with Prince Mikasa. Takeshita, Hatanaka, Inaba and other men crowded in to talk about a coup. Anami gently suggested, "Takeshita, come to my home later. I will be happy to talk to you about it then." With that remark the war minister walked out of the room to a cabinet meeting. He knew that sooner or later, however, he had to meet this band of unhappy men and talk of their plans for a *coup d'état*.

Though Anami was against unconditional peace, he was also against insurrection. Knowing that his army might erupt at any moment, he was trying to lull the junior officers into inaction while he worked out the best possible peace terms.

The full cabinet met at 3 P.M. Anami and his new ally, Baron Hiranuma, picked up where they had left off that morning with Suzuki. They reiterated their fears for the emperor. Anami repeated his demands for conditions.

Foreign Minister Togo, edgy after days of tension, lost his temper. He snapped caustically, "To add issues at this moment would make the Allies wonder at the integrity of the Japanese Government and at its sincerity in negotiating at all."

His rage mounting, Togo rose from his chair and walked to the door. "Acting like this is contrary to reason," he shouted, and slammed the conference room door behind him.

Trembling with anger, Togo picked up the phone in the next room and called his assistant, Matsumoto, who quickly warned him to adjourn the meeting before a vote could be taken. When Togo walked back into the room, he heard Suzuki backing away from surrender. Appalled, Togo rushed to interrupt. "Your words are worthy of careful consideration, but at the same time Japan should not continue the war irresponsibly without paying any attention to its outcome. Unless there is some prospect of victory, Japan should negotiate for peace. I therefore propose that the meeting be adjourned and that the question be reopened after the official communication from the Allies has been received."

In the awkward silence that followed, men gathered their papers and started getting up to leave. Anami his followers had suffered another defeat.

Foreign Minister Togo could not calm down. Disgusted with Suzuki, frustrated by the pigheadedness of Anami and Hiranuma, Togo went to see Marquis Kido at the palace. Togo warned Kido that he must deal with Suzuki before the peace coalition fell apart.

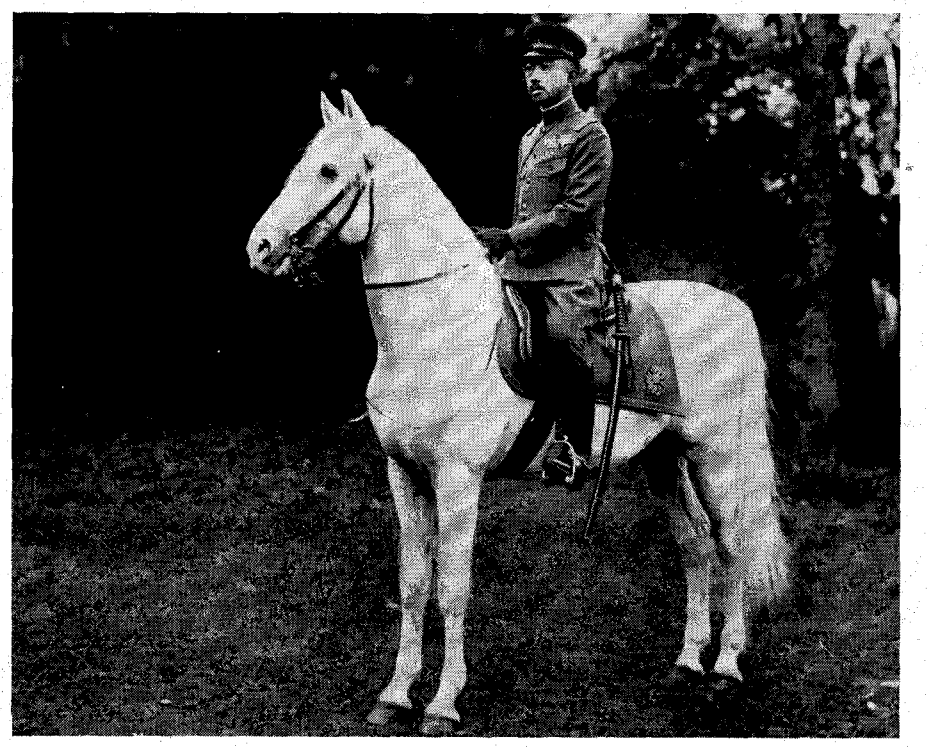
Meanwhile, at the Foreign Office, Shunichi Matsumoto phoned the telegraph duty officer. "Watch for any Allied messages that come in this evening," he ordered. "If they do, stamp them received as of tomorrow morning. Above all, keep them secret." The duty officer agreed. In this fabricated limbo the peace faction might gain the upper hand. At 6:40 P.M., the official transmission of James Byrnes's note to the Japanese Government was received by the duty officer. He promptly marked it received as of 7:40 A.M. the following day and filed it away.

At 9:30 P.M. Premier Suzuki entered Kido's office in answer to an urgent summons. Suzuki listened as the marquis lectured him. "It is His Majesty's wish that we advance on the basis of the views held by his foreign minister." Once again the old admiral promised to push through the surrender. Kido saw him to the door, convinced that the peace faction was intact for the next crucial hours.

The hours that followed were a maelstrom of intrigue, plotting, wavering loyalties and transferred allegiances. At 4 A.M. Anami sent his aide to seek Umezu's assent in resisting surrender; Umezu demurred. Shocked at this apparent desertion, Anami went to see Marquis Kido, with whom he had an inconclusive talk. Always at Anami's heels and seeking his support for a coup were the Ichigaya plotters. A forenoon meeting of the Big Six on August 13 ended in deadlock. Senior officers in both the navy and the army continued to agitate against surrender.

At a meeting of the full cabinet on the afternoon of the 13th, each side remained rigidly committed to its cause. The sole progress for the peace faction lay in Premier Suzuki's renewed determination to accept the Potsdam terms. Faced with an impasse, Suzuki adjourned the meeting with the warning that he would once again seek the advice of the emperor.

As General Anami left the room, he knew that when the emperor spoke again it would be too late to avert unconditional surrender. In the meantime he had to face the conspirators gathering around him like jackals.



Emperor Hirohito abandoned his ceremonial status to push the government toward surrender.

The rebels sought Anami out at his official residence. At 8 P.M., 10 of them tried to solicit his final approval of a coup. Marquis Kido and Premier Suzuki would be imprisoned, and the emperor placed in protective custody. The rebellion was set for 10 A.M. the following morning. General Mori had already been approached and had promised to reflect upon it. Even if he refused, the coup could proceed because most of his regimental commanders had agreed to act. General Tanaka would be approached as soon as Anami consented to lend his name to the plot.

The moment had arrived. On Anami's answer hung the fate of the war. Anami asked, "Are you sure that you've thought of everything? The plan is very incomplete." But he did not say whether he was for or against the revolt. The rebels begged for an answer. Anami told one of them, Col. Okikatsu Arao, to come to his office at midnight to discuss it further. Then he walked with the officers to the front porch. Both discouraged and optimistic, the rebels broke up and walked off into the dark.

At midnight the general was at his office when Arao arrived. Anami told Arao that he doubted the coup would succeed. Again he deliberately avoided either agreeing with the conspirators or forbidding them to act.

Events moved swiftly on the morning of the 14th. After only three hours' sleep, General Anami breakfasted with Field Marshal Hata, just arrived from Hiroshima, where his headquarters had disappeared. Hata told Anami that the entire city was gone. From this meeting Anami went to the War Ministry. At 7 A.M. his men converged on him. By this time they were nearly frantic. Colonel Takeshita planned to move at 10 A.M. They had to have Anami's guarantee of cooperation within the hour.

The general was prepared for them. Realizing that the peace group might move quickly for another Big Six meeting with the emperor, both he and Umezu had asked that the conference be delayed at least until 1 P.M. Between now and then he had to thwart the rebels. Almost immediately he made his most important move.

He took Colonel Arao down the hall to Umezu's office and a baited trap. There Anami bluntly asked the general the question he had already asked in private: "Will you back a coup?"

Umezu sat behind his desk and looked at his friend. Then he turned his gaze on Colonel Arao and said, "Absolutely not. There's no chance of it succeeding." Anami looked at Arao. By the time they left the office, the coup was falling apart. The colonel went to a telephone to report the bad news to his collaborators.

While the coup foundered at the War Ministry, the peace faction was active. Marquis Kido and Premier Suzuki requested an almost-unheard-of dual audience with the emperor to settle basic strategy for the day. They met with him at 10, and out of the meeting came a surprising tactic which caught the war party completely off guard: Emperor Hirohito sent out a summons for his cabinet ministers to meet with him at 10:30, in less than half an hour.

The message caused absolute chaos. Private secretaries gave up their neck-

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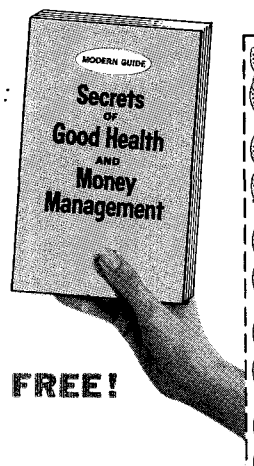

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ties, shirts were exchanged and collars closed by men trying to look fit to appear before their emperor. They converged on the palace and gathered in the library. Single file, the elite of the government walked down the stairway into the underground council room.

The air was clammy as 24 people sat waiting for the emperor. An eerie quiet prevailed, broken once or twice by nervous coughs. Anami sat in full uniform, impassively staring at the door beside a six-fold gold screen. At 10:55 it opened and the ruler of the Japanese Empire walked into the room. He was dressed in a military uniform; he wore white gloves. Hirohito moved to the simple wooden chair and sat down. His audience rose and bowed as he came in. Now they sat down and waited.

Suzuki was the first to speak. The aged premier spoke without notes, yet his presentation was cogent and compelling. Anami and Umezu were so choked with emotion that their speeches were only confused and ineffective. It remained for Admiral Toyoda, the man without a fleet, to defend the war party against its detractors.

Suzuki asked the emperor to speak. Hirohito leaned slightly forward in his chair and began:

"I have listened carefully to each of the arguments presented in opposition to the view that Japan should accept the Allied reply as it stands without further clarification or modification, but my own thoughts have not undergone any change. . . ." He was already having difficulty speaking. He began to sob out phrases, to pause and control his voice, then to continue. Everyone was visibly affected. Men started to sob quietly in the two rows of chairs.

"I have studied the terms of the Allied reply. . . . I consider the reply to be acceptable." At this point the emperor broke down. His gloved right hand moved up under his glasses and wiped at his tear-filled eyes. Hirohito was almost incapable of further speech. His chest heaved as he struggled to finish. In the oppressively hot room tears mingled with sweat on every face. The emperor concluded:

"It is my desire that you, my ministers of state, accede to my wishes and forthwith accept the Allied reply. In order that the people may know of my decision, I request you to prepare at once an imperial rescript so that I may broadcast to the nation. Finally, I call upon each and every one of you to exert himself to the utmost so that we may meet the trying days which lie ahead."

He stopped suddenly, groping in vain for more words. In the silence all knew that the war was really over. Hirohito rose slowly from the straight-backed chair and walked back through the door he had entered less than an hour ago. Few of his audience saw him go. Instead of rising to bow before the emperor, most sat crying into their hands. Two men slid off onto the floor. On elbows and knees, they cried uncontrollably. Enemies comforted each other. Japan had lost its honor.

One by one they filed up the long stairway into the bright sunlight. Now came the most awesome task—delivering Japan to the enemy without inciting the military to revolt.

As General Anami resigned himself to defeat, his brother-in-law Takeshita was on his way to him with more talk

As the emperor finished his plea, his ministers began to weep. Crying enemies comforted each other.

of rebellion. He found the war minister in an anteroom off the main conference room in Suzuki's official residence. The cabinet had just adjourned after approving the emperor's decision. Takeshita came right to the point. "The men still want to follow you, and now we think Umezu will go along with us. Will you reconsider?"

Anami quickly shook his head. "No, I will not. It is too late. The decision has been made in the other room."

Takeshita gasped at this news. "Then resign your position, and that will make the emperor's action worthless." Normally in Japan if the full cabinet did not agree, an imperial rescript was invalid. And if Anami quit, the cabinet would automatically dissolve.

Anami appeared to hesitate, then said, "Yes, that might be a solution." He walked around the room. Takeshita waited for his next remarks. Anami came back to him and shook his head. "No, it's too late for that. I'm going back to the ministry and tell the men the news." Takeshita, convinced now that the war really was over, followed him to the ministry building.

At two o'clock section leaders and field officers crowded into conference room No. 1 where Anami stood morosely behind a desk. Visibly affected as he asked for quiet, Anami spelled it out with brutal clarity. The rebels were too late. The decision had been rendered. Forget the revolt.

Hatanaka uttered a mournful wail and burst into tears. Col. Masataka Ida, another Anami protégé, looked accusingly at the war minister and said, "Why have you lost your resolve?"

Anami closed his eyes and answered, "I could not refuse the emperor any longer. Especially when he asked, in tears, to bear the pain no matter how trying it might be. I could not but forget everything and accept it." He gazed at his subordinates in an attempt to get their understanding.

Angry men left conference room No. 1 and vowed that it was not too late, that they would prove Anami wrong. The coup would succeed without him.

One of the diehards was Maj. Kenji Hatanaka. Almost immediately he set out on a bicycle for Eastern District Army headquarters and a confrontation with General Tanaka. Asked for help in seizing the palace, Tanaka ordered Hatanaka to leave. Undaunted, the major went to his close friend Colonel Ida, but Ida told him that it was "too late for such a venture." They parted cordially, with Hatanaka saying, "All right, I'll do my best and leave the rest to Providence."

Early on the evening of the 14th Major Hatanaka's search for support brought success. Maj. Jiro Shiizaki, a colleague at the ministry, joined him. Another who finally agreed to participate was Maj. Hidemasa Koga, the son-in-law of deposed premier Hideki Tojo, who served in the Imperial Guards Division that protected the emperor. Major Hatanaka had been talking to officers in the Guards Division for several days. He sensed that they would be sure to follow him if he could prevail on the commanding general, Mori, to cast his lot with the rebels. At 10 o'clock that evening, he and Jiro Shiizaki went to see Colonel Ida in his bedroom at the War Ministry. After much discussion they persuaded Ida to join them in the attempt to persuade General Mori.

The one man who held the absolute power to make any coup succeed, General Anami, was involved at this time in drafting the emperor's speech. Closeted with the cabinet, Anami was determined to word the proclamation so that the stigma would not fall on the army. When the cabinet discussions were finally over late in the evening, Anami went to call on Premier Suzuki. Dressed in his braided and bemedaled uniform and wearing white gloves, he carried a box of cigars to the old man. Anami's public life was now ended. When he got home, he went straight to his first-floor bedroom and ordered some sake and cheese brought. Stripping off his coat, he sat down on a tatami mat and wrote with a brush on a large sheet of paper.

Shortly before midnight Colonel Ida and Major Hatanaka arrived at the headquarters of the Guards Division, just inside the palace wall. Soldiers were running and shouting in the corridors. General Mori was talking in his office with another officer but agreed to receive the conspirators. Asked to cooperate in the coup, the general stalled. While Ida talked with him, Hatanaka left to find Takeshita at the War Ministry and convinced him to ask his brother-in-law Anami to add his support when the palace coup was a success.

Takeshita found the war minister in his bedroom. The colonel began to talk of events at the palace, telling his brother-in-law that the 2nd Regiment had already entered the palace grounds and would soon occupy the palace itself. Takeshita stopped in midsentence when he sensed that Anami's mind was on other things. Anami said to him, "I'm thinking of committing suicide." When it became clear that Anami's mind was made up, Takeshita sat down with him, and the two men began toasting each other with sake as they talked of their family.

At the palace, when Hatanaka arrived back there, Mori and Ida had talked for an hour, and the general had made no commitment. It was now 2 A.M. on August 15, and the conspirators had lost much valuable time trying to plead with Mori. When Ida stepped from the room to confer with Mori's aide, Hatanaka asked Mori for a definite statement. Mori had none. Instantly Hatanaka drew his revolver and shot Mori, as a second rebel ripped his sword from its scabbard and slashed through the general's collarbone. Mori was dead in seconds, and one of his

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officers was beheaded as he lunged toward the murderers. The two rebels left the bleeding corpses and walked into the hall.

While the conspirators sent an envoy in a vain attempt to recruit General Tanaka, commander of the Eastern District, Hatanaka began a search of the palace trying to find the phonograph record bearing the emperor's speech scheduled for broadcast at noon that day.

By now—it was 2:45 A.M.—the palace grounds were filled with noise and excitement. Because of an air-raid alert, all lights were out, and soldiers were shouting in the darkness. While Hatanaka's troops ransacked the administration building in a search for the broadcast record, the man who knew where the record was hidden resisted them angrily. Yoshihiro Tokugawa, the court chamberlain, had locked it in his wall safe when the recording session had ended. Informed that the emperor had retired, Tokugawa had himself gone to bed. The chamberlain had been abruptly awakened by an assistant shortly after Hatanaka's troops penetrated the palace compound. "The buildings are surrounded by soldiers," the aide whispered, and Tokugawa leaped up. Now Tokugawa was berating the soldiers and insisting that he knew nothing of the record's whereabouts. A soldier punched him in the mouth, but Tokugawa revealed no information. Sweltering in a basement room beneath Tokugawa's feet was Marquis Kido, who had at first refused to hide but had been persuaded to go where the soldiers might not find him. Dripping with sweat, the marquis was furious with this attempt to thwart the emperor. He paced the basement vault as the soldiers searched overhead. If they should find him, the marquis would die quickly.

As the night wore on the rebels went from building to building, room by room, hunting frantically for the record. Hatanaka sent Ida to ask Anami what they should do. The chief conspirators, Hatanaka, Shiizaki and Koga, then met at 3:30 to plan their next moves. There was little to plan except to keep trying to find the vital recording. By four o'clock Hatanaka was losing his grip on his men, who were accomplishing little by floundering about in the darkened imperial palace.

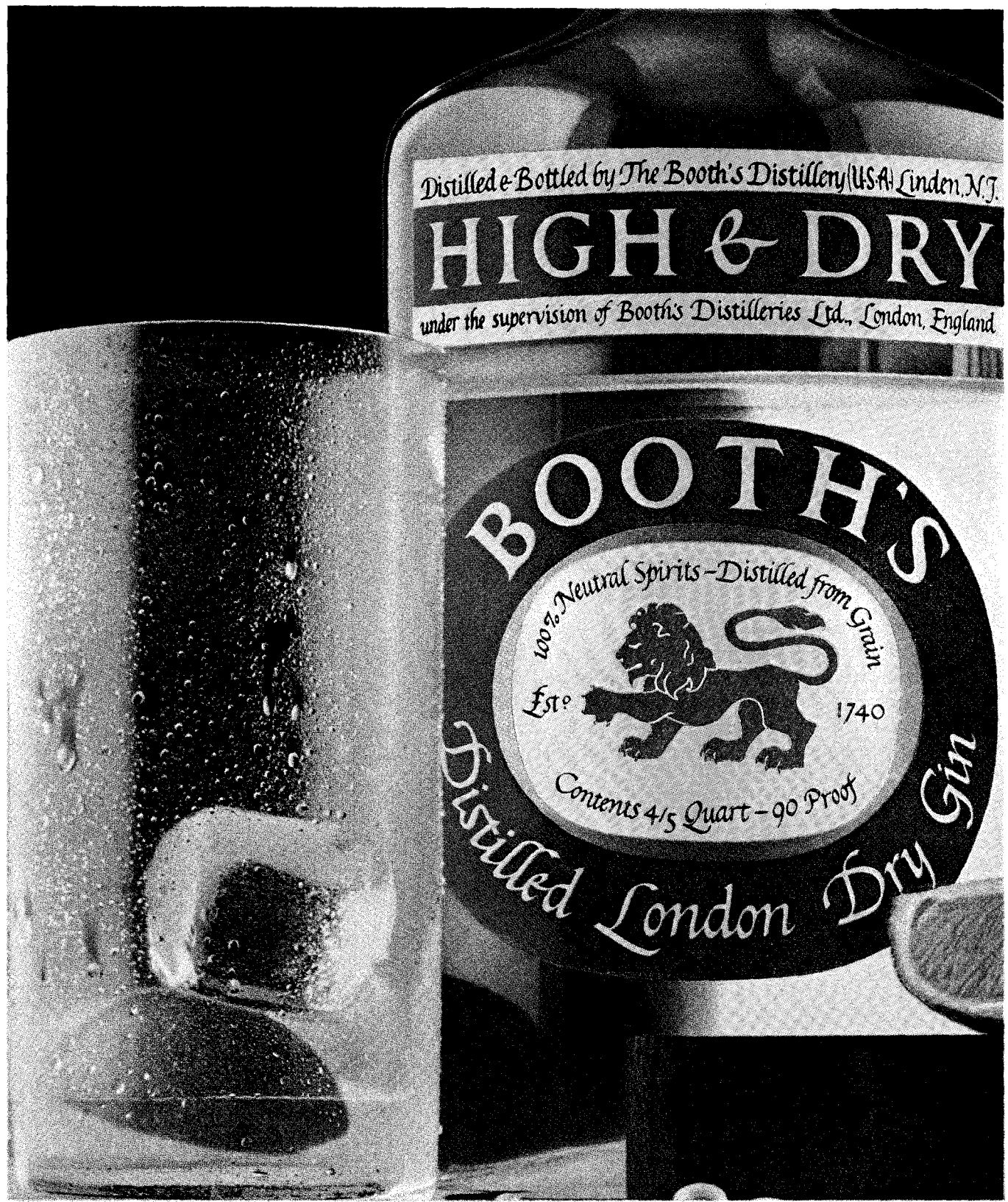
The revolt was fizzling. Ida reached Anami's house to find the general ready to die. Ida asked if he might kill himself at Anami's side, but the old general refused, and so they joined in drinking sake. Ida left, and shortly thereafter the general knelt down in the corridor outside his bedroom and cut his stomach from left to right. Colonel Takeshita, who had been called outside moments before, returned to find his brother-in-law kneeling in a spreading pool of blood.

Anami was still conscious and in terrible pain, yet he managed to plunge the dagger into his neck just below the right ear. Takeshita stayed by him as the general writhed in agony. When some of his men approached, the war minister summoned strength to croak, "Get out of here. Get out." His life ebbing, Anami pitched forward on his face across the threshold of the bedroom. Still he did not die. For three hours, while men came and went, he thrashed in a welter of blood. Finally an army surgeon inserted a hypodermic syringe into Anami's arm, and the war minister died within seconds. Beneath his body was a bloodstained paper that said, "Believing firmly that our sacred land shall never perish, I—with my death—humbly apologize to the emperor for my great crime."

Elsewhere in Tokyo rebellious soldiers searched for the men they thought responsible for betraying the nation to the enemy. Premier Suzuki was asleep in his own house outside town when machine-gun fire awakened Secretary Sakomizu at the premier's official residence. Shouting soldiers had come to kill the man who betrayed them to the enemy. A telephone call from Sakomizu's aide immediately alerted the premier, who awoke with memories of the night nine years earlier when soldiers had tried to murder him. He and his wife rushed from the house only minutes before soldiers entered and set it afire. Watching for pursuers, the premier found his way through darkened streets to his sister's home and collapsed, exhausted but safe, into a chair.

The assassins had also narrowly missed Baron Hiranuma. At that moment the aged statesman lay cowering behind furniture in a building near his blazing home. Soldiers stood outside laughing and believing that their quarry had just been burned alive.

At the palace Hatanaka's authority finally collapsed. The record had not been found. Making one last attempt to forestall surrender, he went to the government radio station to make a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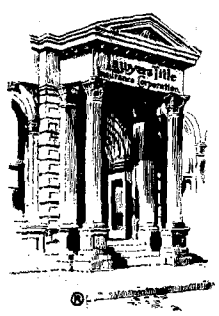

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speech at the 5 A.M. news broadcast. General Tanaka's men kept him from the microphone. Hatanaka was defeated.

He headed for the palace grounds, where General Tanaka had been busy in his absence. Tanaka had ordered troops back to the barracks and arrested Maj. Sadakichi Ishihara. At 7 A.M. Tanaka met a member of the household staff and presented him with his calling card. Tanaka inquired as to the emperor's health. Assured that he was well, Tanaka offered, "The rebellion is over."

And it was. But in the forests lurked three men who would have turned the city into a battleground. Tanaka let Hatanaka, Shiizaki and Koga stay out of sight, assuming that they would probably commit suicide.

As General Anami's men prepared the war minister's body for cremation, the President of the United States was standing in the Oval Room of the White House. The office was bedlam as photographers snapped pictures of the group centered around Truman's desk. "I have just received a note from the Japanese Government in reply to the message forwarded to that government by the Secretary of State on August eleventh," Truman said. "I deem this reply a full acceptance of the Potsdam Declaration, which specifies the unconditional surrender of Japan. In the reply there is no qualification. . . ."

The man who had insisted on qualifications lay dead on the floor of his home in Tokyo. While Anami's servants mourned, America went wild with joy. In villages, towns and cities, emotions spilled over into reckless pursuit of pleasure. Times Square was choked with a surging mob who kissed and laughed and drank under bright lights blazing again after a long war.

Off the coast of Japan, Bull Halsey's fleet prepared to renew the attack on the morning of the 15th. At 6:15 the last of 176 planes had taken off from carriers for Tokyo.

Just then an urgent message crackled into the radio room:

SUSPEND ATTACK AIR OPERATIONS

Seventy-three of the departed aircraft were raised by radio and recalled. The other 103 planes were over the mainland, strafing, bombing and fighting off 45 Japanese planes which rose to the last challenge of the Pacific war.

When the pilots returned from Tokyo, they were elated. On the *San Jacinto* they rushed from their planes to tell how they had shot down 12 enemy fighters. Nobody paid any attention to them. Men kept saying, "Who cares?" The war was over.

In Tokyo the emperor had scheduled a meeting with his top advisers for 10 A.M., but because of the rebellion of the preceding hours, it was postponed until 11:15. In the palace grounds one of the three fugitive conspirators, Maj. Hidemasa Koga, walked through the forest into the headquarters of the Guards Division, where General Mori's body lay in state. Koga gazed down at General Mori lying in the wooden coffin. Kneeling at Mori's feet, he placed a pistol to his own chest, pulled the trigger, and died on the floor beside his commanding officer.

Outside the emperor's palace, two men were seen forcing handbills on strolling pedestrians. One was on a horse, the other on a motorcycle. They were Hatanaka and Shiizaki, who had emerged from the woods to distribute leaflets explaining their actions. Then the two disappeared again into the forest of pine trees near the Double Bridge Gate.

Shiizaki knelt down on the ground and drew out a ceremonial dagger. Facing toward the interior of the palace grounds, he ripped open his stomach and fell unconscious to the grass. Hatanaka raised the pistol with which he had murdered Mori nine hours before. He placed it between his eyes and pulled the trigger. His fragile features dissolved in blood. Passersby heard the report but passed on without stopping.

In the morning newscast on August 15, the Japanese people were told that the emperor himself would speak to them at noon. It was unprecedented. No one had ever heard his voice. As the sun rose overhead, in schools, factories, homes and military bases, everyone gathered around radios or within reach of loudspeakers. At one minute to twelve, radios blared the final strains of *Kimigayo*, the Japanese national anthem. Then an announcer stated that the next speaker would be the Emperor of Japan. All traffic stopped. Most subjects bowed their heads.

"To our good and loyal subjects," the emperor began. "After pondering deeply the general trends of the world, and the actual conditions obtaining in our empire today, we have decided to

"His license is in here somewhere."

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effect a settlement of the present situation by resorting to an extraordinary measure." The voice was high-pitched, thin and reedy, quavering slightly as though under strain. "We have ordered our government to communicate to the governments of the United States, Great Britain, China and the Soviet Union that our empire accepts the provisions of their joint declaration."

The language was court Japanese, a stilted, archaic form scarcely intelligible to many of his listeners. The emperor's voice continued, in long and stately passages, to speak of the inevitability of surrender and of the ruler's compassion for his people. ". . . work with resolution so as ye may enhance the innate glory of the imperial state and keep pace with the progress of the world." With this, the voice stopped.

Throughout the country there was shock and grief. For the first time in 2,600 years the Japanese Empire would bow to a conqueror. In their disbelief and fear most civilians in Japan simply retreated into their homes to await the enemy. Truckloads of drunken soldiers careened through the streets, however, shouting that the war would go on. Bottles crashed on the streets as they vented their frustrations. Pedestrians merely watched them.

Hundreds of subjects congregated in front of the imperial palace that afternoon to pray and offer continued allegiance to the Divine Ruler. Scattered through the crowd were sobbing army officers. Pistol shots rang out, and uniformed men toppled to the pavement. Nobody screamed or ran. People just moved away.

Immediately following the emperor's broadcast, Suzuki's cabinet resigned in a body. The new premier was an uncle of Hirohito, Prince Higashi-Kuni. As a member of the ruling family, he was a symbol of stability.

At Oita airfield the last kamikaze attack of the Pacific war was about to be launched. It was close to five o'clock in the afternoon. Adm. Matome Ugaki had listened carefully to the emperor's message. He had said good-bye to his associates in a ceremony where the traditional sake cups were drained by all. Now he walked toward the runway.

When he reached it, he was dumbfounded to see 11 fighter-bombers lined up ready for takeoff. Ugaki was deeply affected. "Are you so willing to die with me?" Twenty-two right hands flashed into the air as his fliers saluted him. Visibly moved, the admiral went to the lead plane and signaled for takeoff. Eleven motors roared loudly over the flat terrain. Just as the first plane moved onto the runway, Ensign Endo, whose place Ugaki had usurped, vaulted onto the wing and squeezed into the rear seat beside the admiral. They smiled at each other as the aircraft moved down the field.

Flying time to Okinawa was a little more than two hours. At 7:24 the radio in the control tower at Oita field came to life. Ugaki delivered a final message to his men: "I alone am to blame for our failure to defend the homeland and destroy the arrogant enemy. The valiant efforts of all officers and men of my command during the past six months have been greatly appreciated. . . ." Static garbled most of the statement from here on. The last clear words reported that the planes were diving.

Ugaki and his men were never seen again. The United States Navy had no record whatsoever of any suicide attacks on its ships that day. Where the mission went, no one ever learned.

Within hours after Hirohito's broadcast the enemy contacted Tokyo. For the first time since December 7, 1941, the United States military spoke in the clear to the Government of Japan.

FROM: SUPREME COMMANDER FOR THE ALLIED POWERS

TO: THE JAPANESE EMPEROR
THE JAPANESE IMPERIAL GOVERNMENT
THE JAPANESE IMPERIAL GENERAL HEADQUARTERS

ITEM (I) HAVE BEEN DESIGNATED AS THE SUPREME COMMANDER FOR THE ALLIED POWERS... AND EMPOWERED TO ARRANGE DIRECTLY WITH THE JAPANESE AUTHORITIES FOR THE CESSATION OF HOSTILITIES AT THE EARLIEST PRACTICABLE DATE.

IT IS DESIRED THAT ABLE (A) RADIO STATION IN THE TOKYO AREA BE OFFICIALLY DESIGNATED FOR CONTINUOUS USE IN HANDLING RADIO COMMUNICATIONS BETWEEN THIS HEADQUARTERS AND YOUR HEADQUARTERS. YOUR REPLY TO THIS MESSAGE SHOULD GIVE THE CALL SIGNS, FREQUENCIES AND STATION DESIGNATION.... PENDING DESIGNATION BY YOU . . . STATION JIG NAN PETER (JNP) ON FREQUENCY ONE THREE SEVEN FOUR ZERO KILOCYCLES WILL BE USED FOR THIS PURPOSE. UPON RECEIPT OF THIS MESSAGE, ACKNOWLEDGE.

MACARTHUR

On the morning of the 16th, two men came to the War Ministry on Ichigaya Hill. The father of Colonel Ida had been found, and a secret-police officer was bringing him to see his son.

Ida himself had spent a miserable 24 hours since deserting his fellow plotters in the abortive revolt. At 6 P.M. he had said good-bye to his wife and told her to claim his body the next day at the War Ministry. Then he had gone to Ichigaya and prayed before the caskets of Anami, Shiizaki and Hatanaka. He had cried bitterly and determined to die as they had.

When Ida's father entered the War Ministry, the supposed widow had arrived just ahead of him, ready to claim her husband's body. From an office down the corridor, loud laughter sounded. Colonel Arao emerged walking beside another officer. It was Colonel Ida.

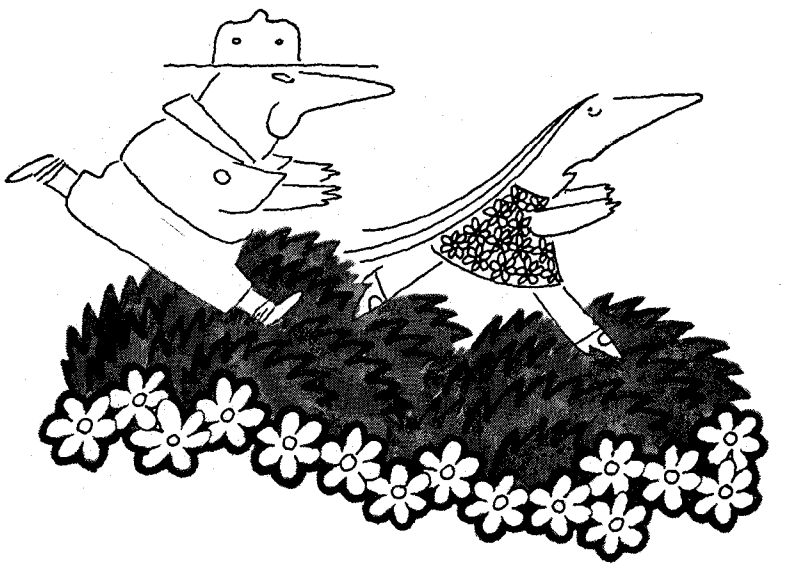
At the sight of him, alive and smiling, his wife flew into a rage. "You said you were going to kill yourself. You have no courage."

As the woman continued to scream at him, Ida smiled broadly and said, "Arao has talked me out of it." Through the halls of the War Ministry, the discussion of family honor echoed. Ida finally turned from his embittered wife, his father, his friends, and walked away.

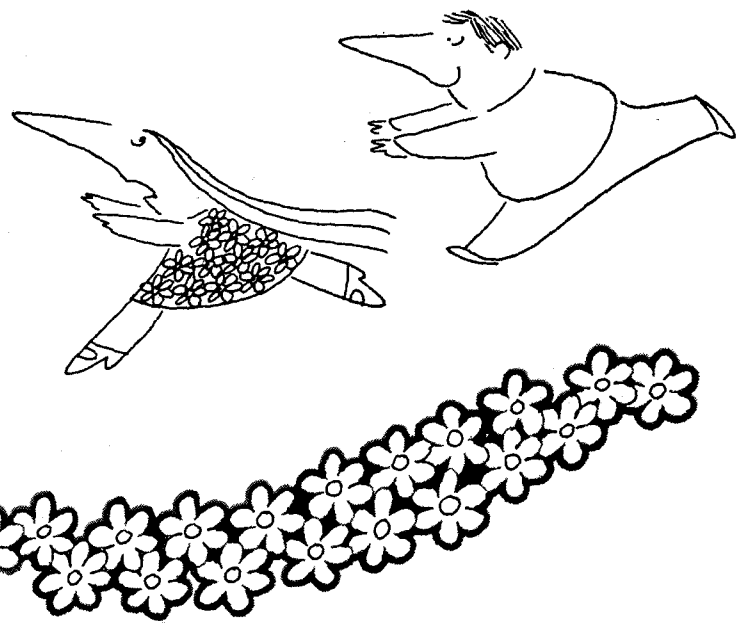
In Japan a second message from MacArthur was received before the first one had been answered. The Allied High Command called for a delegation of Japanese to proceed at once to the Philippines for conversations. MacArthur wanted the Japanese to deliver all secrets about Japan's armed forces and to receive Allied occupation plans.

No one in Japan wanted to go. Officers gagged at the thought of going to the camp of the enemy and laying bare the national defenses. General Umezu, as chief of staff the logical man to head the delegation, absolutely refused to participate. The choice then fell on Lieutenant General Kawabe, his second in command. Kawabe, too, loathed the idea, but he accepted the job and chose his staff. Fifteen men, representing the Foreign Office and the

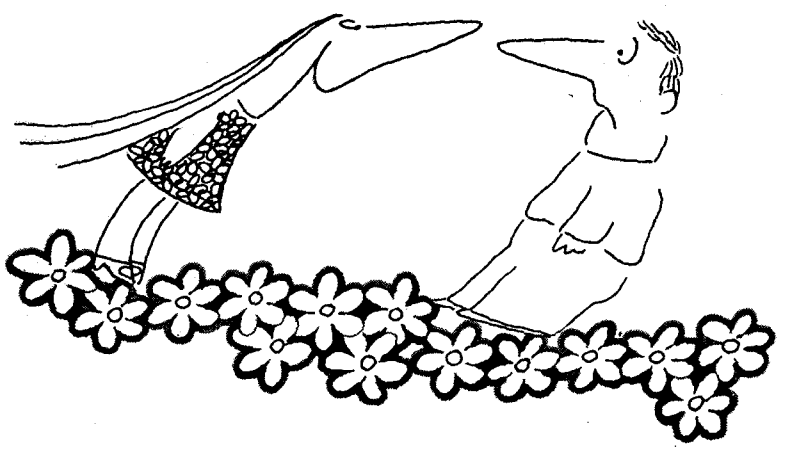
MY KIND OF PEOPLE by C. Barsotti



"But you're supposed to be *trustworthy!*"



"I don't care what I *said*, what I *meant* was . . ."



"Oh, what the heck, it's Wednesday!"

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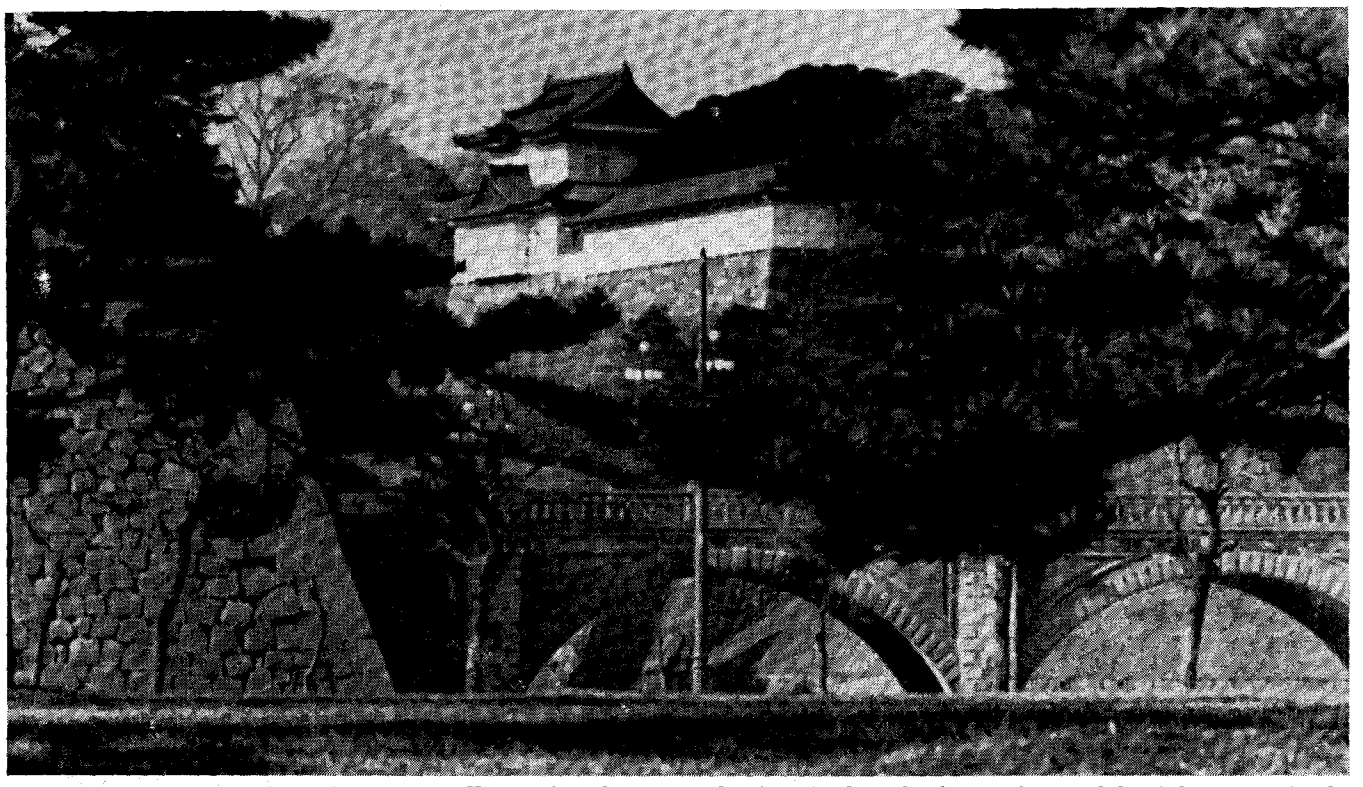

Emperor's palace, serene bastion of order, echoed to gunfire as rebels tried to stop surrender.

military, were picked to make the trip. Several ran away immediately to the mountains. Their places were quickly given to new men. Plans went ahead for takeoff on the following day, August 17.

Plaguing Kawabe's mission were growing fears that a plot was afoot to destroy the planes carrying the 16 delegates to the Philippines the next morning. It was rumored that the delegation would be attacked, possibly from Atsugi airbase, just after taking off from Tokyo. Late on the 16th a message mentioning "internal problems" was sent to Manila requesting a 48-hour delay. MacArthur's headquarters agreed to postponement till the 19th.

Just after dawn on the 19th, Kawabe's Manila delegation motored out to Tokyo's Haneda airport past vast acres of flattened city blocks. Bright sunshine caused one in the group to remark, "Perfect shooting weather." The kamikazes were never far from their thoughts.

The fanatics at Atsugi and other bases were still capable of launching an attack. An elaborate secret plan had therefore been concocted for the flight. From Haneda the mission would fly to Kisarazu airbase across Tokyo Bay. There they would change planes and go south approximately 100 miles over the ocean before swinging west toward Okinawa. En route they would be met by American fighters and bombers which would guide them to the American base at Ie Shima off Okinawa. From there they would fly on to Manila.

At 6 A.M. the men took off across Tokyo Bay. The two-engined "Bettys" had been painted white on MacArthur's orders, and had a large green cross on each side of the fuselage. Each plane received eight members of the mission. As the Bettys roared down the runway and up into the brilliant light, the delegates on Kawabe's plane could look out at the sky. The sides were stitched with bullet holes from some previous encounter with American fighters. But Kawabe closed his eyes to everything around him and appeared to sleep. Others followed his example.

At 11:15 the bombers were suddenly surrounded by two B-24's and 12 P-38's of the American Air Force. They performed acrobatics, diving past the lumbering white Bettys. The threat from the kamikazes was over.

In Manila, Kawabe led the way down the ramp in the evening sun. At the bottom of the steps Kawabe halted, a short, rumpled figure, uncomfortable in his woolen uniform and his high collar. His sword dangled almost to the ground at his side. The spurs on his cavalry boots shone in the twilight.

An American officer stepped forward from a sea of khaki. Col. Sidney Mashbir, looking casual in tieless suntans, said fluently in Japanese, "I have come to meet you." Kawabe saluted, and Mashbir returned it. Then the Japanese put out his hand to Mashbir, who instinctively brought his own forward. At the last second he realized that such a greeting was inappropriate, and jerked his hand back as though it was burned. His thumb swept over his right shoulder and pointed toward a line of waiting cars. Kawabe withdrew his hand and walked stiffly on. The other 15 filed across the concrete as cameras clicked and whirred.

The Kawabe group was taken to the city hall, where the American delegation waited. Giving up their swords at the door to a second-floor conference room, they entered and sat down across from the conquerors. The American leader was Gen. Riley Sutherland, MacArthur's chief of staff. Sutherland—tall, thin, austerely handsome—was to speak for the supreme commander, who had no intention of sitting down with the enemy.

After introductions were made, the meeting began, stiffly formal. For the first time in its history, the sovereign nation of Japan was handing over its secrets to an enemy. From this moment on it would cease to be independent.

Sutherland directed the Japanese to read the documents relating to occupation and surrender. Immediately a serious difference arose over the American plan to land at Atsugi airfield on August 23, in four short days. Kawabe objected strenuously, saying to Sutherland, "The Japanese side would sincerely advise you not to land so quickly. At least ten days are needed to prepare." As Sutherland listened impassively, he added, "Maybe you should know that we are having trouble at home with some of the kamikaze units. They delayed our trip, in fact." Aware of this already, General Sutherland began to discuss the harbor facilities at Yokosuka, just inside Tokyo Bay.

The plan called for small units to land on the 23rd. On the 25th the navy would enter Tokyo Bay itself. MacArthur would land at Atsugi on the 26th. The surrender would be signed on the 28th in Tokyo Bay. Fearing a clash between Japanese and American troops, Kawabe continued to protest, but Sutherland remained impervious.

The Japanese were separated according to their branch of service, and the vital secrets of the Japanese Empire were revealed to the Americans. Every Japanese army division was pinpointed on large-scale maps. Every naval ship was marked for the enemy to locate. As the hours went by, some stiffness went out of the meeting. Soft drinks were served and cigarettes were passed out to the grateful Japanese. Smiles became more frequent. By four o'clock in the morning it was done. In a concluding statement, Sutherland conceded five days to the Japanese to let them get things under control. The landing was set for the 28th.

After four hours of sleep the Japanese were ushered to a breakfast of bacon and eggs and then put aboard their plane. When it came time to transfer to the Bettys at Ie Shima, half the party had to stay over until repairs could be made to one of the Japanese planes. Kawabe and seven others left without them. Nearing the Japanese shore, Kawabe's pilot was shocked to discover that a fuel line had sprung a leak. At 11 o'clock the pilot told Kawabe that he would be forced to make an emergency landing somewhere on the coast several hundred miles from Tokyo.

Kawabe's chief concern was for the surrender documents. What would the Americans think if the papers were lost or destroyed? He turned to the delegate from the Foreign Office. "Okazaki, are you still a good swimmer?" Katsuo Okazaki had been a competitor in the 1924 Olympics in Paris. Now in his 40's, he took the papers and tucked them inside his shirt.

As the plane approached the coast in bright moonlight, the pilot brought it down until it was just skimming the waves. When the Betty touched, its passengers were tossed about wildly, then the plane settled in the water just a few yards from a smooth beach. The top turret was flung open, and the delegation tumbled out into knee-deep water. Only one man was hurt. Okazaki, the swimmer, had smashed his head and lay bleeding until the others pulled him to safety.

Off to the northeast the sacred mountain Fuji stood out clearly. Soaking wet and not knowing just where they were, the survivors stayed on the beach 45 minutes waiting for help. Finally they moved out, and two fishermen guided them to a village. Police sent a truck to take the tired travelers to an airbase. They slept for a few hours, then took off early in the morning in another antiquated plane.

In Tokyo the entire cabinet of Premier Higashi-Kuni waited in extreme agitation, knowing nothing of the forced landing. When Kawabe appeared, Higashi-Kuni embraced him and offered him the thanks of the country. Kawabe was too exhausted to appreciate the honor. He knew only that his distasteful job was finished.

The news that Americans would be coming in only five days was terrifying to Japanese officials. Scattered reports reflected plots against the government and surrender. American reconnaissance planes had twice been attacked by Japanese fighters since the truce. Atsugi, the designated landing place for the first Americans, was still occupied by pilots who refused to leave the airbase, and their planes were in flying condition. A detachment of soldiers had moved on Tokyo to start another coup.

On the evening of August 23 a meeting was held in Tokyo to choose a man to meet the first Americans to land in Japan. Japanese officials were anxious to select the proper delegate for this most delicate assignment. Upon the initial confrontation on the soil of Honshu itself might rest the character of the entire occupation. Over strong objections from the Foreign Office, Lt. Gen. Seizo Arisue, the ambitious chief of intelligence for the imperial army, was selected. General Arisue was instructed to go to Atsugi airfield the next day to prepare for the arrival of the Americans within 48 hours.

When the cocky, bemedaled officer left the conference in pelting rain, he was both elated and appalled at the

The colonel would be the first American to land in Japan. He did not expect to survive the experience.

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monumental challenge before him. At noon the next day he had further qualms. Before leaving the previous night he had requested 70 men to go with him to the airfield. Only 10 appeared.

General Arisue led a small caravan of cars down the dusty road to Atsugi past long columns of fully armed Japanese soldiers, ordered north to avoid conflict with the approaching Americans. When he arrived he saw that the base was a shambles. Hangars had been blasted and runways cratered by American bombs. Not one plane had a propeller. Less than 24 hours earlier soldiers sent from Tokyo had dismantled the engines to prevent kamikazes from flying against the enemy. A vicious battle had been fought for control of Atsugi. Blood was smeared over walls and chairs. But now the kamikazes were gone, and Arisue went to work.

As Arisue cleaned house at rainy Atsugi, several hundred miles to the southwest another man was wondering exactly what conditions were there. Charlie Tench, a colonel and West Point graduate who never thought of himself as a hero, was to be the first American soldier to set foot in Japan. He did not expect to survive the experience. Tench was not happy about the rebels still roaming Japan. At the colonel's mess in Manila, fellow officers bet on his chances. Half thought his plane would be blown from the sky as it approached Atsugi; the others were sure that he would be murdered as he stepped from the plane. Tench was not amused.

On the 25th, Tench's advance party flew to Okinawa, where a typhoon forced a 48-hour layover. The Japanese had two more days to bring sanity to Atsugi, to control Japan's unmanageable elements.

Everyone in Japan was growing tense with fear. In Gifu City the mayor ordered all girls aged 15 to 25 to go into the mountains to avoid American soldiers. Women workers at the Nakajima Aircraft Company plant in Utsonomiya were given cyanide capsules to swallow in case American soldiers tried to rape them. At the Kanto Kyogo Company, similar capsules were distributed to 1,000 women workers in order to help them "maintain their honor as Japanese ladies" in case of attack. In Tokyo itself newspapers warned women to wear loose-fitting clothes and, if attacked, to "maintain their dignity while crying loudly for help."

Colonel Tench and 146 men left Okinawa in 45 C-47's at 3 A.M. on August 28. At dawn Tench and the others looked down on the conical slopes of Fujiyama. More reassuring to the advance group was the sight of American warships and fighter planes under and around them as they headed in for a final approach to Atsugi.

When the C-47's appeared near the airfield, General Arisue was stunned. No one was ready to receive the enemy, who were expected an hour later.

Orders were barked out. Uniforms were buttoned. Swords and other paraphernalia of ceremony were sought and found. The reception committee hastily formed a loose line in front of tents set up to accommodate the party. As the first transport put down its flaps, Arisue watched in horror. The pilot had misread the wind direction and was landing downwind. The lead plane bounced five times on the runway before it settled onto the field.

Arisue's careful plans were consequently upset. Tench's plane came to a stop far across the field from the reception committee, while other transports started taxiing in behind him.

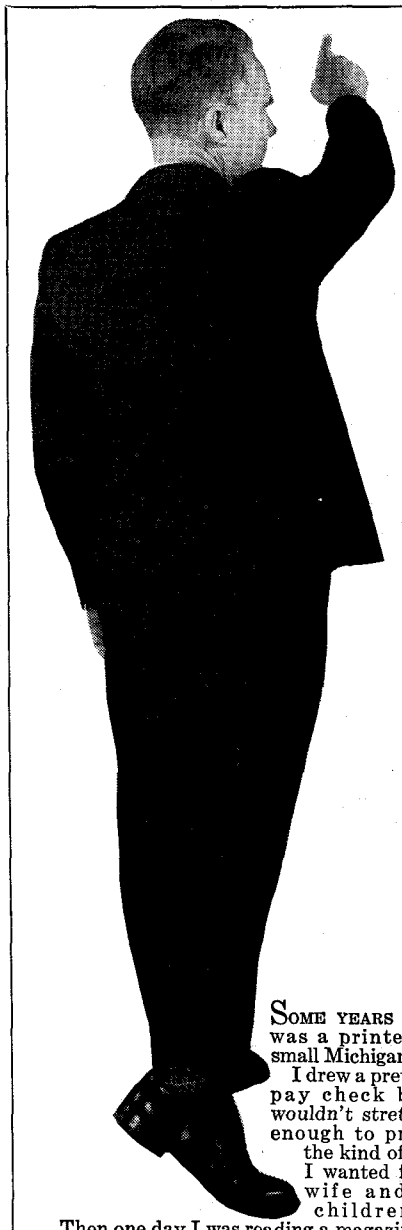
When Tench stepped into the bright sunlight, no one was in sight. Nothing stirred. Tench's interpreter, Maj. Faubion Bowers, carried a carbine. Tench himself wore a .45 caliber pistol in a shoulder holster. As the small contingent waited for something to happen, Tench's heart jumped as he saw a surging, shouting group of Japanese heading hell-bent for the American party.

Tench immediately assumed his detachment to be the target of a band of fanatics. On they came, some running, others hanging onto slow-moving cars. The Japanese charge careened up to the unwavering figures in khaki.

Then it halted. From the group stepped a short, bemedaled man who said, "I am Lieutenant General Seizo Arisue, in charge of the Atsugi reception committee."

Towering over the Japanese officer, Tench returned the salute and replied, "I am Colonel C. T. Tench, commanding the advance party for the supreme commander for the Allied Powers."

There was no cordiality, only strict protocol, as Tench's party followed Arisue to the tent area. Arisue tried to relieve the tension by offering the colonel some punch, but Tench, fearing poison, declined. Eyeing the strange American, Arisue intuitively drained a cup. Tench reconsidered, drank some punch and lighted a cigarette. Arisue



I'll guide you **step by step** into your own thriving business

● While keeping your present job, would you like to gross $12 or $18 profit per hour?

a true story by Bob Ferrel

SOME YEARS AGO I was a printer in a small Michigan town. I drew a pretty fair pay check but it wouldn't stretch far enough to provide the kind of living I wanted for my wife and five children.

Then one day I was reading a magazine just as you now are and I saw an ad. It intrigued me. It offered me the steadily growing income I had always hoped for. It said I would have greater security and personal independence . . . and that's what I had been wanting.

I was a little skeptical, but I said to myself, "for a postage stamp I can find out." So I mailed the coupon. In a few days, I got a letter with a booklet that gave the whole story. It opened my eyes. I could see why owning my own business was so much easier than I had always thought . . . why the day to day guidance of a successful worldwide organization could assure my own success.

I read the booklet several times. It just seemed too good to be true. I talked it over with my wife. We decided that **now** was the time to make the forward step . . . there was no reason to keep postponing an income increase.

So, I applied for a Duraclean dealership and I was accepted. I stayed with my job . . . ran a few ads . . . sent some mailings . . . contacted a few stores and told my friends about the superior services I was now equipped to give them. Evenings and Saturdays, I rendered the service. As the business grew, I added servicemen.

I found that I didn't have to develop a single idea myself. Every step had been prepared for me and pre-tested. Hundreds of other men had already proven my methods successful.

It didn't take long to see that I was making three to four times (yes, 3 to 4 times) as much per hour in my own business as in my printing job. So, after only seven months with a good following of customers, I quit my job to go full time on my own. In the meantime, I had enjoyed all this extra income on top of my salary.

Each day, we realized what a **serious** mistake not mailing that coupon would have been . . . and how that little act that seemed so trivial at the time actually changed our lives.

The steadily growing income brought us many things we could not afford before. My efforts were so much more productive. I scheduled my time to my own liking. When we wanted a day or two off, we took it. I worked hard but, if I wanted to be home early or quit at noon, I did.

This is not a business for a lazy man. But if a man is ambitious and will work to deserve those nice things in life we all want, this business is made to order for such a man.

I became so enthusiastic about this business and so appreciative of what it had brought my family that, whenever a man opened a dealership near me, I helped him get a quick start.

The company learned about this and had each new dealer in my section of Michigan spend a day with me. One day the president of Duraclean Company asked me how I would like to move to Headquarters and spend my entire time helping dealers to increase their sales and profits.

That was good news to my ears. Since then I have worked with hundreds of our dealers in their own towns and at regional meetings, conventions and dealer group meetings. But much of the time I am right here at my desk in touch with our dealers by letter and telephone.

Incidentally I sold my dealership at a good profit. Dealers sell their Duraclean businesses for up to ten times their cost. After 30 months, Leo Lubel sold for $7,116 above his cost. If for any reason a dealer wants to sell, we maintain a service to locate buyers and help him sell.

Our job here at headquarters is to show each individual Duraclean dealer how to use his own abilities to bring him greatest success. I know hundreds of our dealers on a first name basis. We work together as one happy family. If you become a Duraclean dealer, I'll be as close to you as your telephone or mail box.

It's Easier than You Think To Build Your Own Business

If you've wanted to BE YOUR OWN BOSS... to become financially independent and have a fast growing income, now YOU CAN. And you own a Nationally Advertised business.

You can stay at your present job while your customer list grows . . . then switch to full time, lining up jobs for your servicemen to do. One job a day brings a good starting income.

If you hire two servicemen (full or part time) while you keep your job, the national price guide provides you a gross profit of $12 an hour on their work and this is much easier to do than you think. **We show you how** . . . step by step. That's $420 for a 35 hour week.

Your gross profit on three servicemen is $18 per hour. Duraclean dealers find it easy to gross $6 per hour on EACH serviceman plus $9 an hour on any service they themselves render. The 24 page illustrated booklet we'll mail you (with no obligation) explains how most of your gross profit becomes **clear net profit.** Your income is limited only by the number of servicemen you employ.

You can operate from a shop, office, or your home. Equipment is light and portable.

At the start, you may want to render service yourself . . . or you can start with full or part time servicemen. This business is easy to learn . . . easy to start . . . so easy to service that women dealers do it. We prefer you have no experience . . . not have to "unlearn" old ways.

We are NOW enlarging this worldwide system of individually-owned service businesses. If you are reliable, honest and willing to work to become financially independent, we invite you to mail the coupon.

When you receive our illustrated booklet, you will see the way we show you **step by step** how to quickly get customers . . . and still more customers from their recommendations.

You have 6 superior services that are rendered "on location" in homes, offices, hotels, theaters, clubs, motels and institutions.

These are not ordinary services. You have the prestige and endorsement of leading furniture makers and carpet mills, of Parents' Magazine and McCall's, of Research and Testing Laboratories.

National magazine advertising explains superior merits of **your** services, builds **your** customer confidence and brings job leads to **you.**

We and a Duraclean dealer will train you and assist you. He'll reveal his successful proven methods. You have pre-tested newspaper and yellow-page ads, commercials, and a full mailing program.

Stores, upholsterers, insurance adjustors, and decorators refer jobs to our dealers. These year 'round services are in constant demand.

Start Small, Grow Big in this Booming Business

Many men have said to us, "I can't afford to give up my job till I know I have a sure thing . . . a sound business that will provide both security and a better living for my family."

That made sense to us so we worked out such a plan . . . and those same men are now enjoying a Duraclean dealership in many communities. You don't experiment. You use **tested, proven** methods. You have **our backing and "know how."**

Does this appeal to you? Don't decide now. Mail the coupon so you'll have the facts to decide wisely. There is no obligation. You'll then know whether this is what you want.

You can start small and grow big. A third century ago Duraclean was an idea . . . but it caught fire and spread to a world wide service. Why did it spread? (1) **superior processes,** (2) **proven customer-getting methods,** (3) **day to day guidance from Headquarters.**

Our first service, the care of upholstery and carpets not only cleans, it enlivens the fibers . . . revives dull colors. Pile rises with **new life.** There's no harsh machine scrubbing. No soaking. Mild aerated foam lightly applied lifts out dirt, grease, many unsightly spots like magic. Furnishings are used again in a few hours.

Government figures show service businesses are **growing faster** than industries and stores . . . $750 million yearly potential just in rug and furniture cleaning. Your **5 other services** are explained in the free booklet we'll mail you.

A few hundred dollars establishes YOUR OWN business. A day's profit more than pays the monthly payments we finance for you.

Men frequently take in partners.

We furnish electric equipment and, with first shipment, enough materials to **return your TOTAL investment.** If you have good habits and know the importance of customer satisfaction, you can likely qualify for a Duraclean dealership.

TODAY is the time to reserve a Duraclean dealership, **before** someone takes your location.

It's been said, "Opportunity knocks but once at every man's door." This could be that one rare opportunity in **your life.**

It is surprisingly easy to learn this business. You can decide from the information we will send you whether to apply for a dealership. So, with **no obligation whatever,** mail the coupon TODAY. Cut it out NOW so you won't forget to mail it.

Mail this coupon TODAY
It may put you in business

Duraclean Co.,7-289 Duraclean Bldg.
Deerfield, Ill. 60015

With no obligation, *mail 24 page illustrated booklet telling how and why I can quickly increase my income and family security* ***while still employed,*** *how you'll help finance me. No salesman will call.*

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone____ State_____

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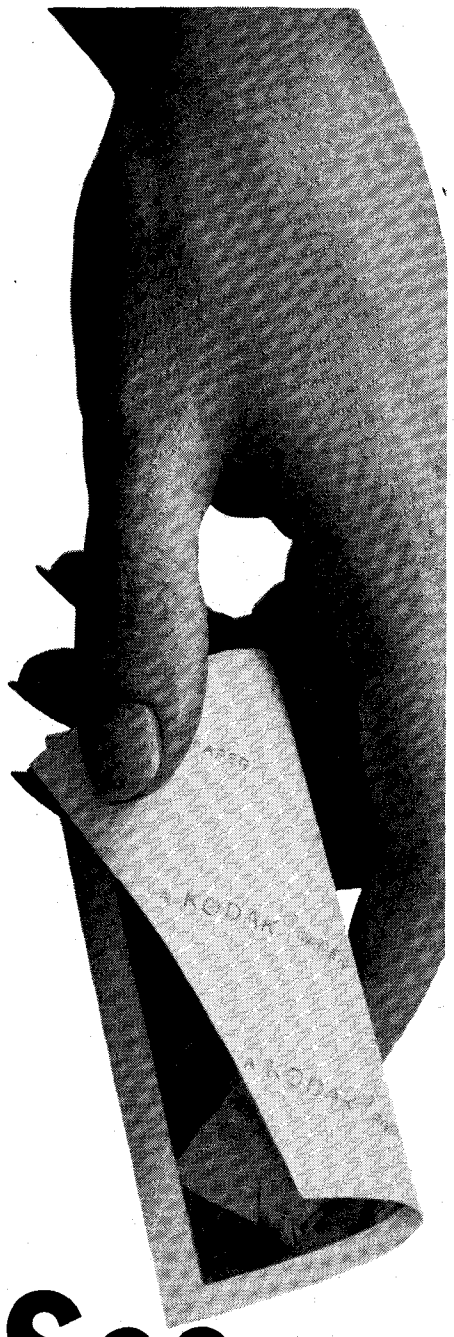


See those 3 little words?

They're there because your photofinisher wants you to know he's using the best there is. He's printing your snapshots and enlargements on photographic paper made by Kodak—made with the same care and of the same dependable quality as Kodak film. Whether on paper, film, or cameras, you can always depend on the name Kodak.

Kodak

and Tench introduced their staffs, and they set about making arrangements for the arrival of the main body of conquering Americans.

At 7 A.M. on the 30th the first elements of the 11th Airborne Division landed. The paratroopers jumped out, fully armed, and stood under the wings of the planes. The Japanese were terrified. A number of the officers who greeted the incoming soldiers carried revolvers containing only one bullet, prepared to kill themselves if attacked by bloodthirsty Americans.

In one of the first planes Gen. Joe Swing, the commanding officer of the division, arrived to take over from Tench, who happily consigned the airfield to him. Pleased that his own 48-hour reign over the Japanese people had ended without incident, he went off for a bottle of cold beer.

The C-54's were landing every two minutes. At 2:19 Gen. Douglas MacArthur landed in Japan. At the door he stood gazing at the scene before him, his corncob pipe at a jaunty angle. MacArthur moved toward the caravan of cars, and the procession got underway for Yokohama. It was a ridiculous yet charming convoy. The Japanese had provided a motley collection of private cars and trucks, most of which burned charcoal for fuel. They were led by a bright-red fire engine, old and decrepit. Its siren wailed and screamed as the parade moved out of the base.

MacArthur sat back and enjoyed the view. From the airport into Yokohama, 15 miles away, 30,000 Japanese soldiers lined both sides of the road. They stood at attention with their backs to the procession—both as a sign of deference to the new ruler and to keep watch for trouble. They were like statues. Civilians were almost totally absent. Once in a while a face would appear at a window, then disappear. In Yokohama MacArthur settled into his quarters at the New Grand Hotel, where hundreds of Allied generals and admirals joined him in waiting for the day when the formal surrender would take place.

September 2, the day of retribution, dawned surprisingly cool. Under leaden skies four black limousines drove at full speed down the shoreline of Tokyo Bay toward Yokohama. In the first car sat Gen. Yoshijiro Umezu, ordered by the emperor to represent the armed forces of Japan. Beside him was a frail, bespectacled veteran of the Foreign Office, Mamoru Shigemitsu.

Shigemitsu shifted uncomfortably as the speeding limousine bounced over holes in the road. In 1932 his left leg had been blown off in China by a terrorist bomb, and his wooden leg was both clumsy and painful. Umezu wore shiny cavalry boots and a dangling sword. Shigemitsu was dressed in London style, with top hat, cutaway coat and striped trousers. At the prefectural office in Yokohama's gutted seaport, Shigemitsu, Umezu, and the nine other members of the delegation boarded the destroyer *Lansdowne* for the 16-mile run to the battleship *Missouri*, Adm. William Halsey's flagship. On every side they could see the ships of the American Navy, gathered from all parts of the Pacific.

The first Japanese pulled himself over the *Missouri*'s side at 8:55 A.M. Mamoru Shigemitsu, climbing the swaying ladder, had to put unusual pressure on the painful stump of his amputated leg. As his countrymen watched Shigemitsu's agonizing ascent, several were struck by the similarity between this man and their nation. Both were badly crippled, unable to stand.

Umezu followed, and then the others, and finally 11 Japanese were on deck. They arranged themselves in three rows facing a table with a green covering. Across it stood military men from nations still at war with Japan. The American uniform of the day was suntans, no tie. The British delegation was dressed in shorts and white knee stockings. The Russians were resplendent in red-epauleted uniforms.

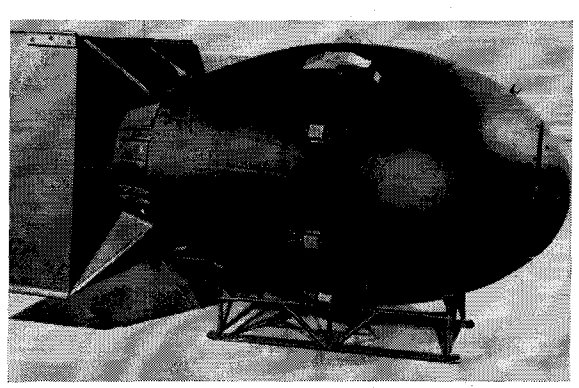
At exactly nine o'clock a small door swung open, and Gen. Douglas MacArthur, followed by Admirals Nimitz and Halsey, strode briskly to the table facing the Japanese. Almost immediately he began to read from the small white paper he carried.

"We are gathered here, respresentatives of the major warring powers, to conclude a solemn agreement whereby peace may be restored. The issues, involving divergent ideals and ideologies, have been determined on the battlefields of the world and hence are not for our discussion or debate. . . ."

When MacArthur finished speaking, he stepped back and motioned for the Japanese to sign. There was almost total silence on the great ship as Shigemitsu clumped forward to the table. The wind whipped his hair over his forehead as he slowly eased himself into the chair. Placing his silk hat down, he nervously stripped off his yellow gloves and laid them on it. Toshikazu Kase, his aide, hovered at his left shoulder.

Shigemitsu took out a pen and gazed at the document. He seemed puzzled. MacArthur spoke sharply. "Sutherland. Show him where to sign." The chief of staff went to the table and pointed to the correct line. The embarrassed foreign minister flushed, then scrawled his signature. Umezu, Japan's other signatory, came to the table. Without reading any part of the document, he quickly slashed his name under that of Shigemitsu.

When the last signature was inscribed, MacArthur stepped forward and solemnly declared, "Let us pray that peace be now restored to the world, and that God will preserve it always. These proceedings are closed." The Japanese filed to the gangway, returning the salutes of a cordon of Allied officers. Overhead, a massed flight of B-29's and carrier planes paraded in a final exhibition of the strength that brought an end to an empire, while the sun shone for the first time that day.



The Fat Man. When this plutonium bomb exploded, the city of Nagasaki vanished. Within days came surrender.

In the city of Nagasaki three men walked down still cluttered streets. The lonely trio were Chuck Sweeney, Kermit Beahan and Don Albury from the crew of *Bock's Car*. Little more than a month before they had come to Nagasaki, but at a height of 29,000 feet. From their plane had come the ugly, bulbous Fat Man which blew down buildings, roasted bodies and left lingering death.

The three airmen had come back with the first American medical team entering the stricken area. The night before they had stopped just outside town at a place called Mogi. After a pleasant meal, the fliers had talked awhile, then gone to bed. For the first time in his life Chuck Sweeney took out his pistol and belt and hung them on the bedpost. It had occurred to him that someone might discover the identity of the three men on the outskirts of Nagasaki.

They rode through the wreckage and walked the streets crowded with skeletons. They reeled at the sight of the misery caused by the plutonium bomb. In a hospital they saw row upon row of survivors waiting patiently for death or deliverance.

It was only a little more than a month since the bomb had fallen, and some bodies had not yet been removed. Skulls lay on both sides of the road. The stench assaulted the nostrils and caused an involuntary sucking in of breath.

In a hole, fire engines lay squashed like bugs. At the medical center on a hillside the main building was still standing, but the interior was burned out. From here doctors and nurses had run up the hill to safety. Inside, patients screamed for rescue from the approaching flames and had been ignored.

The three strangers walked through the blackened rooms and saw bones lying in beds. The remains had been there more than a month, sightless skulls staring at the ceilings over which the great light had burst weeks before.

On one of the operating tables a patient lay where he had been when the bomb burst. The skeleton waited as though hoping to be repaired. Around the room doctors and nurses sprawled in the positions they assumed at death. The room was a dreadful tableau, suspended in time by that awful brilliance which touched everyone in Nagasaki.

The three men in uniform looked, and said little. They walked on through the devastation, through the numbed and sullen survivors who behaved differently from the people in Tokyo and other cities. These Japanese were hurt beyond repair, warped forever by an unearthly power, indifferent to strangers, withdrawn from one another. Many were still dying from the man-made illness which had crept into their bloodstreams. They lived in lean-tos thrown up to protect them from the cold nights and the burning sun, thrown up to bring some privacy to bodies virtually stripped of humanity by the bomb. They ignored the three men walking through the Urakami Valley in September, 1945.

The three Americans thought it was just as well. □

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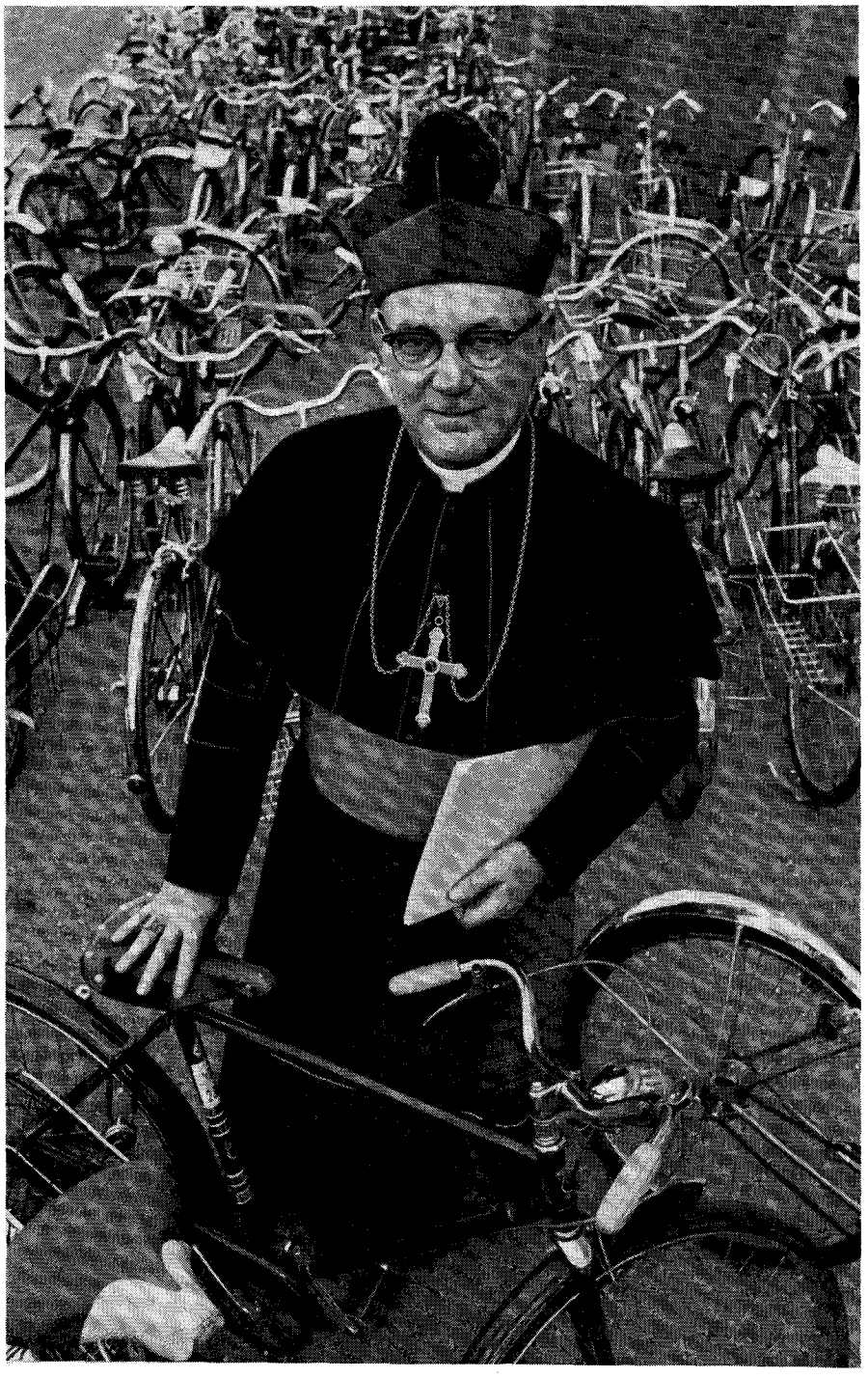


Most Reverend Frederick W. Freking, D.D., Bishop of La Crosse, Wisconsin, visits Blessed Sacrament School in a tour of his Diocese. Employers Insurance of Wausau has insured the many diocesan properties for 14 years.

The Bishop is also a businessman.

Wausau Story

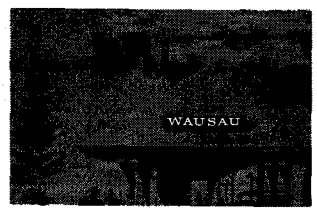
Besides all of his religious duties, Bishop Freking is responsible for the temporal affairs of the Diocese of La Crosse—a position comparable to managing a large corporation.

Think of insurance. The Bishop and his advisers, clergymen and laymen, must provide protection for 199 churches, 112 schools, 262 rectories and convents, a children's home and a home for the aged, and other properties in 19 west-central Wisconsin counties. And they must protect 179,000 people who utilize them.

Complex problem? Yes. But it's all handled in a single policy.

The solution is an example of "creative underwriting" by Employers Insurance of Wausau. The Wausau people provide continuous attention to the needs of each parish, coordinate the whole program and maintain day-to-day contact with the central office of the Diocese.

It's wise to go to the people who know business insurance like nobody else in the business. Employers Insurance of Wausau has 202 offices from coast to coast. One of them is near you.



Employers Insurance of WAUSAU

The business-insurance people.

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DIRTY STORY

(*Continued from page 27*)

in the evening when I got back. I went to the *taverna* near the flat for a drink. They took messages for me—and there was one from Gennadiou. Please would I telephone him if I returned before nine o'clock, otherwise in the morning. He gave a number where he could be reached. The matter was one of business and urgent.

The reason for the call was, on the face of it, obvious. He wanted to know why I hadn't shown up at his office, and he wanted thirty-five thousand drachmas, cash, or else. I had a brandy while I thought about it. Finally, I decided to call him. I had my excuse about Friday ready. There would be no immediate trouble.

When he came on the line, he said brusquely, "Are you available for a business discussion? Some associates of Mr. Gomez have need of a person with special knowledge of the city and its facilities for the purpose of making a travel film. I suggested that you might be suitable. Are you interested?"

"Very interested."

"I thought you might be." He sounded almost jovial. "I can promise nothing, of course. They will have to decide for themselves if you are *sympathique*."

"What do I do?"

"Be at my office at nine-thirty."

"In the morning?"

"No, tonight." He hung up.

One thing was certain—if Gennadiou was doing me any kind of favor, he must be doing himself a much bigger one. I would have to watch my step. But, naturally, I was excited. I had had dealings with film people before. The previous year an American company shooting on location at Epidaurus had hired me to drive the camera crew, and I had had six weeks' steady work on that job.

Gennadiou's office was locked and in darkness when I got there. I waited for him. After a minute or two, I noticed that he was sitting at a table in one of the seafood restaurants on the quayside terraces. Sitting with him was a thickset, powerful-looking man with short, wiry, blond hair. Gennadiou was doing the talking. The blond man was listening, but in a bored sort of way. Gennadiou glanced at his watch and finished what he was saying. The blond man nodded and reached for the wine bottle in front of him. Gennadiou got to his feet.

I moved away, back to the office entrance, so that I wouldn't be seen watching. A moment later, Gennadiou appeared on the road and walked toward me. He nodded as he came up to me. "You are on time," he said. "Did you bring the money?"

The question took me so completely by surprise that I began to stammer an excuse.

He stopped me with an impatient wave of his hand. "All right, all right. You didn't bring the money. Does that mean you don't have it or only that you didn't bring it?"

I thought I'd better let him know now, while relations were still businesslike, that there was a hitch in the arrangements. "Well," I said, "as a matter of fact, I haven't got all of the money together yet. You see, Mrs. Karadontis . . . well . . ."

He nodded. "Mrs. Karadontis wouldn't lend it to you after all." He looked at me coldly. "She is well known by reputation, I find. My information is that it is highly improbable that she would even think of lending money."

"She drinks too much. One can never be quite sure where one stands with her."

"But we know where *you* stand," he said, unpleasantly. "You knew the terms, and you accepted them. I am ready to keep my part of the bargain. As the person responsible to Mr. Gomez, I intend to see that you keep yours. If you don't, I can assure you that you will find the consequences highly disagreeable."

"I am ready to do anything you suggest," I said.

"Good. My suggestion is that, as you can't borrow the money, you earn it."

"From this film company, you mean?"

"Exactly. I have contracted with Cine-Taranto S.A. to provide various services while they are here. If you are acceptable to Cine-Taranto, *you* will be one of those services. But you will remain *my* employee. Do I make myself clear?"

"Yes. I do the work, they pay you the money. How much will it be?"

"The amount of your debt. They will need you for three weeks approximately."

"But what about the passport? I can't wait three weeks for that. They won't pay you for my services if the police put me in jail."

"We can discuss that later. The first thing is to find out if you are acceptable. I hope very much, for your sake, that you are." He snapped his fingers. "Now, if you are ready . . ." He turned and began to walk back toward the restaurant. I followed.

"Do you speak French well?" he asked over his shoulder.

"Fairly well."

"That will be in your favor. Cine-Taranto is an international company. Monsieur Goutard, who is personal assistant to the producer, is French. He seems to speak no other language well. Mr. Emil Hayek, the producer and director, speaks several languages, but not Greek. I do not know for certain what his nationality is. Swiss, perhaps. His domicile is Swiss. The cameraman and operator are Italian. But it is Monsieur Goutard whom you will be working with. You will meet him first."

Monsieur Goutard was the blond man at the table. He looked up as we approached, but remained seated when I was introduced to him. He nodded to me to sit down. He had very pale blue eyes, a short neck, and leathery cheeks that seemed as muscular as his arms. It was a face used to authority; the mouth was used to ordering punishment and the eyes were used to watching it inflicted. The small half-grin on the thin lips was, I soon realized, permanent. But it was the grin of a trap; the only thing that would amuse him would be somebody else's discomfort. I have to admit that Goutard scared me from the moment I set eyes on him.

Gennadiou did all the talking at first. To my surprise, he almost immediately brought up the fact that I was Nicki's husband. He referred to her as a belly dancer, of course. Well, she *is* a belly dancer, but most people don't understand that in Arab countries, belly dancing is not just a nightclub tease, but a highly respected art. She uses the description "exotic dancer" in order to make that distinction. I said as much.

Gennadiou leered smugly. "As I told you, Monsieur Goutard, he is an expert on the subject."

Goutard's eyes were still picking me to pieces. He gulped down the remains of his wine and, to my relief, took his eyes off me and spoke to Gennadiou. "Does he know what is expected of him?"

"Only in a general way. I thought it better if you were to instruct him personally."

"The chief will do that. He knows what he wants. My job is just to see that he gets it." He stood up. "We'll go out and see him now."

We left the restaurant.

"Do you wish to use my car?" I asked Gennadiou.

"That won't be necessary."

He led the way along the quay and down some steps where we boarded a launch he used for ferrying supplies in the harbor. Evidently the services he was providing for Cine-Taranto and its production chief included a yacht. It was at a mooring on the far side of the harbor opposite the yacht club and proved to be an old sixty-foot motor cruiser with a squat dummy funnel. There was a small gangway and a deckhand ready with a boat hook to steady the launch while we climbed out of it. Goutard led the way aft to a deck area with an awning overhead, a couple of tables, and some canvas chairs. There were three men and a brunette sitting there.

Two of the men were at a table, playing gin rummy. They merely glanced up as we came in and then went on with their game. They were the Italians, the cameraman and his operator. Beyond them, reclining in long chairs, with drinks in their hands, were Emil Hayek and the girl. She looked about sixteen and very innocent. I found out later that she was his mistress.

Hayek was about my age and not unlike me physically—dark, balding, a little paunchy, with a Roman nose and a full, determined mouth. But there the similarity ended. My hair is gray-brown, his was completely black; my movements are always deliberate and well-coordinated, his were quick and jerky; my voice is that of an educated Englishman, his was harsh and guttural, no matter which language he was using. And he wore jewelry—a gold bracelet, two rings, and a gold chain with a St. Christopher medallion round his neck. He also had two gold teeth.

He sat up, but didn't stand, when I was presented to him; and he didn't offer to shake hands. He waved in the direction of the girl.

"My production assistant and technical adviser, Mademoiselle Kaufmann."

I bowed to her. She looked at me over her drink.

Hayek waved us to chairs. A white-coated deckhand appeared and more drinks were ordered.

"I am told, Monsieur Simpson, that your wife is a well-known belly dancer," Hayek said.

"An exotic dancer, chief," said Goutard. "He is sensitive on the point."

"I am glad to hear it," said Hayek. His gold teeth flashed. "In the entertainment business, delicacy and good taste are of the utmost importance.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"La lluvia en Espana cae principalmente en la llanura."

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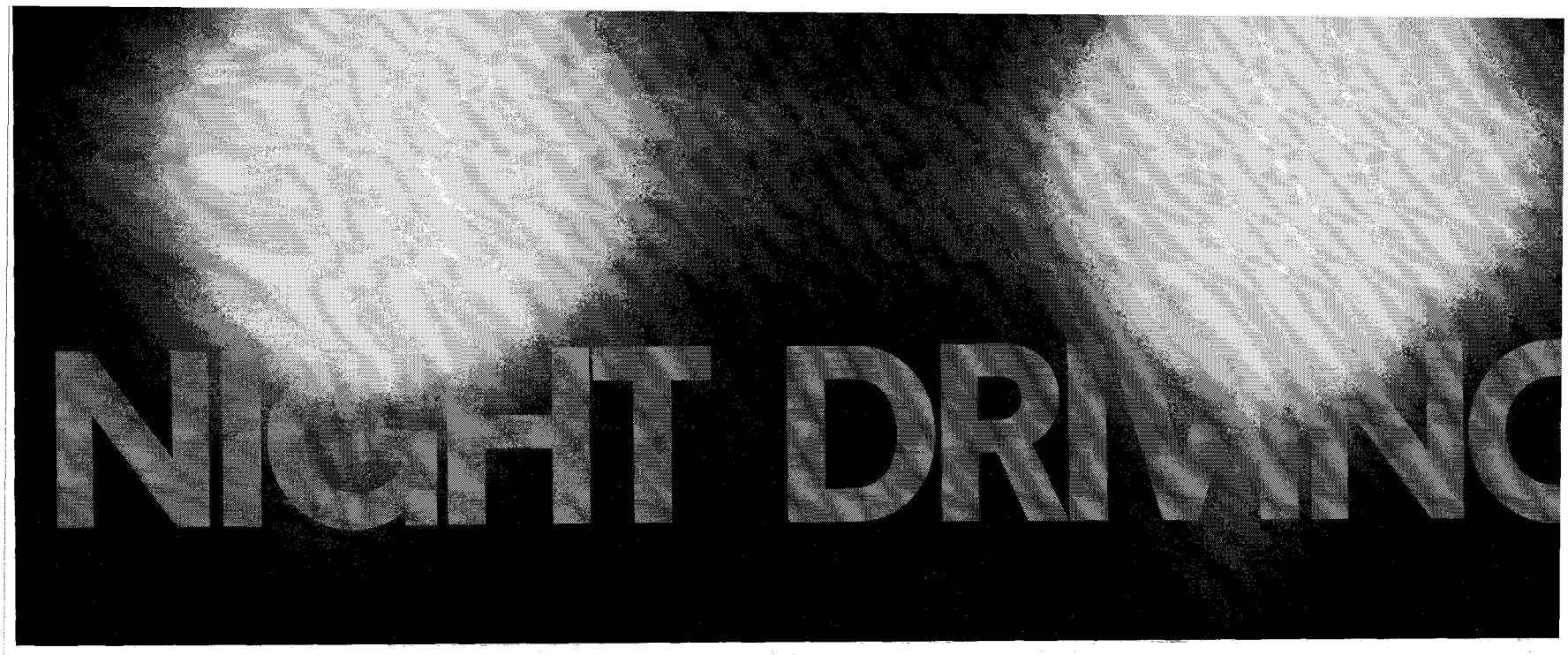

And how to live till morning

At night, drivers get killed at *more than twice* the daytime rate.

They get killed because they can't see, or because they see too late, or because other drivers can't see them, or because they get tired and fall asleep, or because they think they have to go as fast as the law allows...or for a lot of other reasons, most of which are eminently avoidable.

Here are a few common traps together with ways to avoid them:

Your eyes.

20/20 vision is a slippery standard by which to judge the fitness of your eyes to drive at night. You can have 20/20 vision and (1) see next to nothing from the sides of your eyes, (2) adapt too slowly to changing patterns of light, (3) focus badly and (4) tire too quickly at night.

Which means that no matter how smug you are about your vision, you probably need to have your eyes examined for night driving. Today. Even if you don't have the time and you're short of money. Funerals take longer and they cost a lot more than eye examinations.

Drowsiness.

Driving 3 hours after one's normal bedtime produces an almost uncontrollable drowsiness in 9 out of 10 drivers. It's obvious that if you can't control your drowsiness, you can't control your car, either. So when you're tired or sleepy, pull over to a motel or a parking area and surrender. You may get to where you're going late but...

Blinding headlights.

Try to look at headlights—blinding or otherwise—from the sides of your eyes, instead of straight on. This will help avoid being blinded, and your eyes will adapt faster to the dark after the lights have passed. If some jerk does blind you with his brights, don't revenge yourself on him. Because then you're both blind—that's some revenge.

Things and people at night.

The world and everything in it looks different at night, and it's hard to figure out. The best answer to this problem is to give yourself time to figure it out by going at least 10 miles an hour slower than you would during the day under the same conditions. You also see more at slower speeds —and the more clues you have as to where you are and what's going on, the better your chances of survival 'til dawn.

Roads.

There never was a road built especially for night driving. At night, on most roads, curves spring out at you like monstrous snakes; gaping potholes remain invisible until you're suddenly wrestling with the wheel; and cars catapult out of side roads that look like empty meadows. The answer to this is the same as above—take it easy. You and a million other drivers are all sure the road ahead is flat, straightaway and empty. And every one of you is wrong.

Judging speeds and distances.

Trying to judge the speed and distances of other cars accurately at night is impossible without radar. So when you're passing the car in front of you, or crossing interchanges, or approaching cars coming out of side roads, give yourself *plenty* of room for error. And since at night, it's difficult to tell when the car in front of you has stopped or slowed down—keep a lot of room between it and you. The rule, in short, when judging anything at night is, *will being wrong cause an accident?*

Glass and glasses.

Glass gets dirty easily. Dirt blocks light. Without enough light, you're a dead duck. So before starting out on any trip at night, clean your headlights, your rear lights, your windshield, your rear windows, your side windows and your glasses. Stay away from tinted glasses or sunglasses—they may lessen the glare, but they also lessen the light. And on the highway, you need light to live.

During your trips at night, pull over to a gas station frequently to rest your eyes and stretch your legs and wash your face. We at Mobil have over 26,500 gas stations strung out all over the United States, so it shouldn't be difficult to find one. But if you don't see one of ours, and you need a rest, pull over to one of our competitors. Tell him Mobil sent you.

Mobil®
We want you to live.

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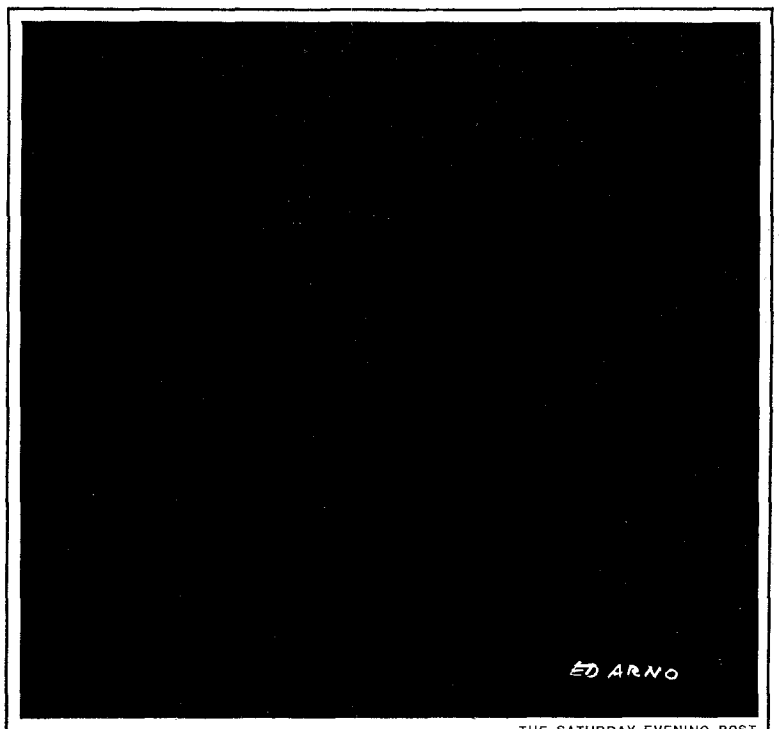
America, America



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Gentlemen, I called this meeting to discuss the air pollution crisis."

I shall hope to have the pleasure of meeting Madame."

"She is on tour with her troupe in Romania at the moment."

"What a pity. However, I understand that you have experience of working with film-production units. What kind of experience?"

Obviously, it was no use telling him the truth. However, I didn't have to; while driving that camera crew around at Epidaurus I had picked up quite a lot through listening to their talk.

"Location, mainly," I said. "Local assistant to unit managers, liaison with municipal authorities, organizing crowd work, interpreting for the director when necessary, making myself generally useful."

"I see," Hayek said. "Well, this is to be a travel film. But"—he raised a hand high in the air for emphasis—"a travel film of a new kind. We shall show the past in the present," he intoned solemnly, "and the present in the past." He took a hefty swallow of whiskey. "The glory that was Greece will live again," he said. "I shall re-create it. And not just with stones and old ruins, but with flesh and blood."

"Will you be working from a script?"

He smiled, then reached down and picked up a fat, leather-bound book which had been lying beside him on the deck. "This is the only script I need," he said, "this and my imagination. The rest I leave to nature. You speak English, I believe, Monsieur Simpson?"

"I was educated in England, yes."

"Then you must know Lemprière's *Bibliotheca Classica*."

"I can't say that I do." I was getting confused.

"You have, I hope, heard of the Dionysiac orgies."

"Oh, yes, of course." Some of those old temple rites were really hot stuff.

"Lemprière describes them," said Hayek. "Always, of course, in a tone of shocked disapproval. We shall have no difficulty, I am sure, in reconstructing the various scenes faithfully against natural, authentic settings. Are you with me so far?"

"Yes." By then, in fact, I was slightly ahead of him.

"The important thing is," he went on weightily, "to get the right cast together, both dancers and other types. Much depends on a young, experienced, and cooperative cast. That is where you come in."

"I see."

"Do you appreciate what is wanted?"

"I think so."

"Can you help in providing it?"

"I'll have to know a little more. For instance, how many dancers and how many other persons, and for how long? Where will the locations be? There is also the question of fees."

He dismissed all that with a wave of his braceleted wrist.

"The details will be discussed shortly," he said. "The important thing is that you recognize the need for quality. Your task is to find attractive couples. They must be talented and experienced, of course, but they must also be young and fresh. Do you understand?"

"Yes."

He couldn't have made it plainer. I had joined the blue-film industry.

Later that night I went to see Madame Irma. She has a very nice house standing in its own grounds just off the road to Kifisia. She never has more than six or seven girls at any one time and changes them every few months. If it was "quality" Hayek was seeking for his film, I thought Irma might help me find it.

After a bit of tactful negotiating, she agreed to supply the suitable young performers Hayek wanted.

Since the financial arrangements seemed satisfactory to Madame Irma, I assumed everything would run smoothly. I certainly never dreamed she would betray me!

All right, I must try to be fair. I can't entirely blame the old bitch for the misunderstanding that occurred. The fault was Hayek's. He should never have employed a dangerous thug like Goutard.

Goutard knew absolutely nothing about film production; that much soon became apparent. He was really Hayek's bodyguard, fixer, and dirty-work specialist. One sees that a man like Hayek would feel the need for that sort of handyman, of course, but why he should have chosen Goutard beats me. I suppose the fact that Goutard had once been a French paratroop sergeant had something to do with it; a man from Hayek's part of the world would be impressed by that. It may also have been that he'd found Goutard down-and-out in Damascus or Beirut and picked him up cheap. If so, it was an expensive bargain for everyone concerned, and especially for me.

Hayek's production schedule was simple. For three days he made a show of shooting the ordinary travelogue stuff, but without film in the cameras. After that, we went on location by yacht, with the cast, camera crew, and some props, to a pretty little bay along the coast which couldn't be reached by road. The props consisted mainly of three "broken" columns which Gennadiou had had made up in Athens out of lath and plaster. They were only a few feet high and quite light, but when they were set up on a rocky ledge above the beach, they made it look exactly like an old temple site. There were also a couple of papier-mâché urns for set-dressing.

Once I had delivered the cast and seen that the financial agreements were being honored daily, there seemed no need for me to be there all the time; and, as Gennadiou had kept well out of the way since the actual shooting had started, I saw no reason why I shouldn't do business as usual with the car. After all, I still had to make enough money to live on, and Nicki wasn't going to be back for a month. And I had a responsibility to Mrs. Karadontis, too.

Frankly, even if I had known what was going on, I don't think it would have made much difference. I couldn't have stopped Goutard. I don't think I would even have tried.

On the afternoon of what was to be my last day in Athens I drove some Americans up to Mount Parnes. It was dark when I got back, and I decided to stop in the *taverna* for a drink before I went up to my flat. There was a message for me from Gennadiou—*Telephone at once emergency*, and his office number.

He answered on the first ring and didn't waste time on politeness.

"Where are you? The *taverna?*"

"Yes."

"Leave and come straight to my office."

"I ——"

"Don't argue. There is no time. My office immediately. But leave your car by the yacht club. It must not be seen near the office. You understand?"

"But ——"

"At once, do you hear me? For your own sake, hurry."

He hung up.

There had been fear in his voice. That alone scared me. I swallowed my drink without sitting down again, and left for Tourcolimano.

His front office was in darkness, but he opened the door the moment I knocked. There was a light on in the storeroom beyond.

"Where did you leave your car?" he asked in a whisper.

"Where you told me."

"Very well. Come in." He shut the door, locked it, and led the way back into the storeroom. When he came into the light, I saw that he was sweating.

"Where have you been the last two days?" he demanded.

"Working."

"You were supposed to be working for me."

"There is nothing more for me to do there. Hayek is satisfied. Everything is all right."

"Everything is *not* all right."

"Goutard said it was."

"Goutard!" He said the name as if it were an oath. "You ought to have been there to stop him."

"Why, what has he done?"

"He attempted to corrupt the girls."

"To *corrupt* them!" It was such a ridiculous notion that I began to laugh.

Gennadiou hit me across the face savagely with the back of his hand. The blow made my head sing. I put my hand to my mouth and stared at him.

"Perhaps," he snarled, "you will not find it so amusing when I tell you that tonight the police have a warrant out for your arrest." He had stopped whispering.

"*My* arrest!"

"Yours and Goutard's. You were both denounced by a woman named Irma Zygouris."

"Madame Irma? I don't believe it."

"You had better believe it. My information is reliable, I assure you."

I remembered then that Gennadiou had a brother in the police; but still I could not accept it.

"Madame Irma would never . . . I mean she couldn't do that."

"You deceive yourself. She has good friends in the commissariat, and two of the girls are named as witnesses. The charge is that you attempted to recruit these girls into prostitution. They told your Madame Irma that Goutard proposed to set them up in a house of their own. A cooperative venture, he called it—some such nonsense."

Madame Irma would never forgive that, or forget it.

"The point is," he was saying, "that, while Mr. Hayek is seriously annoyed by the delay and inconvenience this will cause him, he recognizes that the damage has been done. Now we must act quickly to repair it."

"What's happened to Goutard?"

"He is hidden on the boat. But that won't be for long. It is too dangerous. Mr. Hayek has decided that you must both be smuggled out of here."

"Mr. Hayek has decided! That's very good of him." I was over the first shock now, and beginning to get angry.

"Would you rather go to prison and be deported officially later? Don't be a fool. Mr. Hayek and I are your only hope."

He was trying now to sound down-to-earth and businesslike, but he was still sweating and I knew what was going on in his mind. Madame Irma had denounced me and Goutard, but she hadn't said anything to the police about Hayek and his film unit. If I were arrested I would be interrogated, and then everything would come out,

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including Gennadiou's own part in the affair. Then *he* would be up the creek as well. No wonder he wanted to get rid of me.

He had gone into the front office, and now he came back. He had an envelope in his hand. He held it up.

"Your new passport, with Greek entry and exit visas, plus two hundred dollars American and passage on a ship sailing early tomorrow morning for Port Said. You'll both be put on board later tonight." He tried to look stern. "When one considers the trouble you have caused him, Mr. Hayek is being very generous."

"It was Goutard who caused the trouble, not me."

"You can argue with him about that on the voyage."

"But I can't just leave." I couldn't seem to think straight and, although I tried to control it, my voice was getting shrill. "There's my flat and the car—and my wife and my clothes. I can't just go."

"Would you sooner be picked up by the police? They have two men waiting for you at your home now. As for your wife, you said that she's in Romania. You can send her a postcard from Port Said." He held out the envelope. "Here, take it."

I took it.

"Now open it. Come on." He snapped his fingers. "Make sure that everything is there as stated. Count the money, check the passport. I don't want you making any more trouble."

Everything was there as stated. I made no more trouble.

At eleven, Gennadiou took me out to the Hayek yacht in his launch. Neither Hayek nor any of the other film people showed themselves. Gennadiou told me to stay where I was. He climbed aboard the yacht, spoke briefly to the deckhand and then went below. He reappeared a minute or two later with Goutard, who was wearing a hat and carrying a suitcase. Goutard grinned at me as he got down into the launch, but said nothing. The deckhand followed him and took over the controls. Gennadiou stayed behind on the yacht. He wanted no more to do with us. The deckhand opened the throttle wide and headed for the harbor mouth.

The S.S. *Wolvertem*, port of registration Monrovia, was anchored about a hundred yards from one of the oiling piers. She was a rusty old freighter with a tall funnel and superstructure amidships. There was a lowered gangway with a light over it on one side, but that, it seemed, was too public for us; the launch swung around under the stern, slowed and then came alongside below an open lower-deck port. A dim light came from above, and a hum of machinery. A face peered down at us. Goutard stood up and grasped his suitcase. He slung it over the coaming, then sprang up after it. I tried to follow, but the launch was bobbing about so much that I couldn't do it. Then, two hands reached down and grasped my arms. I was hauled on board.

The owner of the hands wore a dirty boiler suit, and he didn't trouble to help me to my feet. The moment I reached the deck he swung in the two heavy doors which closed the port and levered the securing clips into place. The launch had already left.

Goutard was lighting a cigarette. Not a word had been said. The man in the boiler suit motioned to us to follow him. He led us forward along an alleyway, then up three iron ladders to another alleyway. We were in the superstructure now. We passed a door from behind which there came the sound of a radio; but we saw no other member of the crew. Our guide stopped by another door and opened it.

"*Cabine*," he said.

We crowded inside. It was smaller than any jail cell I have ever been in. Instant claustrophobia was guaranteed.

Boiler suit left and closed the door behind him. Goutard reached past me and locked it. For a moment or two we stared bleakly at one another. Then, with a shrug, he picked up his suitcase, opened it, and took out a bottle of brandy.

I woke at five in the morning. We were moving, and the cabin fittings had begun to rattle from the vibration of the engines. I had a splitting headache, the result either of the brandy I had drunk or the lack of air, or both. Goutard, in the upper bunk, was snoring. I tried to get to sleep again, but it was no good. I had begun to face the future. All I possessed in the world, except for my socks and shoes, was hanging before my eyes and swaying slightly on a hook. So was I, in a manner of speaking, swaying slightly on a hook.

I was on a ship headed for Port Said, and Egypt is a country in which I am no longer *persona grata*—as vice-consul Gavin in Athens had so kindly pointed out. While I might safely remain ashore in Port Said long enough to get a passage on and transfer to another ship, any prolonged stay on Egyptian soil would be highly inadvisable. In Port Said I could only be a passenger in transit. But in transit to where? That was what was worrying me.

It had to be somewhere handy. Beirut would have been my first choice; but I'd had a little trouble there. Turkey, perhaps; but I wasn't too popular there either. Israel would accept me only as a tourist. With Italy and France it would be the same story. That left Cyprus, Libya, Albania, and Yugoslavia. Well, thank you very much.

The truth is that, in most civilized countries nowadays, about the only foreigners who are really welcome are tourists, businessmen who want to buy or invest, technicians whose brains can be picked, and Americans with aid appropriations to dole out. Soldiers of fortune with my sort of know-how are simply not wanted. The good old liberal principle of live-and-let-live is on the scrap heap. They only want people who can be exploited. If you aren't a sucker, you can't come in.

As I thought about the future, I began to wonder whether or not I *had* a future, whether it wouldn't be better to wait until night came again, then slip quietly over the side and let the sea take me. Lying there in my bunk that morning as the *Wolvertem* chugged out into the Mediterranean, I fully intended to kill myself before we reached Port Said. Why didn't I do so? I know what the holier-than-thous, the headmaster types, will answer—"*a triumph, my dear Simpson, of physical cowardice over the moral variety.*" You can't win with those sods, and I don't try any more. Personally, I think that it was something quite different that made me change my mind.

I think that before we reached Port Said the soldier of fortune had begun to sense that he was on his way to war again.

We waited until ten before emerging from the cabin. We found a small dining saloon on the deck above. An officer came in while we were eating. He was a young, tough-looking fellow. He nodded to us and sat down at the other end of the table.

"You're the new passengers, I take it," he remarked in French.

Goutard nodded. "Do you often carry passengers?"

"Not often. It's up to the skipper. We sometimes ship a few deck passengers at Aden. Arabs. Aden to Zanzibar."

He liked to talk, and told us that the S.S. *Wolvertem*, though of Liberian registry, was owned by a Belgian company. She was on her way now from Antwerp to Lourenço Marques in Portuguese East Africa with a cargo of structural steel sections and reinforcing rods. At least it was hoped that she was on her way. Condenser trouble had forced them to put in at Piraeus for repairs and delayed them two weeks already. It could happen again. Delays, according to Third Officer Bergier, were a familiar story to the men of the *Wolvertem*.

At lunch we saw the captain. He was a gray, angular man with a narrow head, a bitter mouth, and heavily lidded eyes. His name was Van Bunnen, and he was Flemish. I judged him to be in his fifties. He ignored us completely at first. This was understandable since he had taken a substantial bribe from Gennadiou, or some agent of Gennadiou's, to look the other way while we came aboard like stowaways. Obviously, he would prefer to ignore the evidence of his own venality. The other officers at the table took their cue from him. Presumably they also took their share of the perks.

If Goutard disliked being told things, he disliked even more being ignored. When he could contain himself no longer, he rose and walked over to the captain.

"Yves Goutard, skipper," he said. "Enchanted to make your acquaintance. We hope very much," he went on firmly, "that the unconventional manner of our arrival on board will not be misunderstood. We journalists, you must realize, are sometimes obliged to move in unconventional ways."

"Yes, yes, of course," said the captain. Whether or not he really believed this nonsense about journalists is hard to say, but at that moment it was clearly more convenient for him to behave as if he believed. In that way we were less of a reproach. He proceeded to introduce his officers.

That was Wednesday. We were due in Port Said late Friday. By Thursday night Goutard and the captain were as thick as thieves. I didn't care. It suited me to be left alone. I was trying to convince myself that tomorrow would never come and that I need not think about the future.

It was a warm night and I didn't want to sleep in that stifling cabin. I was dozing in a deck chair when Goutard joined me. He dragged a chair alongside mine.

He had been having a session with the captain and smelled strongly, of Dutch gin. He was slightly drunk, but his speech was quite clear; he was just a bit more affable than usual.

"Our skipper's trouble," he began, "is that he can't hold his gin. I left him flat out."

I began to wish he would go away—I didn't want to talk or think. But he stretched out and put his feet up on the lower rail.

"Do you plan to stay in Port Said?" he asked.

"No longer than I have to."

"Where will you go then?"

"Cyprus, possibly."

"What is there for you in Cyprus?"

A question to which I had no answer. I muttered something.

"You know where this boat's going, this place Lourenço Marques?" he asked. "Have you ever been there?"

"No, I haven't."

"The skipper was telling me about it. It's in Portuguese Mozambique. That's

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"He was a cute frog, but he makes a lousy-looking prince."

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still a white-man's country and no nonsense. They know how to deal with the *macaques* there."

Macaque means monkey, but it also means "nigger" or "wog" when a man like Goutard is using it. When I was at school in England, I used to be called wog because I had been born in Egypt. I am not really dark, so I hadn't minded much. But I had minded a little. Goutard had a nasty way of making me remember the things I try to forget.

"Ninety-nine percent *macaques*," he went on. "One percent white, but it's the one percent that counts. The skipper said he thought I could get a visa from the Portuguese consul in Port Said."

That shook me. "You mean to go there?"

"I'm thinking of it."

"But all that way?"

"It's only seventeen days or so. The skipper says that if I sign on as steward he'll give me passage there if I pay him a hundred and twenty-five dollars."

"But what would you do there?"

"I'd find something soon enough. I know how to deal with *macaques*. I could make myself useful. You'd be all right there, too."

"Me?"

"What have you got to lose?"

I tried to think of something I had to lose, apart from life and liberty.

"There's my wife," I said at last.

His grin widened. "I saw a photograph of her. Very interesting. Were you counting on her joining you in Cyprus?"

I hadn't been counting on anything. In fact, I hadn't given much thought to Nicki. About her, at least, I had no illusions. If I were not there when she returned, she would go her own way. Someone else would soon take my place.

"Why does he want you to sign on as steward?" I asked.

"So that he doesn't have to pay passenger dues through the canal. Maybe he'd make you a steward, too. Do you want me to ask him? He likes me."

"When do you have to decide?"

"Tomorrow, before we get into port. But I've pretty well made up my mind." He got to his feet, walked stiffly away, and went below.

The following morning I signed on as steward and gave Captain Van Bunnen one hundred and twenty-five of my two hundred dollars. I hated parting with the money, but at that moment it seemed the only thing to do. I thought I was buying a few days of time in which I wouldn't have to think.

I was ashore for less than three hours in Port Said; just long enough to get a visa for Mozambique from the Portuguese consulate and to buy the few things I needed.

Early next morning the *Wolvertem* joined the southbound convoy through the canal for Suez. Soon we were on our way down the Gulf of Suez toward the Red Sea.

"*The hellhole of the world*"—that's what my father used to call the Red Sea. He had been through it in a troopship in summer, and two soldiers—men who had been in India and were used to heat and humidity—had died of heat stroke. I suppose I should have been thankful that it was late September and not July or August, but even so it was absolute hell. The *Wolvertem* was not air-conditioned; moreover, she had a defective ventilation system. It was impossible to stay in the cabin. We slept on deck..

And then the condenser trouble began again. I don't know anything about ships' engines. Goutard said that the trouble had to do with seawater leaking from the condenser cooling pipes into the fresh water of the boilers. If such leaks weren't stopped, it appeared, they could soon disable the ship completely.

The faulty condenser in the *Wolvertem* had only been patched up in the repair yard at Piraeus. Now it would have to be patched up again. It was hoped, though not very confidently, that the other condenser would hold out until we reached Aden.

By the fourth day out from Suez we got news by radio that there was a dockyard strike in Aden and that we would have to put into Djibouti in French Somaliland for repairs.

That evening I made a perfectly ghastly mistake.

It was Captain Van Bunnen's fault entirely. The trouble with the ship, *plus* the heat, had been too much for him. He passed out two hours earlier than usual.

As a result, Goutard joined me on the deck long before it was time to sleep; and he brought with him the best part of a bottle of the captain's Dutch gin. He sent me for the tooth glasses in our cabin. Then we began to drink the gin and talk.

Goutard didn't mind at all that we were going to have to put into Djibouti. He thought he might find some old army pals there. From that, he got onto some of his army experiences in Indochina and Algeria.

There is always something infectious about that sort of talk. Get two old soldiers together and, if one starts remembering, it won't be long before the other starts, too. Of course, I am not, strictly speaking, an old soldier, but because of my father I sometimes feel like one. You have to be careful of feelings like that. They can be a trap: You can really believe for a while that you are what you feel. And then you can land yourself in a God-awful mess.

It all started with a comment I made.

Goutard had been talking about the different ways in which men behave in battle. Then he told me about an officer he had served under who had been a paragon of efficiency and decision until he actually came under fire for the first time, when he became totally helpless.

"I know the type," I said; "all water and wind." That was an expression of my father's. He used it frequently when referring to senior officers. Goutard laughed and asked me to repeat the phrase. I explained its origin.

"Your father was a British officer?" he asked.

"Oh, yes. I was one of the barrack rats." I ought to have stopped there, but he was looking really interested. "Soldiering's in my blood," I said.

"Where have you served?" he asked.

The question should have warned me, but I was feeling reckless by then.

"Libya, the Western Desert."

"Eighth Army?"

"As far as Tripoli."

It wasn't completely untrue. I *had* served with the Eighth Army, in fact, as civilian interpreter for the Army Catering Corps purchasing office in Cairo. If helping to stop those bloody Egyptian black-marketeers selling food poison to the G.H.Q. officers' mess wasn't serving with the Eighth Army, then words have no meaning.

"What rank?" he asked.

"Lieutenant."

"What arm?"

"Intelligence. I speak Arabic."

"Ah, yes. Of course. Wounded?"

"Not a scratch."

After that, Goutard did most of the talking. I may not have had much personal experience of war, but I do know something about soldiers and soldiering. I can sense when a man is bull-throwing. Goutard wasn't. In fact, some of the things he told me about—what he'd done to some Algerian prisoners, for instance—would have made me a bit sick if I hadn't had a few drinks inside me. As it was, I laughed—because I was afraid not to. I've already admitted that he scared me from the start. That's why what I did was such a stupid mistake.

What I did was make him believe that I was telling the truth about myself. With a man like Goutard you can't make a stupider mistake than that. What clinched it, I think, was a single remark I made.

He had been going on about the Indochina campaign and about some ex-Nazi Germans he'd known and liked who were in the Foreign Legion at the time of Dienbienphu. "Good soldiers," he said, "real professionals, if you know what I mean." Then he glanced sideways at me. "But you were never a professional, were you?"

"No, but I know what you mean."

He swung round to face me. "Do you? Well, then, what *do* I mean?"

I hadn't expected to be taken up suddenly like that. For a moment I didn't know what to reply. Then I remembered another saying of my father's, one that had always rather puzzled me. I thought it might puzzle Goutard. "*The important thing is to get there*," I said, "*not die like a bloody hero in the attempt*."

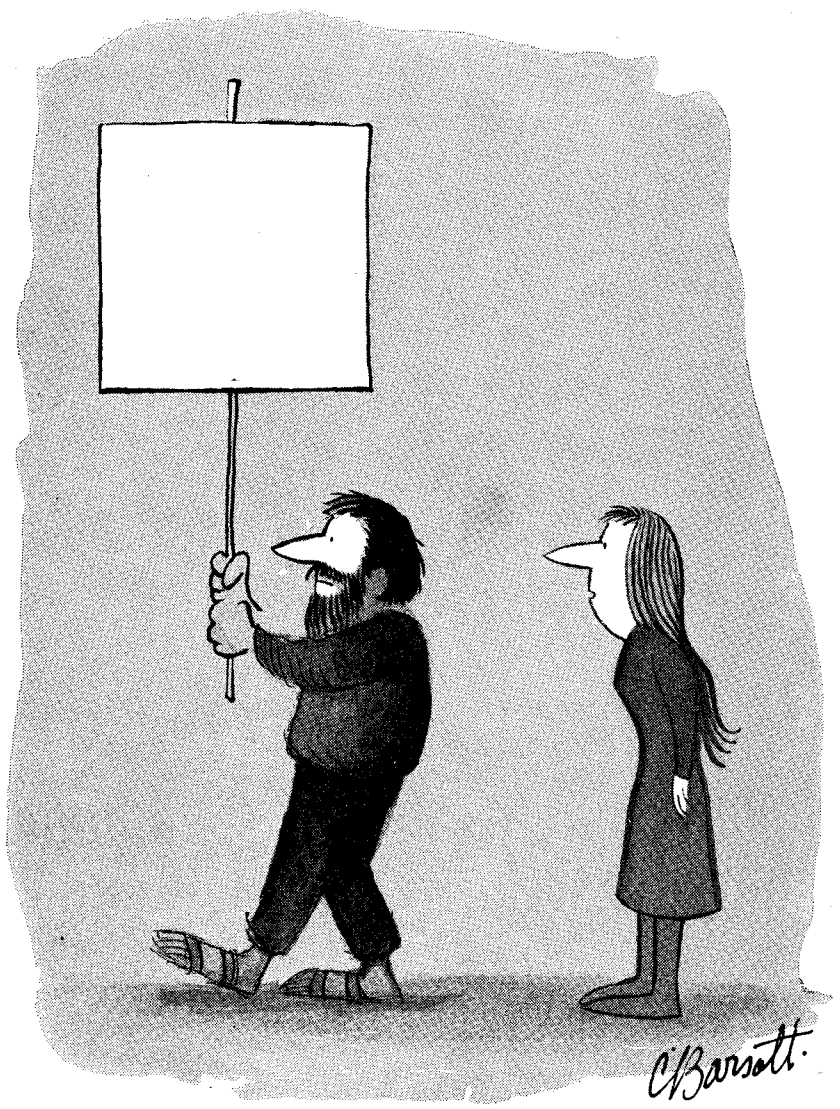
For a moment or two he went on staring at me; then he smiled and nodded. "Yes," he said, "that is one kind of professional approach."

He leaned forward and emptied the rest of the gin into my glass.

Two days later we crawled into Djibouti. There was a strong offshore breeze and the *Wolvertem* had to be warped alongside the mole where she was to remain until the repair yard was ready to receive her.

French immigration and customs officials came on board to attend to the formalities, and we were given transit visas to cover our stay there. It was understood that for the time being we would eat and sleep on board the ship. We could not do so for long, however. It was estimated that the repairs would take at least a week and, when work began, the drainage pumps and other machinery on board would be shut down. During that time we would have to live ashore. That was all right for the official crew, whose pay would continue and whose living expenses would be borne by the ship's owners. It was not all right for Goutard and me.

We had a difficult half hour with Captain Van Bunnen. He had taken our money on the understanding that he would transport us to Lourenço Marques and provide room and board on the way. But he had done so unofficially. Our "signing-on" had been a paper formality for the benefit of the



"But George—everybody has to stand for something."

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Port Said, Suez, and other port authorities. The ship's owners were unaware of our existence and would doubtless remain unaware of it. We were thus personal guests of the captain and so, logically, should have continued to be his guests while we lived ashore.

At least that was what *we* said. The captain, however, insisted that he was not responsible for the delay and could not be held responsible for any inconvenience it caused.

Goutard handled him rather well that time. Obviously, we were in no position to get tough. Van Bunnen was the legal captain of a ship, and technically we were members of his crew. If we appealed to the local authorities and revealed the truth, he might have to answer some awkward questions, but then so would we. If he chose to say that we had boarded the ship illegally and without his knowledge, and suggested a cable inquiry to the police in Athens, we could very well spend our days in Djibouti in jail. On the other hand, it was very much in his interest that there should be no trouble with the civil authorities. The owners already had troubles enough with the *Wolvertem*. A captain who added to them would be decidedly unpopular.

Having tactfully pointed this out, Goutard proposed a compromise solution. We would pay for our meals ashore if the ship would pay our hotel expenses. They could be entered in the books, Goutard suggested, as additional bribes to repair-yard officials. After some haggling, the captain agreed, and in the afternoon we went ashore to make inquiries about a hotel. A taxi took us into town.

Because Djibouti is both tropical and French, I had expected it to be in some way picturesque. It isn't. It is just a lot of square stone buildings and bare, treeless streets.

There is an important railway terminal at Djibouti—it is the railhead for Ethiopia—and, consequently, several small hotels. We chose the Hôtel de l'Europe.

That was Monday. We moved in on the Wednesday. On Saturday I met Fate in the person of Jean-Baptiste Kinck.

Between the hotel entrance and office there was a small courtyard where guests could be served drinks. I had been sitting there the previous evening when Kinck arrived.

Goutard had been invited to a club by some ex-army friend whom he had run to earth in the commissariat of police, so I was alone and bored. I suppose I noticed Kinck because his general appearance struck me as unusual.

He was in his early forties, I judged, tall and wiry with a narrow head and short, gray-brown hair. He was wearing khaki drill slacks and a bush shirt with a large sweat stain on the back of it. Over his right shoulder was slung a leather and canvas haversack. He moved in a way that suggested drive and nervous energy. My first impression was that he was some sort of minor government official from the interior. Then I noticed his luggage. It consisted of an expensive-looking lightweight suitcase, a portable typewriter, and a much-used Sabena airline flight bag. An oil technician?, I wondered. Or a newspaperman? He could have been either.

I gave no more thought to him then; but the following evening I found him in the courtyard deep in conversation with Goutard. They had beers in front of them. Goutard waved me over.

Kinck stood up to shake hands when Goutard introduced us. He had the same considering eyes as Goutard. They narrowed slightly when they looked at you.

Goutard said expansively, "Monsieur Kinck has been telling me about things I have never even heard of before. They are called 'rare earths.' Do you know what they are?"

"Something you mine out of ordinary earth, I imagine."

Kinck smiled. "If you can get at them to mine, you mine them, yes. But generally it is not so simple. Have you ever heard of ilmenite or rutile?"

"No."

"They are ores of the metal titanium which is being used now in the making of supersonic aircraft. It is, in fact, a very common element, and much more abundant in the earth's crust than, say, lead or tin. Yet the current world market price of titanium is in the region of three thousand dollars per metric ton."

"Three thousand *dollars?*"

"Certainly. And why? Because titanium, though common, is difficult to mine. There are other metals still more difficult. Have you ever heard of pyrochlore?"

Obviously, we hadn't. I was beginning to lose interest in Kinck, but Goutard was all attention. "Another rare earth?" he asked.

"Technically an ore, but certainly

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rare and precious. It contains the metal niobium now much in demand for high-temperature alloys and nuclear sheathing. The current world price of niobium is plus or minus one hundred and ten thousand dollars per ton."

Goutard whistled.

Kinck shrugged. "Mining used to be simple. Some mining is still simple. You dig out the ore, you crush it, then you discard the part you don't want—by washing it away, perhaps—and you smelt what is left. It is as simple almost as cracking a nutshell to get at the nut."

"But not with niobium," Goutard prompted.

"Not as a rule, no. Pyrochlore is found usually only in small quantities and as a small percentage of very large quantities of other ores. It must be concentrated by complex *dressage* processes, and you may have to process many tons of other material to obtain only a few kilos of pyrochlore." He turned to me. "So, you see, it is expensive."

I had to say something. "Is that your job?" I asked. "Prospecting for this sort of stuff?"

Goutard chuckled. Kinck smiled. Apparently there was some private joke between them that my question had blundered into.

Kinck's eyes slid back to me. "Well, not exactly, Monsieur Simpson. The people I work for still prefer nutcracker methods." He got another chuckle from Goutard. "But, yes, you might say that I am a prospector." He smiled again and went on. "You see, Monsieur, what I was explaining to our friend Goutard before you joined us was that there are many other valuable substances in the world besides gold and precious gems and uranium. Can you imagine what a concentrated, high-yield deposit of one of these special minerals is worth? Almost as much as a diamond field, and"—he leaned forward slightly—"it is almost as difficult to secure and protect. For that purpose one needs men of experience and resource. Of course, such men are not easy to find, but"—he leaned back—"where there are great rewards to be had, there are always difficulties to be overcome. That is in the nature of things." He glanced at his watch and then got to his feet. "It has been a great pleasure talking to you. I shall be here for a few days. I hope that we will meet again."

After he left, Goutard grinned and lighted a cigarette.

"What was all that about?" I asked.

"Didn't you guess? I thought he made it plain enough. He's recruiting."

"Men of experience and resource?"

"That's one way of putting it. My pal in the commissariat knows about him. There is quite a dossier on our Major Kinck. Nothing criminal, but interesting."

"*Major* Kinck?"

"He wouldn't use his military title here. But I'll bet he's using it somewhere. He flew in yesterday from Fort-Lamy in Chad. That doesn't mean that he's based there, of course, but it's an indication of his present working area. If we weren't going to Mozambique," he said, "I might be tempted to ask him how much he's paying."

Captain Van Bunnen was living in a private bungalow in the European residential quarter. We had not seen anything of him since the ship had been towed into the repair yard and he had given Goutard our hotel expenses for the week. We kept in touch with the situation through young Bergier, the third officer.

The *Wolvertem* had been in the yard five days when Bergier told us that she would be there five more days. His unofficial opinion was that she would be there for at least fifteen, and at that we would be lucky. He was going by what the chief engineer had told him about the extent of the repairs needed and the shortage of the skilled labor required to do the job quickly. He had also heard that there had been talk of transshipping the cargo, the owners of which had now lost patience, and of sending the *Wolvertem*, when she could be made seaworthy, in ballast to Mombasa.

"Is that a serious possibility?" Goutard asked.

Bergier shrugged. "With the *Wolvertem* nothing is serious and anything is possible. We have loaded cargo in Mombasa before. Perhaps we will again, if we ever have the strength to steam there."

"Where would such a cargo go?"

"To a European port, naturally. But this is all rumor and gossip, you understand. I *know* nothing."

He knew enough to ruin my appetite. Later, Goutard and I talked over the situation. Even if we discounted the rumor about Mombasa, the outlook was bleak. We were having to buy our own food, and money was already short. I had to reckon with the possibility of a long delay with no money at all to live on.

Goutard wasn't much better off than I was. As a Frenchman stranded in a French overseas territory, he could probably obtain repatriation at government expense, but he didn't seem to like that idea. From the way he rejected it, I gathered that his return to metropolitan France would be about as sensible at that time as a return to Greece, and would have disagreeable consequences of a similar nature.

The obvious answer, according to Goutard, was to renegotiate our agreement with Captain Van Bunnen. Goutard said that we would have to be firm. "Discreetly menacing" was the phrase he used.

The following morning we went out to the laurel-hedged bungalow where the captain was staying and caught him as he was about to leave for the ship. He had his usual hangover, of course, and was anything but pleased to see us. There was a taxi waiting for him.

"What do you want?" he demanded irritably.

"Just to talk, Captain. A matter of business," Goutard said.

"It will have to wait," Van Bunnen snapped. "I must go out to the ship."

He reached for the taxi door handle Goutard got his hand on it first.

"All right, Captain," he said, "we'll go with you."

Van Bunnen hesitated, and Goutard gave him a very unpleasant look. Van Bunnen then climbed into the taxi without a word. We climbed in after him.

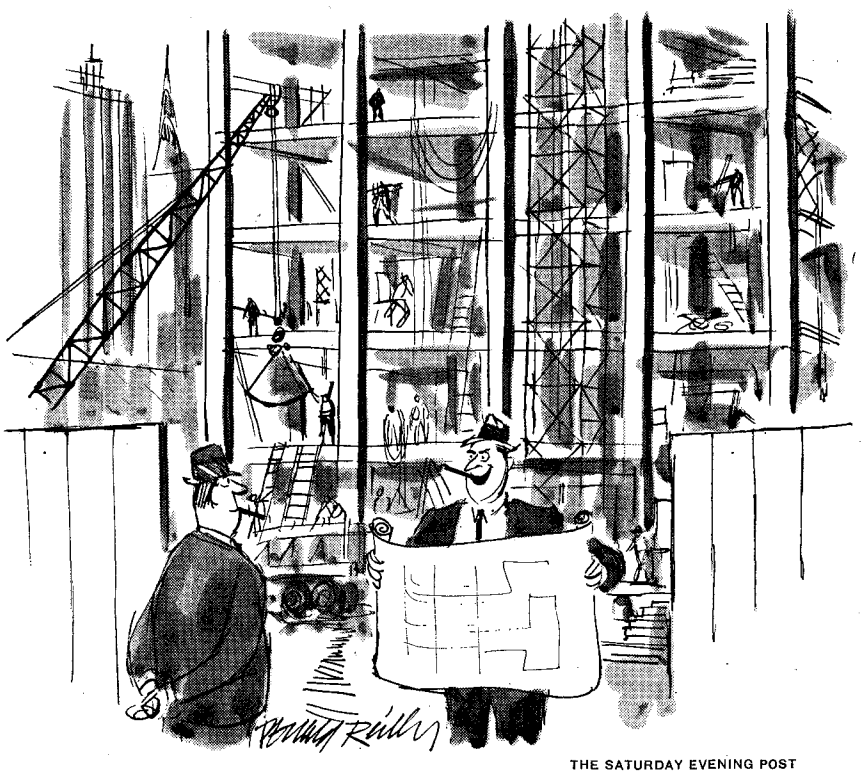
It was a small Renault, and we were all crammed together. As we drove off, Goutard eased around on the seat to face Van Bunnen, who tried unsuccessfully to look impassive.

"Well," the captain said curtly, "state your business."

"Money," said Goutard. "We are going to need more money."

He went on to outline the facts. He asked what would happen if he, a Frenchman, had to go to the authorities—he mentioned his friend in the commissariat—and apply for assistance on the grounds that he was destitute. Naturally, he would have to explain why he was destitute. Inquiries would be made, questions asked. Finally, he appealed to the captain's well-known good nature and reminded him of the friendly evenings they had spent together. I could see that Van Bunnen was weakening. Then we drove into the dockyard, and all of a sudden everything became insane.

It was a remark of Van Bunnen's that triggered the explosion. In itself, the



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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remark was innocent enough, but Goutard was losing patience. What Van Bunnen said as the taxi stopped by the ship was, "Well, I will think about it." He then opened the taxi door and started to get out.

That was it. Goutard made a sort of angry gargling noise in his throat and jabbed a foot out. It caught Van Bunnen in the behind and sent him sprawling forward onto the concrete pier.

There was a Somali dock policeman standing there, and at first, I think, he believed that Van Bunnen had merely tripped. He started forward to help him up. But Goutard was already out of the taxi and reached Van Bunnen first. As the captain scrambled to his feet, Goutard grabbed him by the shirt and began to shout in his face and shake him.

"So you'll think about it, will you? Well, think now and think fast, Captain Sinbad, because I'm on your back and not letting go. You understand? You think *now! Now!*"

Van Bunnen, recovering from his surprise, began to yell back and attempted to hit Goutard. The latter swept the blow aside and jabbed the heel of his hand hard into Van Bunnen's face.

"*Now,* Captain Sinbad! *Now!*"

The policeman stared uncertainly at the struggling white men and hefted the long truncheon he carried, but all he did was to start shouting, too. The driver and I were out of the taxi by now, and everyone was shouting. Then there was a sound of running footsteps. The next moment, young Bergier and the chief engineer had an apoplectic Goutard by the arms.

Van Bunnen backed away quickly. There was blood trickling from his nose. As he dabbed at it with his handkerchief, I saw him look from us to the policeman. I was sure that he was going to have us arrested. Then he seemed to think better of it. There was a chance that we could still make trouble for him. He decided to forestall that by disposing of us formally.

"These two men are dismissed from the ship," he said loudly. He turned and walked up the gangway.

Goutard turned furiously on Bergier. "He took a hundred and twenty-five dollars from each of us."

"I know," said Bergier, "but there's nothing I can do about it. He's the skipper."

"We were signed on as crew," I said. "Is it legal for the captain to dismiss us in a foreign port of call, no matter what the reason, without paying us off?"

Bergier looked at the chief engineer. The chief thought for a moment, then grinned. "Perhaps not. Perhaps we will ask him."

They went on board while Goutard and I waited. Twenty minutes later Bergier reappeared. He was smiling and he had some papers in his hand. Two of the papers were receipts for us to sign. The rest of the paper was money—the equivalent in Djibouti francs of fifty American dollars apiece.

Goutard burst out laughing and gave me a crushing handshake. You'd have thought he'd just inherited a fortune. When we had signed the receipts and Bergier had handed over the money, he got a handshake, too, and an invitation to celebrate over dinner.

I hadn't thought Goutard capable of such wild changes of mood. He had just swung from sweet reason to violence, and then from violence to a sort of idiot euphoria. He couldn't seem to realize what had happened. In the taxi on the way back, I tried to point out that, while we had begun the day as delayed but still hopeful passengers to Lourenço Marques, we were now only fifty dollars away from being stranded on the beach at Djibouti. All I got was a hearty slap on the back.

He had to come back to earth that evening, however. Bergier brought the bad news when he turned up for dinner. It appeared that Van Bunnen had formally advised the police that we had been paid off and dismissed from the ship for refusing to obey orders.

"What will that mean to us?" I asked Bergier.

"Well, it means that the police here will take an interest in you now. You must understand that seamen in a foreign port are generally in a privileged position where the police are concerned. Because tomorrow or the day after or next week they will be gone. They belong more to the ship than to the shore. But you no longer belong to the ship, and the police have been told that you don't."

"I don't see anything different about it." Goutard was being willfully obtuse.

Bergier's tone sharpened. "Will you be able to show merchant-seaman's papers when the police come asking for them?" he inquired. "If not, do you have a visa for the territory?"

Goutard smiled cryptically and got to his feet. "If it will put your mind at ease," he said, "I will telephone my friend in the commissariat and find out if the police are interested." He went off to telephone. When he returned, he smiled. "We have nothing to worry about." He said it too casually. I guessed that he was lying. No more was said on the subject until we had bid good night to Bergier and were walking back to the hotel.

"What did your friend really say?" I asked.

"We have three days. Then they will want to know what we propose to do, and what means of support we have at our disposal. If our answers are unsatisfactory, we shall get our marching orders. He advises, though, that we do not wait to be questioned but apply immediately for a permit to remain one week. That would probably be granted. But it would not be renewed."

There was no need to comment on that; one week would see the end of our money anyway. In a week we would be down-and-out. I was trying to think of a last hope to hold on to, but I couldn't.

"What are you going to do?" I asked.

He glanced at me and grinned. He was quite sure of himself again. "There's only one thing left to do," he said.

"What's that?"

"Talk to Major Kinck."

Their talk took place the following afternoon. I was not present.

It had been a most unpleasant day. We had decided to take Goutard's friend's advice that we should forestall the police inquiries by presenting ourselves at the passport control bureau and applying for permits to stay for a week. The move had not proved as disarming as we had been led to expect. We had been questioned and cross-questioned anyway. The police couldn't have been worse. They wouldn't take our word for anything. We were told, finally, that if either of us was still in the territory seven days hence, he had better be able to swim. Even Goutard was subdued when we left.

He was going to meet his police friend for lunch. I was feeling too numb and confused to do anything constructive. I spent the whole day walking around and making useless inquiries at shipping agencies. But my passport and visa problems stymied all my attempts to get passage anywhere. I felt half dead by the time I got back to the hotel.

As a result I didn't really have all my wits about me when Goutard returned.

"Where have you been?" he demanded as he sat down beside me.

I started to tell him, but he cut me short. "Listen!" he said impatiently, "I have talked to Kinck. I told you he is recruiting. I was right. Here is the proposition he made. A three-month contract, renewable for further three-month periods by mutual agreement. Terms, two thousand Swiss francs a month basic salary, that is nearly five hundred dollars, plus all traveling and living expenses, plus equipment allowance, plus fifty percent bonus after six months. One month's salary to be paid in advance on signature of initial contract. There! How does that sound?"

It sounded like paradise to me, and I had a sharp twinge of envy. "What's the job?" I asked.

He smiled his most confident and knowing smile. "Just showing some stupid *macaques* how to secure and protect a strip of land."

"One of these deposits of rare earth?"

"Of course. You heard what he told us."

"Where is it?"

"He won't say yet. Naturally, he has to be careful at this stage. But it isn't the Congo. I told him right away I wouldn't be interested if it were. He assured me it isn't. Farther north he says. We leave by plane on Thursday. Make sure you're ready."

I gaped at him. "Me, too?"

"Who else are we talking about? I went to a lot of trouble to convince him about you, and it wasn't until I told him about your record that he agreed to take you."

"My record!" I was appalled. All I could think of was my Interpol record. "Why did you have to do that?"

"Well, nowadays you don't exactly look like Eighth Army and Western Desert, do you? Naturally, he wanted to know about your soldiering experience."

His face was beginning to take on the pinched look it had had just before he had hit Captain Van Bunnen. "We're together, aren't we?" he said.

"Of course," I answered, "and I'm very grateful. Have a brandy."

"I was going to." Suddenly his grin was back in place. "No more worrying about money, and we won't have to learn to swim after all." He chuckled. "A good feeling, Arthur, eh?"

"Very good."

And it *was* a good feeling while we went on drinking. It would have been still better if it had not been accompanied by an anxiety and a suspicion. The anxiety was immediate enough. The frying pan out of which I was jumping I knew all too well, and bloody uncomfortable it was; but what was the fire going to be like?

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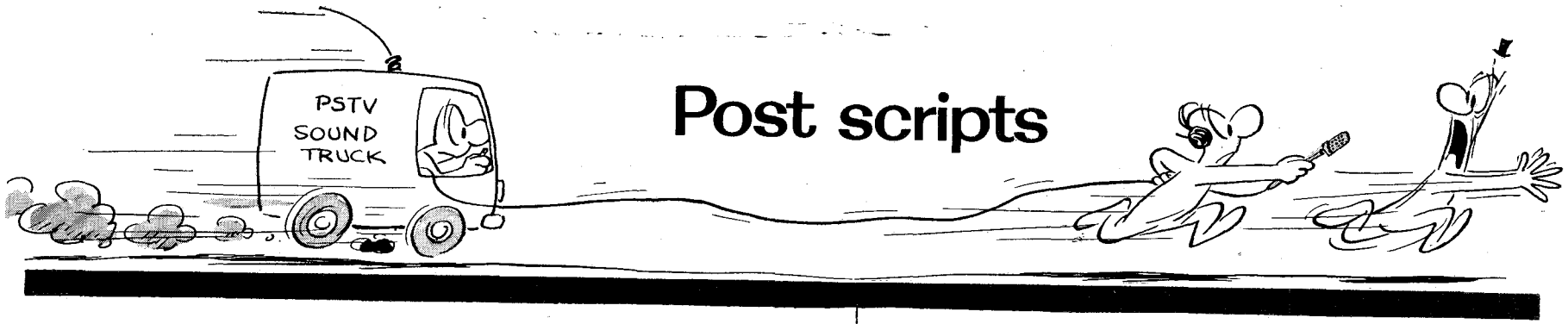
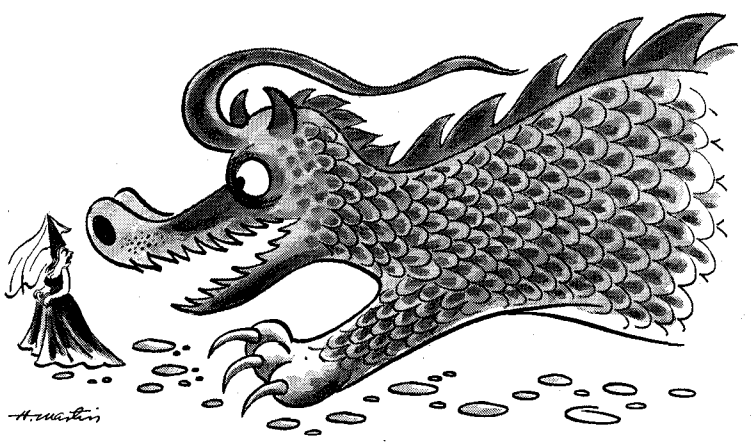
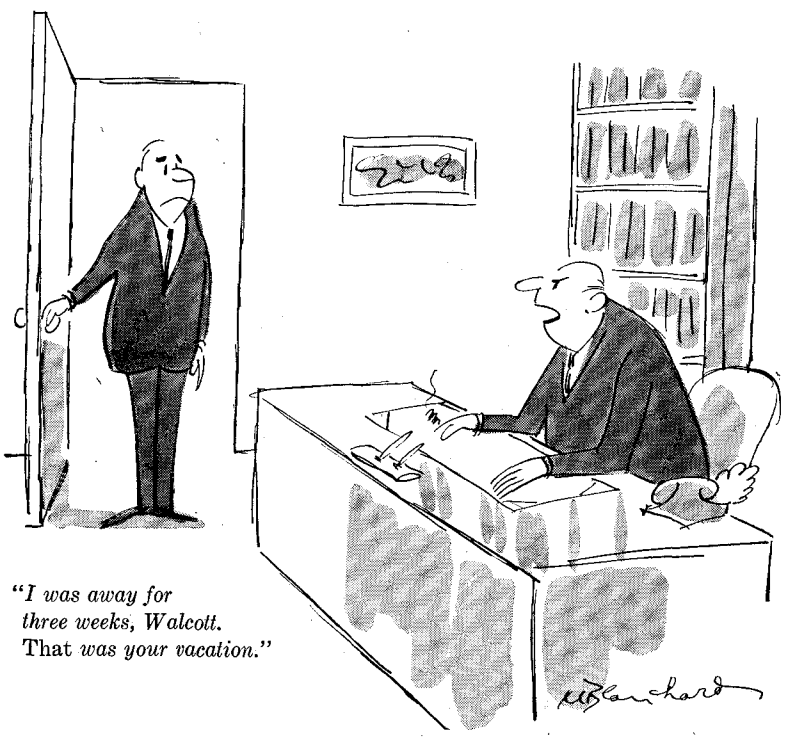


Post scripts

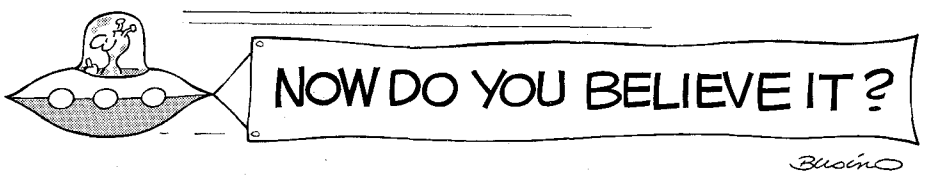
"No! No! She's one of mine!"



"Go home!"



"I was away for three weeks, Walcott. That *was your vacation.*"



"I'll never forgive you for crying 'Encore' at those fertility rites."

"I can feel him kicking, dear."

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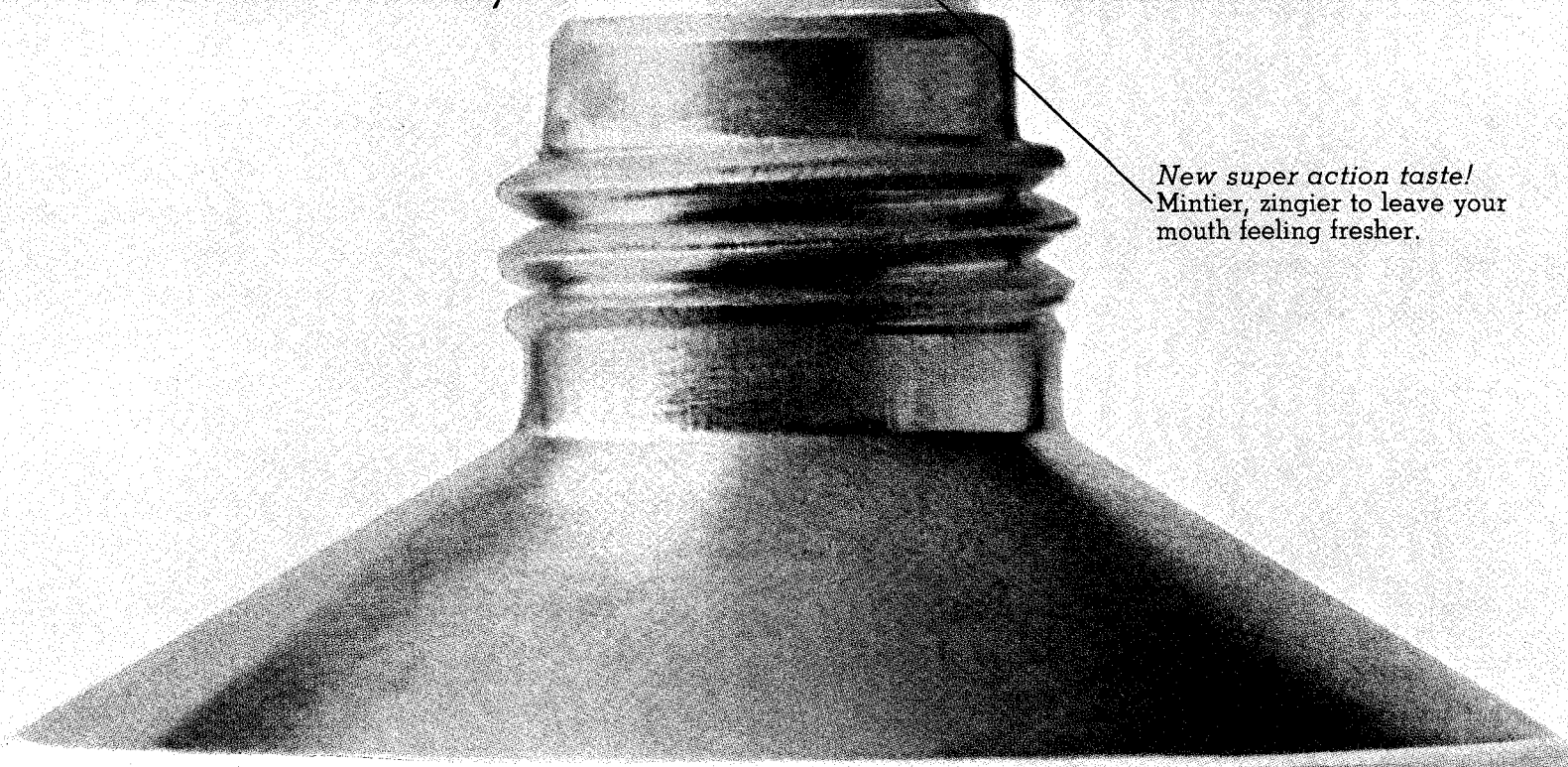

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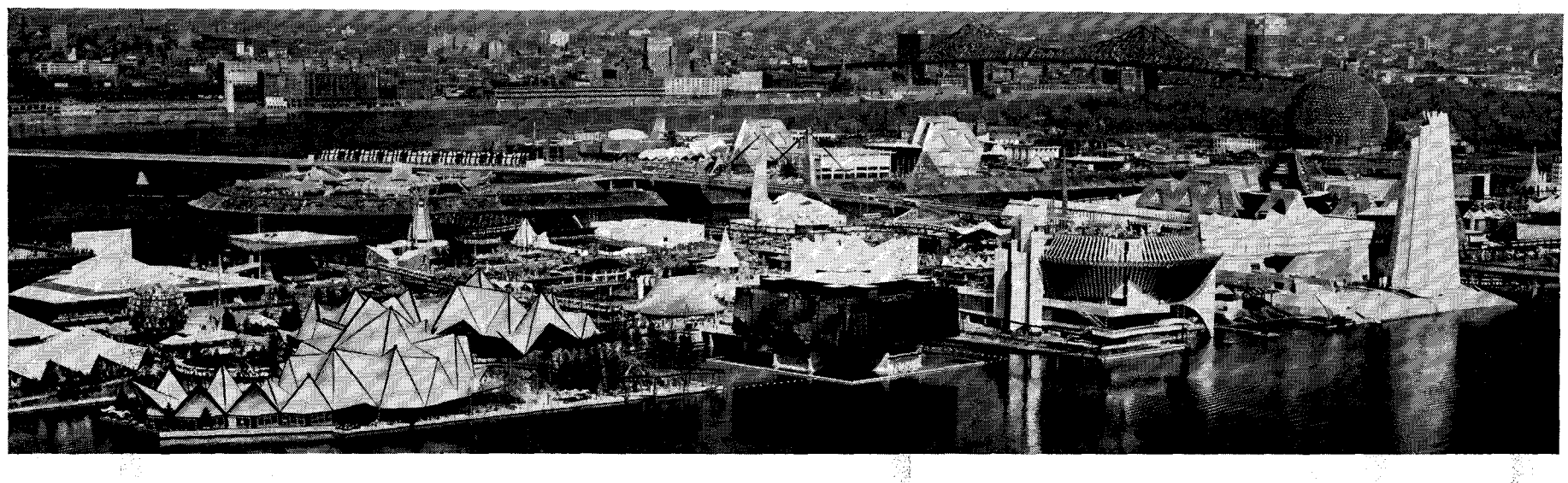

Letter from Expo 67

There wasn't a tourist in sight when contributing writer Anne Chamberlin (left) visited Expo early this year to do a Post story on preparations for the fair. She went back for another look recently, and—as she reports in this letter to her editor—found things greatly changed.

Dear Boss:

You asked me to come to Expo disguised as a tourist instead of a Saturday Evening Post writer, which was my cover last winter before it opened, and it may surprise you to hear I found the place on my first try.

I didn't book a room, since it said right in my own article that Logexpo, Expo's electronic lodging system, would take care of me. I must say that nothing makes me more nervous than having to follow my own advice, but I marched to the nearest airport telephone booth and called the computer, which is supposed to keep track of all available rooms in town. Would you believe that telephone number we published actually answers? It put me in touch with one of the computer's live assistants, a lady who offered to program me for $20 a night. I thought the crowds might thin out at that altitude, but the computer rejected me four separate times, after trying four new places each time. A total of 16 rejections in a row—about as many as I've ever had in one afternoon. The process took so long, with me standing in the telephone booth, that I tried to stand up straight and wiggle a finger now and then so people wouldn't think I'd died in there.

Finally the computer said I could have a room for $20 at the United Grand Motel, Inc., if I would telephone the manager myself. I must have sounded rather frayed at the edges when I did because he was most solicitous and told me to be sure to take the airport bus to town, as the $6.50 taxi would be much too expensive for me.

My room may have been decorated by computer, too. There were two double beds and a convertible couch for a possible total of six passengers, with space for two cots. There was also a refrigerator, a stove and a balcony with a fine view of other people's balconies.

When I got out to The Site, as they call it, I met people in queues who told me they had paid four months in advance for places that turned out not to be built yet. Others took pot luck—if Logexpo will excuse the expression—and landed in splendid motels with TV, free ice cubes, swimming pools and friendly rates. But we agreed that for an Expo regular any hotel is just a place to put on dry shoes and gather up more money.

You note the casual way I mention the word queue. One of the basic principles I have always planned to cling to all the way to the Air Raid Shelter is Not Standing in Queues. I don't care if they're giving away free yachts at the front of the line. But after five days here I've stood in line so long that I can't seem to stop.

I had no choice about my first queue. I had to line up to pay $2.50 to get in. (Expo regulars keep regular office hours—9:30 A.M., when the gates open, to 2:30 A.M., when they allegedly close—and the entrance jam at rush hour is worse than the 86th and Lexington Downtown Express.) When my turn finally came, I noticed a small metal box next to the cash register labeled Counterfeit Money Detector. The young lady in the booth confided that before it broke down it had rejected a bill presented unwittingly by a high French official, who was "absolutely mortified and had to spend hours identifying himself."

There were brave plans, before Expo opened, about advance reservations to make queues unnecessary. But the turnstiles are clicking past the wildest predictions of the management (20 million—6 million more than expected—by July 11). You could see the crowd in full Expo battle kit—ground-gripper shoes, sun hats, raincoats, cameras, portable stools—queuing up where you make the reservations so you won't have to queue (except they stopped making reservations since one of the reservation girls got slapped in the face because she'd run out of reservations).

There are as many kinds of queues as there are things to see at Expo, and an old hand learns not to attempt two of the same kind in the same morning, or even in the same day if possible. Ultimately, the queue-stander's Nirvana is to enjoy standing in line for its own sake. "Have you been glad yet to be inside a pavilion?" one of my fellow standees demanded one day. "Getting inside is a terrible mistake. It's waiting to get in that makes the day."

The U.S. Pavilion, the day I went there, had a one-hour-and-10-minute queue, divided into what the guide in her mod mini-skirt called the "flagpole people" (the ones wrapped around the fenced switchbacks among the flagpoles) and the "tree people" (who have graduated from the flagpoles and snake around a grove of trees and past a reflecting pool before reaching the entrance). The hour-and-10-minute queue entitles you to stand in a 40-minute queue to be one of the 290 people to watch the movie ("Not a documentary, but a film for film's sake," the guide kept telling us) before visiting the main exhibits. People whose legs begin to buckle (a majority) can go directly through the pavilion.

Having stood in line nearly two hours to see what must be the most inconsequential movie ever made—a tedious

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whimsy about children's games—I wasn't even faintly tempted to get up and walk out. I was too grateful to be sitting down. It shows what queue-standing can do to your critical faculties.

The guide said that 5,000 people an hour go through the pavilion, and to join them is to push off from the dock into a warm, human wave that carries you up and down the Escalators, washing you around the various disconnected artifacts assembled there. People my size surface only intermittently among the shirt-sleeves and small boys in feathered hats, so I had a rather flickering impression of being swept past patchwork quilts, pictures of movie stars, electric guitars, some perfectly enormous canvases that some of our leading artists had apparently wiped their brushes on and signed at the bottom, some compressed cubes that astronauts eat for lunch, and—yes—the very catapult that stormed the Bastille in M-G-M's Tale of Two Cities (1935), to say nothing of the chariot used in Ben Hur (1926), and several good views through the transparent pavilion of the flagpole and tree people, waiting in line to wait in line for the movie. I heard some taxpayers say they thought having more movie stars and electric guitars than poets and statesmen in our pavilion gave us a bad cultural posture in front of foreigners. Others said they figured that was about how things are in the U.S.

The back door of our pavilion aims you irresistibly at the front door of the Russians' across a footbridge called Cosmos Walk, so I drifted over, even though their queue wasn't half the challenge of ours. For one thing, they've brought over some of their Olympic-class racing Escalators that spray whole batches of people into the place as though they'd been shot by M-G-M's catapult. They also had a sub-queue for a movie, but one of those a day is enough, thanks. Instead of movie stars, the Russians were promoting contraptions like Ultra-sonic Introscopes that looked like high-speed dentists' drills. The signs with uplifting messages ("The production of mineral fertilizers for agriculture is to reach 55 million tons in 1970") were popular because they had chairs under them. A sign in raised letters behind a huge portrait of Lenin said, "Art belongs to the people. Its roots should be deeply implanted in the very thick of the labouring masses." This drew a very appreciative crowd because even large family groups could sit on the nearby rug exhibit.

The Russian restaurant was the most expensive place to sit in their pavilion, if not in the whole of Canada. Even though my waiter, who was Belgian, talked me out of the Pastry Sputnik—"a delectable space-age flight of fancy" (too fattening)—and the "biting sharp white cheese from the Republic of Georgia" (there wasn't any), I managed to increase our capitalist gold outflow by a total of $9.20. Sorry about that.

For those whose finances survive the restaurant, there is a U.S.S.R. Boutique, where the perfume industry takes the same positive stance as the fertilizer people. The bottles bore names like Kremlin, It Freezes, Black Box, Red Moscow and Eighth of March, which the salesman explained was the date the perfume factory discovered that particular smell. It shows how simple life can be if you don't have to run things up the flagpole to see who salutes.

The prices at Expo souvenir shops and pavilion restaurants made you understand the long line at the pavilion of the Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce, where they change traveler's checks. But a day at Expo needn't cost more than the $2.50 admission, plus a 50-cent ride or two and the odd ice-cream cone to dribble down the socks of small persons saying, "Where we gonna eat now, Daddy?"

Eating in the Soviet Pavilion, with its fast turnover, didn't get me many points among my fellow queue-standers. There is more cachet to the Cuban Pavilion restaurant, with its three-hour queue. In a queue of these dimensions, you can acquire the lasting friends and permanent enemies you might in a life raft.

The night I was there the Montreal papers mentioned fears that anti-Castro Cubans might blow the place up, so there was a certain front-line excitement as we watched five rather sinister-looking men in private-detective-style suits strumming determined Latin rhythms on electric guitars, while surveying the crowd through dark glasses. A sixth musician patrolled the roof with binoculars.

Some fainthearted people peeled off—not when we discussed the chances of being blown up, but when the head-waiter announced there would still be a two-and-a-half-hour wait. We lost one family group at the two-hour mark, when we were given a menu to drool over, and the 12-year-old barefoot girl in their party announced that seafood (which is all the restaurant serves) made her throw up. By the time we vets reached the head of the line we became very unruly, stamping our feet, clapping every time we saw someone inside ask for the check or order coffee and booing if they asked for brandy and cigars.

The ultimate pavilion queue, at the Czech Pavilion, winds around so far from the door that newcomers aren't even sure for the first hour or so what queue it is. I stood in the Czech queue in the rain, and if you think that rain thins the ranks up here, don't. It's the same number of people, only wrapped in plastic, and some of them go barefoot and carry their shoes. That still leaves a hand free to carry a soggy paper plate with a hot dog sloshing in it, or a Sno Cone or roast buffalo or any of Expo's other movable feasts whose aromas will linger in your clothes for the rest of your life.

Nothing brings people closer than comparing leaks in their rain gear, and our queue whiled away a happy two hours on this subject alone. The Czech Pavilion was gloriously rewarding inside, and even had benches where you could sit and watch the drowning queue delicately refracted through a display of blue glass dinner plates.

One day I made a tremendous effort to salvage my sense of purpose. There were things to be seen that I'd read about, written about, or that my queue friends had told me were Absolutely Essential—the theme pavilions, the French, all the Canadian pavilions, Labyrinth, the Art Museum, the Telephone Pavilion, the thrill rides . . . heavens!

I started strong, with Man the Producer, a theme pavilion which stands like a truncated Eiffel Tower, spanning a canal, with its legs in the midst of St. Hubert's Bar-B-Q and a place called Bouffe-Tout All You Can Eat. Upstairs it has breezy catwalks overlooking the Cuban queue, carpeting to land on when your legs give out and a friendly computer.

"SQUNF 225," it suddenly clacked out on a teleprinter as a group of us ambled by. "PRESS THE BUTTON IBM."

It was like the "Drink Me" bottle in Alice in Wonderland. How could we help ourselves? The bravest member of our group stepped up and pressed the button.

"GOOD," said the machine. "YOU HAVE JUST COMMUNICATED WITH THE COMPUTER. PRESS IBM EACH TIME YOU WANT THE COMPUTER TO READ AN ANSWER. WHAT IS THE SQUARE OF 5?"

Our man cagily punched out "24" on the keyboard.

"TRY AGAIN," said the computer.

This time our man tried "25" and the computer gave us a curt "RIGHT. LET'S TRY SQUARING 65." It showed our man a quick way to square two-digit numbers ending in five, and ended by telling him "EXCELLENT! YOU'VE GOT IT." As we passed the last sign in the pavilion, asking "MAN IN CONTROL?" we all felt quite hopeful.

But the queue-stander's habit of seizing targets of opportunity soon had me back in its grip. The empty table outside the Chinese Pavilion got me involved in a hot shrimp eggroll and green tea, although I had just finished breakfast. I became an inadvertent expert on 17th-century Celadon glazes because of the short line outside the Koreans' place. I impulsively joined two gentlemen eating grapes from a paper bag in the Italian queue, which seemed to be moving fast, and we suddenly found ourselves filing through mysterious grottoes and Dantesque Infernos, feeling like Marcello Mastroianni after that all-night party in La Dolce Vita.

With all this going on, I have somehow fallen gently into shreds. The day it rained, and I was wrapped in plastic, I distinctly understood the nun behind me to say she had come all the way from Wisconsin "with 35 underprivileged idiot children." When I unwrapped my head to learn more about this group, they turned out to be Indian children.

As I sit here now, listening to the sound-track music of Bridge on the River Kwai from the Beer Pavilion across the canal, a fellow in a striped shirt has just spun by in a motorized gondola, and I can see a sampan and a vaporetto rounding the bend. The blue Minirail is looping above my head, and at this hour after sunset the whole Site turns into a lighted soap bubble. My horoscope, which I got for a nickel when I stood on the foot-massage machine, because no one else was standing on it, says I am passionate, tempestuous, impulsive, instinctive, vernal and meditative (traits I apparently share with Mao Tse-tung, Stalin, Napoleon III, Marlene Dietrich and Henry IV, my fellow Capricorns). Because there was an empty seat here at Aux Crêpes de Chez Smitty, I am also knee-deep in a Belgian waffle. I think it was about when I started wiping the whipped cream off my purse that I decided not to come back to America.

Passionately, tempestuously, impulsively, instinctively, vernally and meditatively yours,

Napoleon III

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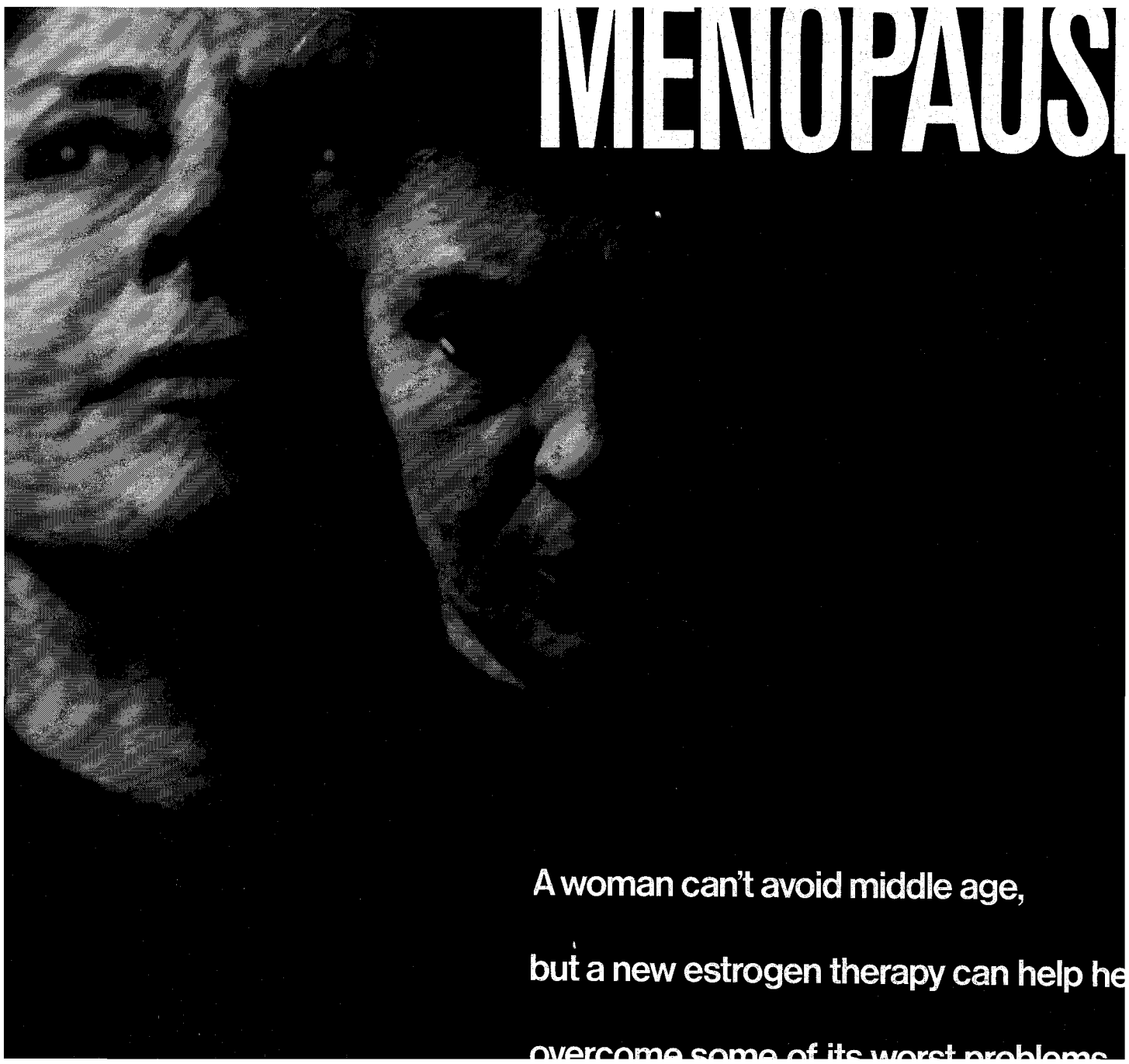

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IS THERE A CURE?

By Bill Davidson

She had once been a cha ming and competent businesswoman; now she was about to be fired from her job for becoming what one of her associates called "an uncontroll ble bitch on wheels." Then there was a once hap pily married housewife who complained so constan ly of fatigue, backache, leg cramps and other ailm nts that her husband began to spend increasingly less time with her and more time, she suspected, w th his young secretary. And a public official lapsed nto so serious a depression after months of bitter quarrels with her staff and her husband (who w s threatening divorce) that she abruptly resigned her position.

The three women, all in their early 50's, were in the throes of menopause, o "change of life." Each of them went to her gynec ologist and was given a daily dosage of the femal hormone, estrogen, in the form of little yellow p ls. Within a few weeks the shrew was exorcised f om the businesswoman and the crone from the h usewife; they were able to reestablish themselves with job and husband, respectively. But the pub ic official, who received the exact same estrogen d osage, found that nothing happened. Her depre sion worsened, and her gynecologist had to refer her to a psychiatric institution for therapy.

These three cases illustr te one of the most hopeful, if occasionally overst ated, advances in recent medical history. Hormon pills do often work dramatically in middle-aged women—but not always. Nevertheless, publicity a out the wonders of Estrogen Replacement The rapy, as it's called, has been so extravagant that a great many women—and even many doctors—are beginning to ask, "Is menopause obsolete?"

They are likely to ge three types of answers from the experts. "*Yes*— or thousands of women," says Dr. Robert A. Wilso n, the 72-year-old Brooklyn gynecologist who sta ted a stampede to hormones last year with his book, *Feminine Forever* (hard-cover sales in 17 c ountries, paperback edition forthcoming).

"*No*," says Dr. Danie G. Morton, chief of obstetrics and gynecology t U.C.L.A. "I think all the furore is overdone an d more than unjustified. An impossible thing is b ing held before the public—an ultimate fountain of youth for all women."

"*Maybe*," says Dr. He bert Kupperman of the New York University M dical Center. "It's good therapy, with sometimes antastic results. But it's not a panacea. You're n t going to take a psychotic and make her nor nal. You're not going to take a depressive and ma e her happy. And above all, you're not going to ake an old woman and make her young."

Dr. Kupperman's answ er represents the majority view among physician who specialize in female ailments. Nearly all gyne ologists recognize today that a difficult menopause can cause broken homes, broken families, lawsuits, bitter quarrels, aberrant behavior—and that man of these tragedies and semi-tragedies can some times be averted with estrogen. On the other ha nd, some doctors are not sure yet about the long- ange effects of the hormone. Unfortunately, wo nen who are not aware of the treatment's limitatio s expect estrogen pills to solve all the problems of m iddle age—ranging from hot flushes and insomnia which the hormones will cure) to brittle bones and blood-vessel-and-heart disease (which the hormones may stave off) to facial wrinkles, sagging breasts and flagging libido (for which the hormones will do nothing). At a recent meeting of the American College of Obstetricians and Gynecologists, in Washington, doctors from all over the country complained that their patients were driving them crazy. "They've read Dr. Wilson's book and all of the magazine articles about estrogen therapy," one Miami specialist said, "and they insist that I give them the pills. When I don't, they accuse me of being a 'medical reactionary' and worse. One perfectly normal young woman of twenty-five wanted to take estrogen 'preventively,' as she put it, and when I told her to come back and see me in twenty years, she walked out in a huff."

Perhaps the most articulate spokesman against the more flamboyant claims made for estrogen therapy in the menopause is Dr. Sherwin A. Kaufman of New York University Medical Center, who delivered a much-applauded paper on the limitations of hormonal treatment at the Washington scientific meeting. Dr. Kaufman has always been a champion of the proper use of estrogen. "But," he says, "the situation has gotten ridiculous. Women come in asking for 'the youth pill,' and they say 'Check my estrogen level.' From what they've read, they think it's as simple as driving into a gasoline station and having their oil checked."

Dr. Kaufman (brother of Bel Kaufman who wrote *Up the Down Staircase*) decided to write a popular book of his own to set the record straight. The book is *The Ageless Woman*, and it will go on sale in the bookstores in September. It summarizes the promise and limitations of estrogen, but also emphasizes other factors which keep women young—such as diet and exercise.

Surprisingly, no one seems to have paid much attention to the treatment of menopause until very recently. Except for a handful of medical-research pioneers, most people regarded menopause as a natural plague visited on women, which they just had to bear stoically. In a way, change of life is a consequence of our scientifically advanced civilization. During the Roman Empire a woman rarely lived beyond her mid-20's, so the problem was hardly apparent. Only 60 years ago in the United States the average woman died in her 40's, at just about the same time she had fulfilled her childbearing function. But then came the great medical advances of this century, which eliminated the diseases that accounted for most early female mortality. Antibiotics, vaccination and new surgical techniques prolonged human life to the extent that today women, on the whole, outlive men.

The old natural processes continue, however, and when a woman gets to be in her late 40's or early 50's her ovaries die, although she herself may continue to live for another 30 years or more. It is the death of the ovaries that causes menopause. Not only does the young ovary produce eggs for the birth process but it also functions as a chemical factory, pouring vital hormonal substances into the bloodstream to help govern the growth and activity of every one of the many trillions of cells in the body.

The two major hormones are known as estrogen and progesterone. During the 1930's and 1940's a number of researchers recognized that most of the symptoms of menopause were linked to the increasing shortage of estrogen, which no longer was being produced adequately by the dying ovary in the middle-aged woman. They likened menopause to other deficiency diseases, such as diabetes, in which the pancreas no longer produces enough insulin.

The first and most common symptom—suffered by 70 percent of menopausal women—is the so-called "hot flush" (or "flash," as it is alternately called). Its mechanism is not understood completely by scientists, but Dr. Leon Israel of the University of Pennsylvania, one of the pioneers in estrogen research, says, "It's a dilation of the blood vessels, which starts at the waist and rises like a wave to the head. It reaches the scalp and then goes away. But as the wave ascends, it overheats the woman and drenches her in perspiration. The average woman has eight to ten hot flushes every day. She can't work and she can't sleep."

Along with the hot flush comes constant fatigue (suffered by 90 percent of menopausal women), headaches (60 percent), heart palpitations (40 percent), nervousness (90 percent) and depression (70 percent). There's backache and other pain, insomnia, irritability, forgetfulness and sudden, unexplained crying spells. The woman can gain weight or become thick in the waist; she is likely to suffer attacks of dizziness, and she may have less interest in sex. She can also develop extreme anxiety or even panic about getting cancer or becoming pregnant.

Such symptoms have been known for some time and usually have been dismissed with the observation that, "Oh, she's just going through the change." A few doctors, in fact, still believe that menopause is a normal condition, not a disease, and they refuse to "tamper with nature," as they put it. This was the dominant point of view in the medical profession until a decade or so ago, and one of the estrogen pioneers answered it with a now-famous article called, Is Menopause a Disease? The author, Dr. Allan C. Barnes of Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore, maintained it was unsound to argue that menopause is a natural phenomenon just because it happens to all women. "Death is also universal," he said, "yet we struggle against it. My eye doctor, when I consulted him about the fact that telephone directories were obviously being printed in smaller and smaller type, did not reply, 'Middle-age farsightedness is universal. It happens to everyone. Therefore I shall not treat it by giving you glasses.' "

It took a long time before Barnes and the others could convince their fellow practitioners that menopause *is* a deficiency disease and could be treated by giving the patient the estrogen that her own ovaries no longer were producing in sufficient quantities. The early estrogen substitutes, generally derived from sheeps' ovaries, were incredibly expensive and ineffective. Then came synthetic estrogens, which produced unpleasant side effects and had to be injected or implanted under the skin. The big breakthrough came in 1943, when drug companies learned how to fabricate so-called "conjugated" natural estrogens from the urine of pregnant mares. These conjugated estrogens, plus a host of effective synthetics that have come along since (all in pill form), now are the principal medical weapon in treating the symptoms of menopause. Some doctors also believe in supplementing estrogen with progesterone (the other hormone manufactured naturally by the ovary), and progesterone substitutes now can be manufactured quite easily from the roots of certain Mexican plants.

In most cases the man-made hormone pills began to work effectively as soon as they became

Photograph by Philippe Halsman

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available. Today, 9 out of 10 doctors are using them in treating menopausal women. The retail cost of the pills is moderate (running from three and one-half cents a pill for synthetics to eight cents for the "conjugated" variety), and patients all over the country enthusiastically swear by them—sometimes as if they were giving old-fashioned patent-medicine testimonials.

A tall, attractive, Scandinavian blonde in her 50's, who looks no more than 38 or 39, said, "A few months ago I was a mess. About the time I stopped menstruating last year, I developed an overwhelming anxiety and I just didn't want to get out of bed in the morning. I had hot flushes day and night and I wasn't sleeping. I got fat and I always felt sluggish. I became very bitchy to my husband, and I was tense all the time. When the tension reached its peak, I got violent leg cramps that almost crippled me. My family doctor gave me tranquilizers and they didn't work. Finally I decided I had to find out what was really wrong with me.

"At that point I asked my doctor to refer me to a gynecologist and he sent me to a very famous man in Chicago, who found that I was estrogen-deficient. He put me on the pills, and in a month the hot flushes were gone, the anxiety was gone, the bloat was gone. I lost twenty pounds without dieting. My disposition improved and I haven't had the leg cramps since I started the pills. I've gone back to work in my husband's business. He can't *believe* what's happened to me."

Doctors, too, give glowing testimonials to the effectiveness of Estrogen Replacement Therapy. Dr. M. Edward Davis of the University of Chicago, for example, is convinced that the estrogen pills help prevent heart attacks and strokes in older women. He points out that before they reach menopause, women are up to 20 times more immune than men to hardening of the arteries, which leads to heart attacks and strokes. After menopause, that immunity seems to disappear. The earlier immunity in women has been traced by many researchers to the presence of estrogen, which men manufacture only in very small quantities. Dr. Davis believes, along with several other outstanding medical scientists, that replacing a woman's estrogen after the menopause continues her immunity.

Dr. Davis has also made a classic study which tends to prove that when menopause occurs and natural estrogen production declines, women become prone to osteoporosis, a thinning out of the tissue of the bones. This accounts for so many older women breaking legs and hips in falls, and for the shrinking of the skeleton which causes elderly ladies to develop so-called "dowager's hump" and to lose up to four or five inches in their height. "This doesn't happen so much in men," says Davis, "because the male keeps producing hormones until he is well into his eighties." Davis and his colleagues at the University of Chicago carefully measured patients who had continued to take estrogen pills for many years after menopause. The density of their bones remained constant, and there was no shrinkage or back pain or "dowager's hump." Dr. Davis reported, "This is the first accurate evidence that normal bone metabolism can be continued or reestablished in postmenopausal women by the administration of estrogens."

Doubts and fears caused by a study made more than 20 years ago, in which large doses of estrogen caused cancer in a special strain of cancer-prone mice, were pretty much alleviated—except in the minds of a few diehards—when the Federal Government's Food and Drug Administration evaluated birth-control pills (which also are made up of estrogen and progesterone). A committee of distinguished physicians, headed by Dr. Louis Hellman of the State University of New York, wrote, "The committee finds no adequate scientific data at this time proving these compounds unsafe for human use." Such statements calmed many doctors' fears and actually were responsible for the estrogen-in-menopause boom.

Then came the public clamor and furore stirred up by Dr. Robert A. Wilson's book, *Feminine Forever*. Wilson has practiced gynecology for more than 40 years but apparently is not known as an outstanding investigator in his field. An old-time Brooklyn acquaintance, a reputable gynecologist named Dr. Henry S. Acken, describes Wilson as "a brilliant but emotional man," while other gynecologists say that "Wilson has gone too far, has promised too much in his book." Still, nearly all admit he has helped the profession, "if only by making it common knowledge in his book that estrogen is safe."

Wilson's career has been a stormy one since *Feminine Forever* became a best seller. Charges were filed against him before the Kings County Medical Society in Brooklyn because the complainant felt he implied in the book that estrogen could smooth out wrinkles in the face of the middle-aged female and increase her sexual desire. Wilson defended himself, and no disciplinary action was taken. But he did not fare so well with the Food and Drug Administration: He was barred by the Government as a drug company's investigator for a birth-control pill's use in the menopause. He had violated the federal regulations by claiming an ingredient in the company's pill was safe and effective for use in menopause therapy. The pill still has not been cleared by the FDA for menopausal use.

Wilson also has got himself in hot water with members of his own profession by setting up what he calls the Wilson Research Foundation, to disseminate information about estrogen therapy. The foundation has an office in New York in which two ladies behind a glass partition hand out Wilson's pamphlets and magazine articles. Asked about the purposes of Wilson's foundation, a leading member of the American College of Obstetricians and Gynecologists said, "Well, it exists to get funds, and Wilson solicits them from all sources, including physicians. I think this is one of those things that may be perfectly all right, but we physicians tend to be a little suspicious of anybody who sets up a foundation with members of the board being members of the family. In this case, it's his son and wife and daughter-in-law. Maybe he's perfectly honest on this, but he has created a great deal of suspicion."

But what has angered the profession more than anything else is Wilson's use, in his book, of Madison Avenue-type catchphrases, which he admitted to me he put in mostly to build sales among women readers. He refers constantly, for example, to "the femininity index," which is his expression for the old technique of counting cells under the microscope, in a vaginal smear. (When a woman has sufficient estrogen, the hormone causes the cells in the lining of the vagina to multiply. A high proportion of mature, so-called "cornified" cells in the smear supposedly indicates a good estrogen level; a high proportion of immature cells means poor estrogen levels in the body.) Wilson set a satisfactory "femininity index" at 85 percent new cells.

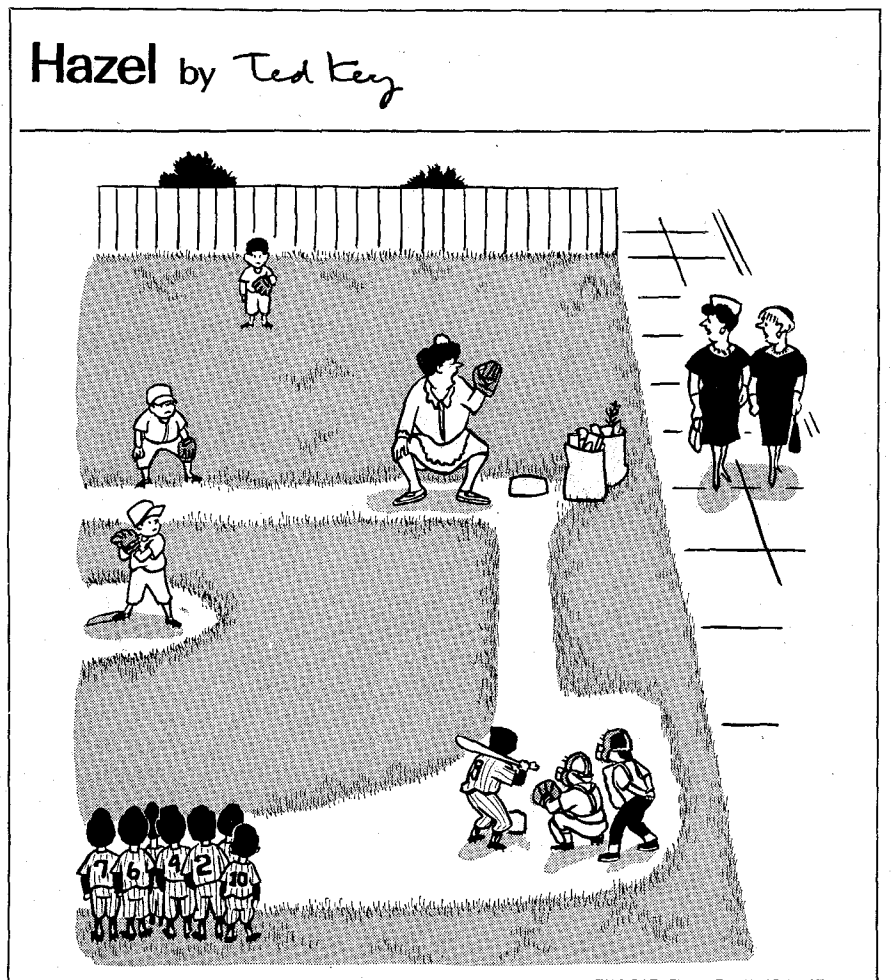
Dr. Leon Israel, one of the early estrogen champions and now editor of *Obstetrics and Gynecology*, seethes when he discusses Wilson's "femininity index." "The technique is nonsense," he says. "Very inexact. Also, the eighty-five percent is nonsense; twenty-five percent would be enough in a menopausal woman."

Moreover, according to Dr. Sherwin Kaufman, "If you follow Wilson's theories and give too much estrogen, there could be annoying side effects, which Wilson never mentions in his book. A patient could develop very sore and tender breasts, abdominal cramps and weight gain from water and salt retention. There are ways of neutralizing these side effects, but they are a complication. Also, most of us don't think it's safe to give estrogen to women with a history of breast and uterine cancer, or severe heart and kidney disease." (Because the long-range effects of estrogen still are not completely researched, even the most rabid estrogen enthusiast among doctors will not give the pill to a patient in whom cancer is suspected.)

Dr. Bruce D. Stern of Los Angeles points out another complication which sometimes arises—excessive or irregular bleeding from the uterus. Estrogen usually is administered for a certain number of days and then withdrawn for five to seven days. This deliberately creates an artificial menstruation cycle, in which controlled bleeding causes the womb to shed its lining, as it does during natural menstruation. Most doctors think this is a healthy procedure because it prevents a thickening of the lining of the uterus and could help prevent cancer of the womb. Sometimes progesterone is used to supplement the estrogen pills to promote this artificial menstruation.

For most middle-aged women the estrogen pills have proved to be a boon—but only when the symptoms are definitely related to estrogen deficiency and not to other problems of growing old. Certain symptoms, such as hot flushes and vaginal irritation, are almost always relieved by the estrogen therapy. And, as Dr. Kaufman points out, "Many other complaints—depression, headache, fatigue, for example—are *also* relieved by estrogen therapy, and often dramatically, but not consistently. We must remember that a woman in her fifties has a lot of ailments that may have nothing to do with hormonal insufficiency, although the symptoms may seem to be the same. Then we must use other weapons—pain killers, tranquilizers, counseling and psychiatry."

Dr. Israel agrees. He says, "With these women we're dealing with the Age of Anxiety. They have fear of menopause itself, fear of change in income, fear of their children being grown and off on their own, fear of cancer in themselves, fear of a stroke or a heart attack in their husbands. I'm a great believer in estrogen replacement. I've been using it for thirty years and it helps ninety-two percent of my patients. But it can't solve all of the problems of middle age." □



"Hi, Mrs. Kellogg—Mrs. Walker."

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They came to get our trade secrets

And we were glad to share them—with hundreds of people from over 40 nations who visited us last year to learn about the telephone business.

They came from places like Chad, Dahomey, Malawi, Togo and Bechuanaland; and from France, Germany, Japan, India and Australia.

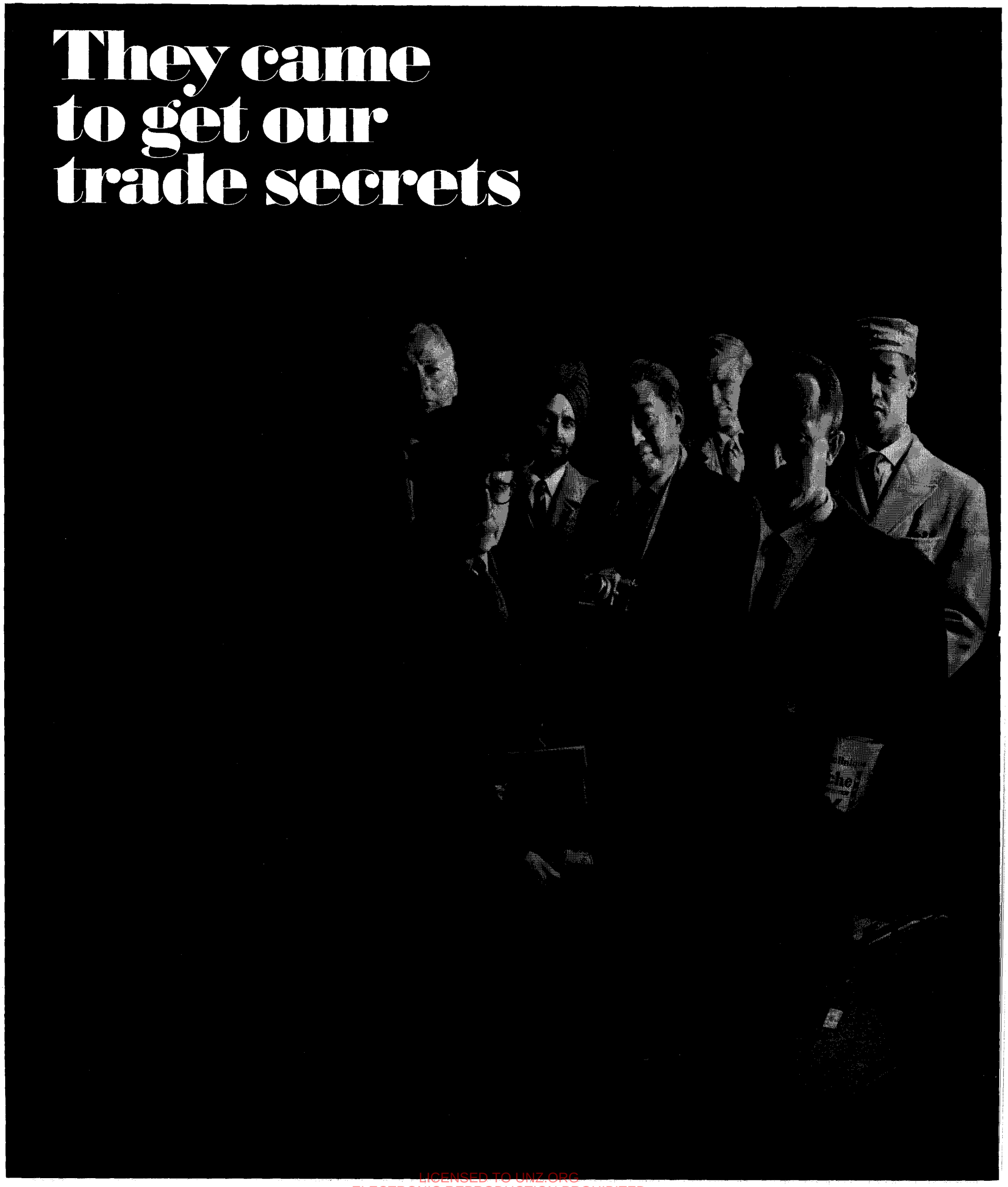
All these people had one thing in common. They wanted the latest information about modern telecommunications and we gave it to them.

They saw how our fast nationwide switching system works. Learned how scientific breakthroughs are converted into better means of communications. And studied the day-to-day work of our operating companies.

We're glad to do everything we can to help people improve their telephone service as we keep improving our own.

BELL SYSTEM AT&T and Associated Companies

We may be the only phone company in town, but we try not to act like it.



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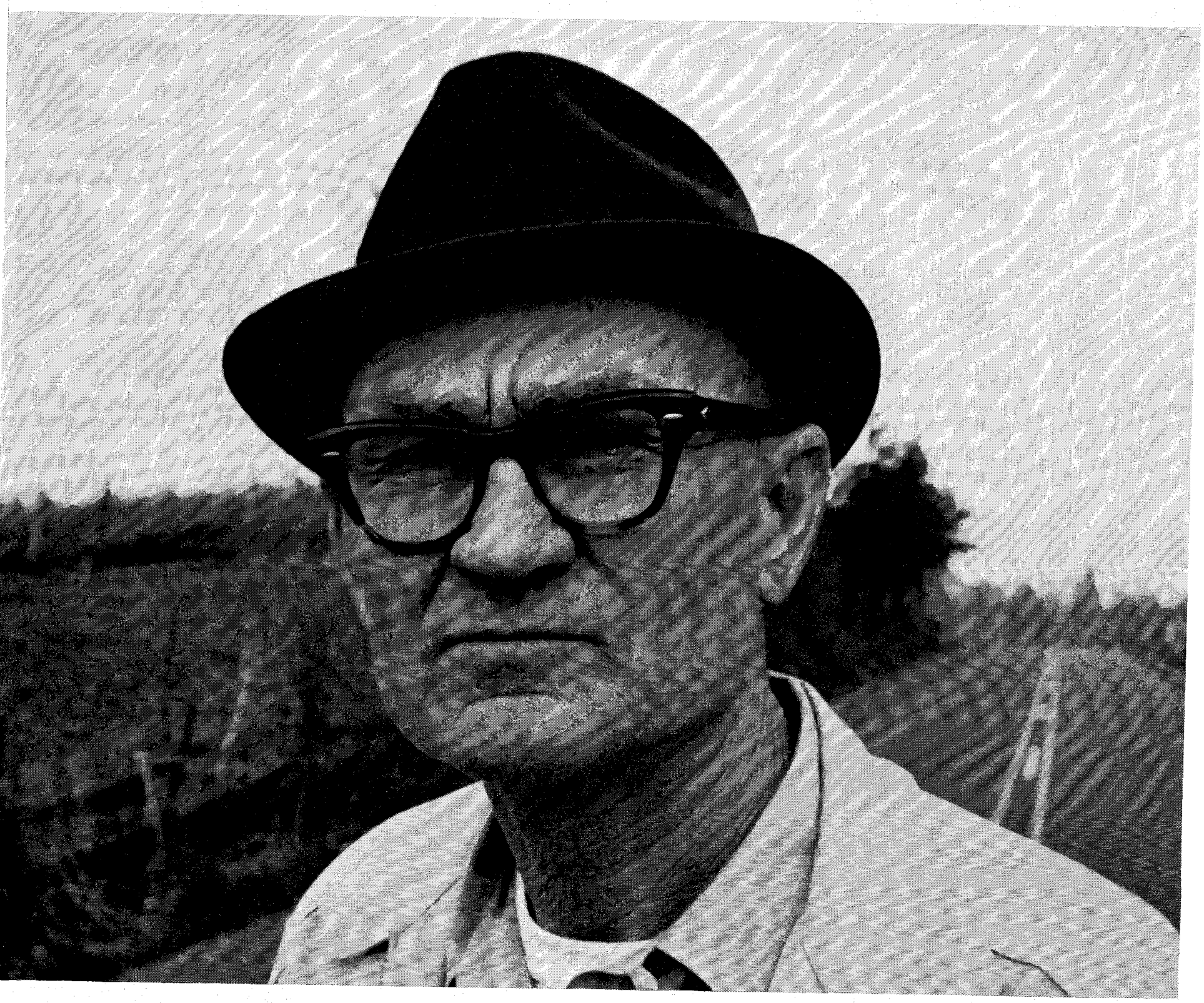
'I hunted 20 years to find my father's killer'

The chase took him 100,000 miles, exhausted his savings and haunted his nights, but a devoted son paid a family 'debt of honor' by tracking down the driver who ran over Pappy Lee.



Photographs by George Krause

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By Welby Lee, with Bard Lindeman

family, were with him. Pappy was stretched out on the bed, still in his overalls, and when I saw his face, I knew he wasn't going to make it. He had so much pain that they didn't even want to try to move him to the hospital. All the doctors did was give him a shot to ease his suffering.

Pappy couldn't talk, but he showed with his eyes that he recognized us. Toward the end there were three of us sitting up with him—my sister Edith, my wife Lina and me. We sat there listening to his breathing get weaker and watching the shadows run along the wall whenever a car passed on the highway. It was just getting to midnight when he ran out of fight. He died, and then we began to cry.

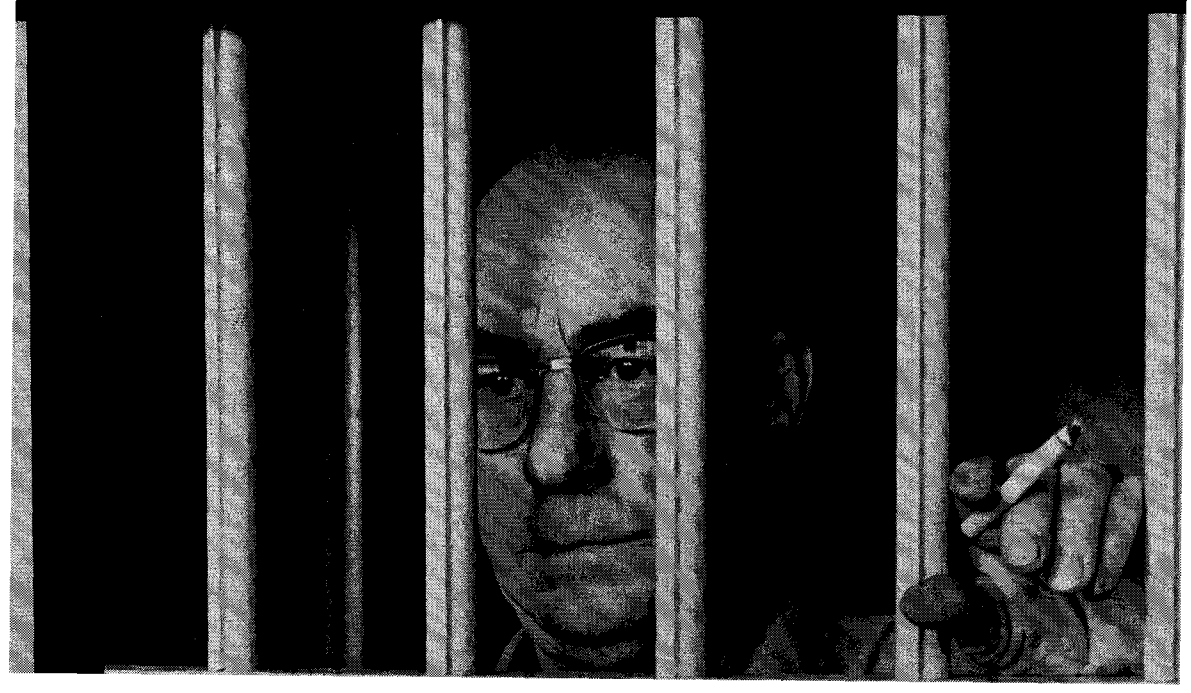
I remember after a while that the house was so still you could hear the ticking of the gran father clock in the living room. I was sittin there, with a thousand thoughts about Papp racing through my mind, when Edith sai "What are we going to do now?"

"The first thing," I said, "is to find wh killed him."

It wasn't any big speech. It was somethin that had to be done, and it was my place. W were three brothers, with five sisters, but was the only one free. Stanley lived in Indian with a wife so sick he couldn't leave her, an Jack was fighting in the Battle of the Bulg He wouldn't even know that Pappy was go for another month.

The date of the accident was December 3 1944, a Sunday. We started the search for t

Ollie Atk



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hit-and-run killer right the next morning, figuring he wouldn't be too hard to find in our part of the country where everybody knows everybody else. But it took more than 20 years to track down Pappy Lee's killer and get the evidence to bring him to trial. I had to travel more than 100,000 miles. I had to question thousands of people in the small towns and big cities and in the little one-room shacks up through the Cumberland Mountain foothills along the Kentucky-Tennessee line.

The searching cost me $20,000 of my own money and took the best part of my life, my energy and my thinking. It took most of my feeling too. Now that it's over, I'm tired—so tired I don't feel much of anything. I'm 54 and my nerves aren't good anymore, and I know that if I had to do it over again, it would surely kill me. But I suppose I would do it.

Pappy was special to us. Two weeks before I turned 12, my mother died in childbirth from lack of care. After that, well, Pappy was all of it to us eight Lee children. We lived in a little cabin on Sulphur Creek near Tompkinsville, the little town in Kentucky where I live now. The wind blew up through the floorboards, and there were days when there wasn't much to eat in our tin lunch buckets. Pappy ran a hickory mill down in that hollow. He cut trees and hauled logs, and he provided.

He spent all his years bringing along his children, and it wasn't until four years before he was run down that he owned his first home. He bought 12 acres and enough cheap lumber to build that little green-shingled house in Moss, just across the Tennessee line, and he was proud of it. The sad thing is, right when his life had eased up, it was over. He was 64 and still strong and hard.

I didn't see the accident happen, of course, but I've had it told to me so many times I know the details as well as I can ever know anything. Toward three o'clock that afternoon, with the storm coming up, Pappy went to his barn across the blacktop highway from his house. He fed his cow and his two logging horses and fixed the latch on his barn door.

He was up on the edge of the blacktop crust on the barn side of the road, on his way back to the house, when he must have seen that car zigzagging toward him. He turned and ran two feet off the gravel shoulder. From the skid marks we could tell this was where he had been hit. The impact broke his body like it was a doll and tossed him 62 feet. It was exactly 62 feet—we measured it with a lumber rule the next morning. And it was at five minutes to four o'clock. We were sure of this, too, because the hands of his big pocket watch were crushed into the face at just that time.

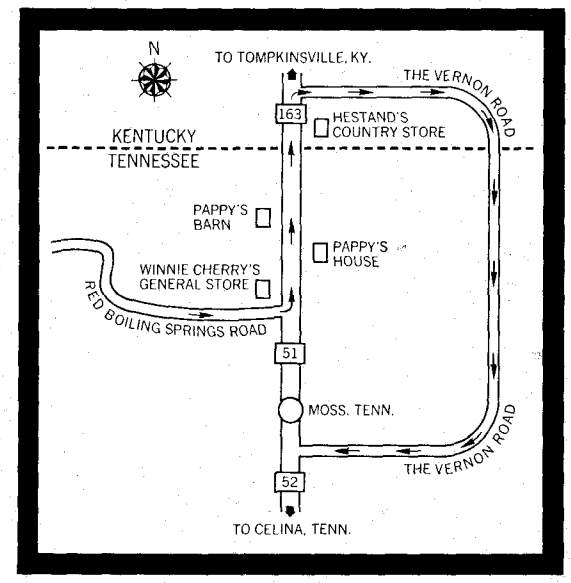
My niece, Mildred Castile, who was 16 then and keeping house for Pappy, was in the kitchen fixing supper when she heard the thud down by the highway. She ran to the window and saw two men get out of a dark-colored coupé and stand there, looking toward the ditch line. She guessed the driver was 30 to 35 years old and six feet.

"He was slim as a rail," she told me later, "and his shoulders were sort of humped. I suppose you call them rounded. His hair was black as coal, I remember that, and it was slicked straight back."

The man drove away fast, and Mildred ran down the highway, calling Pappy's name. Then she heard the groaning. He was lying on his side in the ditch up near the barn.

After Mildred called the doctors, the word spread pretty fast that Pappy had been struck by a hit-and-run driver. People were mad, darn mad. Pappy was one of their own. He was in the timber business 26 years, and people gave him respect. I used to hear men in town say, "Newt Lee is as hard a one for right and wrong as you'll find. He's fair and he's honest."

Even while he lay there dying New Year's Eve, some of his friends were out like vigilantes in that hard rain. They were looking for cars with dents, because the way that Pappy's left side was crushed it was plain the car that rammed him was going to be caved-in.



Turning left, the dark car headed for Pappy's place.

Most folks were helping—it was neighbors who dug the grave up in Mount Poland Cemetery—but some couldn't keep from being busybodies. Before we had a chance to bury Pappy and hold a sale on his furniture, they were phoning the house to say it was this one or that one who was driving the coupé. I understand all this because I've lived around Tompkinsville since I was six years old. The town is only 2,500 people with four churches, one pool hall, a drive-in movie, Little League under the lights, and a law that says we're "dry." The biggest noise we make is the Monroe County Fair in August with tractors, coonhounds, marble shooting, and a contest to find our prettiest girl.

I suppose it's natural we have to make up for what we lack by talking. Pappy's killing was on everyone's tongue, and this meant there were plenty of leads. I worked with Ray Dale, a Tennessee highway patrolman, and we talked to people who saw that dark coupé at 15 different spots. They said it was doing about 70 where the road was level. The car was going north when it hit Pappy, and we figured it was headed for Tompkinsville, which is on up the line. But at Hestand's country store, only two miles north of Pappy's and just into Kentucky, it turned right off the highway onto the Vernon Road. (See Map)

The Vernon Road circles south 21 miles and ends up intersecting the highway again about seven miles below Pappy's farm, two miles from Celina. It puzzled Ray Dale and me why anyone would risk taking this little farm-to-market road, particularly in the bad weather.

The coupé was the only thing over that part of the road all day. It left tracks in the mud. One thing was certain—whoever was driving must have known the Vernon Road pretty well.

For a while we suspected two young cousins. I talked with them 9 or 10 times, and the more I talked to them, the more I felt they weren't the right ones. In the spring of 1946 the highway patrol wanted to arrest one of them. I couldn't agree.

And that did it. Without me willing to push the prosecution, the highway patrol not only left the cousins alone but quit the case entirely. I was all alone now.

"If this is ever going to get solved," I told my wife Lina, "I'm going to have to do it."

I had a lumber business that kind of ran itself, so I was free to spend a lot of time on the case. I kept on visiting gas stations and garages, looking for a dark coupé with a smashed grille, until I had seen nearly every one in four counties.

After that I went back over Clay, Macon and Jackson counties in Tennessee, and my own Monroe County in Kentucky, seeing sheriffs, farmers, storekeepers, barbers, lawyers and bootleggers. I believed that if I saw enough people, one of them was bound to tell me what I wanted to hear.

By now I knew I'd never be able to get the picture of the driver off my mind, and I set out to find him. Mildred had told me he had "hair black as coal . . . slicked straight back." People said the car that day came from Celina—south of Pappy's on the highway—and I figured he would go back there when he felt it was safe. So on weekends and evenings, or whenever I had a few hours free, I'd drive down to Celina to walk the streets or stand under the maples and red elms in the courthouse square with the old grandpappies and the town idlers. All the time I was pretending to be listening to their small talk, my eyes were searching over their heads for the black-haired man.

I don't care one bit for high-school football or county politics, but I went to lots of games, and I was always in the crowd at courthouse rallies.

People were always giving me names. They were the names of men that owned a dark coupé, or drank, or drove too fast, or they went through Moss that afternoon. I had 19, all told. I took my time and checked them out, one by one.

One year slipped past another this way, and without my full realizing it, the search took more and more of my life. There was only Lina and me, so we could do with our time as we wanted. I cut out our once-a-week movie first, and when Lina saw I couldn't concentrate on the cards, we gave up the weekly pitch and rook games. I used to play on the Tompkinsville baseball team—I pitched or played the outfield—but I gave that up too. Between my searching and the lumber business, I was driving myself six and seven days a week. It seemed one day I was 31, and the next I was 41. Lina thought 10 years was enough.

"You can't do any more than you have," she said one night when I was only picking away at my dinner. "You're only going to make yourself sick this way."

Maybe if I was smarter, I would have quit then. But what Pappy had taught us wouldn't let me. Living down in that hollow on Sulphur Creek, I was cheated out of an education. We were two miles from the Rush Point schoolhouse, and once the winter took hold of those mud trails, we couldn't make it to school. None of us in the family got more than a grammar-school education, going part time like that. So Pappy Lee was our teacher. He drilled into us things like honesty and truth, pay your bills, uphold the law.

I was thinking about the law, and how too many people get away with things because not enough of us care. We don't want to stick our necks out, to help the laws work. I mean during the years I spent on Pappy Lee's killing there were three other hit-and-run deaths within 10 miles of Tompkinsville, and near Celina a man was tied to a tree, robbed and murdered. None of these was ever solved. There were people who knew things, only after a little while you didn't hear any more talk about who did it, and that was the end of it. The cases just died out. No one cared.

I told Lina that I couldn't quit the search. But I promised her that I would slow up some, and so I sold my half interest in the Hollingsworth and Lee lumber business for $30,000, and I bought 2,500 acres of what we call cheap or young-growing timber. Every year I sell off a section of timber and I grade lumber part time, and while I don't make what I used to, we don't need very much, and I've never been one for money. This gave me more time for the search, and fixed it so I could fish or

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'I couldn't get him off my mind—a man with hair black as coal.'

do some trap-shooting whenever I felt my nerves beginning to jangle.

One day in the fall of 1955 I was out at the fairgrounds shooting against a Clay County man named Cancel Moore. I knew he was living in California and, like I always did, I pushed the conversation around to Pappy's killing. I said I believed I hadn't found the men I was after because they moved out west to do farming or up north to take factory jobs. I asked Cancel when he went back to California to talk up Pappy's killing with folks he knew were from Tennessee and Kentucky.

The next I heard from Cancel Moore was three years later, when he was back visiting at his family home in Pine Hill, Tennessee. He sent word I should come by to talk with Miss Isabelle Hatcher. I knew Isabelle to be a Clay County woman who did a man's work, hoeing and picking tobacco most of her life. But she was sitting this Saturday morning—it was January 18, 1958—on a soft couch in a pink dress. She looked like a city lady.

Isabelle said she had heard all about me from Cancel and his brother, Girvous, so I asked her right off, could she help me?

"Mr. Lee," she said, "I'll try and not hold back on you. I know who run over your pappy. My brother-in-law, who is Grover Jones, is the one."

I'd heard people tell me who they thought killed Pappy. Not just once, but many times. Still, it always gave me a little flinch. I could feel it through my whole body.

Isabelle Hatcher told me how back in 1944 she was living in the Hatcher home place, near Milestown, Tennessee, about eight miles from Moss. On Saturday afternoon, December 30, her sister, Dessie Jones, and Grover Jones came from Hartville, Ohio, to visit. They had their three little boys with them. After dark the next evening Grover came roaring into the house about half drunk. He told Dessie to get the kids and pack. They were going home to Ohio.

"Dessie was in the middle of making jelly," Isabelle said. "There were stewers and cookers and a kettle spread all over the kitchen. She said, 'Grover, we're not going. We come to spend three or four days.'

"Grover wouldn't listen though, and while they were packing up the car, I went out to help. One of the little boys asked how come the license plates was on the back floor. Grover said he hit a bank and dragged them off. I knew this was just some kind of a story."

Isabelle said that when the Hatchers heard the next day that Newt Lee was killed over in Moss, they figured Grover Jones had something to do with it. But it was in the family, so they kept this to themselves.

I decided while driving home from the Moores' that Isabelle Hatcher's story was about the best I had heard. Yet I had my doubts. Like so many others, spite and hate could have been back of it. She said Grover was a drinking man, that he ran around with women, and that her sister Dessie had finally left him.

If you hadn't been with me for 13 years, you couldn't understand why I didn't get too excited about Isabelle Hatcher's information. Thirteen years of running out leads, with nothing at the end of them, had about wore me out. Some days I'd be walking in town, hoping I wouldn't meet anyone who wanted to stop and talk. I was feeling too beat down for mention of the search.

Isabelle had said Grover Jones and the boy with him—she called him Ridley Stubblefield—were from down in Jackson County. I couldn't see that either of them would know the Vernon Road. I remembered that 40 men with picks and shovels and mules built a stretch of that road back in the WPA days. To satisfy myself, I learned most of their names and talked to as many as I could find. None had ever heard of Grover Jones or Ridley Stubblefield.

So, I held my doubts as to Isabelle's story, but I wanted to meet her again. I had thought up plenty of new questions to ask her, only she was living in California. I had to wait three years before I heard she was home in Milestown. I found her hanging out wash on a cold day in December of 1961. I coaxed her to sit in my car, where it was warm and we could talk private.

"You thought I lied to you," she said. "You just don't know Grover Jones, Mr. Lee."

She described Grover to me as being 52 (he would have been 35 in 1944), slim, about six feet tall and with black hair combed straight back.

"He's so proud of that hair," she said, "that he is all the time slicking it down with a pocket comb, and he never wears a hat."

"What kind of a car did he drive?" I asked.

"He had a little coupé back then," Isabelle said. "It was dark-colored."

Isabelle could see my mind was turning. She said now I should go see her brother Willie. She told me, "Don't only take my word for it."

J. W. (Willie) Hatcher has the name of a good man. I asked 30 people about him and they all said he was honest, a strict Christian, and a Mason more than 20 years.

"This is a hard situation for me," Willie Hatcher said when I gave him my reason for calling at his home. "I've been told not to take sides in your business, but I'm siding with the truth. That never can be wrong."

Six or seven years ago, he said, his father was sick, and he sat up with him for six months. One night late, when sleep wouldn't come, old Rutherford Hatcher got talking about Grover Jones. He told Willie of the time Grover came pounding in and made Dessie and the kids pack up and tear home to Ohio before they were finished visiting.

Willie said his pappy declared, "Grover Jones is a mean man. He sure enough killed Newt Lee, and he ought to be put away."

Grover was working in Indianapolis as a grocery-store handyman, Willie said. I decided, when I heard him tell this, that I was going to face Grover with what I knew. I hoped he would tell me the truth; I hoped he'd say that he skidded that day, and it was a bad accident; I hoped he'd tell me how he was sorry, and I hoped he would say all this to the judge in Celina, and take a light suspended sentence, and we wouldn't have to go into court with lawyers, witnesses and a jury—and with everyone hating each other.

On the afternoon of January 26, 1962, I was sitting on a wood bench in the third-floor hallway of the Indianapolis police headquarters. This sergeant, named Luther D. Shreve, was alongside me. He had read the affidavits I took off Isabelle and Willie Hatcher, and he telephoned Grover to come by and answer a few questions. We waited a half hour, and then an hour. I was so worked up my hands were sweating all across the palms. Then I saw him. He was coming slowly up the stairs. He was a few pounds heavier than slim, and he wore glasses, but this was still my man. He was the one Mildred described for me 17 years before. He had no hat on, and his hair was black. It was combed straight back.

I didn't wait to be introduced. I just walked right up to Jones and held out my hand.

"Grover," I said, "I'm Welby Lee."

He took the hand and stood like he was stone. He was lost for words. It seemed like minutes we stood this way. The next thing he was getting all red in the face and then, as I watched, tears came. Big, wet tears, as big as any I'd ever seen a child cry. In all my lifetime I have never seen a man so affected by anything as much as this face-to-face meeting moved Grover Jones on that afternoon.

It took Lee 14 years to find Isabelle Hatcher, who said she overheard Jones admit that he was the driver. After 18 years of work, Lee uncovered the leads that brought deputies Gann (front) and Ritter into the case.

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Grover Jones, I thought to myself, has *got* to be guilty to act this way.

But once we were inside Sergeant Shreve's office, Grover Jones turned into another man. His eyes were dry and hard, and he bit off the words, which he had no trouble finding. He said, "We were down there that weekend, but I didn't kill nobody," and the name Ridley Stubblefield was a new one on him.

The sergeant read out loud the affidavits we'd gotten from the Hatchers, and asked Grover why he thought his in-laws, after all these years, would make up a story on him.

"They're liars," he screamed, and he was heated up good now. "They're all liars, and I'll get them for this. I'll get you, too," he said, looking over at me. "You can't prove nothing. You've got only Hatcher lies."

Sergeant Shreve told Grover he could go then but asked him to come back the next week. The second interview wasn't any better.

He was too slippery for our questions. He told me he had a lawyer now and was going to sue me for plenty. That was all there was to it. We didn't have enough to hold him, and Grover walked away from that police station as free as a bird. I left Indianapolis mad. I felt he was lying all the way, and I was going to prove it.

I knew all about Grover from the Hatchers. How he was born up near Goose Horn on the Haydenburg Ridge, how he had trouble writing his own name and had worked most of his life at logging, farming, truck driving and fixing up roads. I needed to know now about Ridley Stubblefield.

I started back up in the hills where both were born. Two deputy sheriffs from Red Boiling Springs helped me. Rex Gann and George Ritter were their names, and each one of these boys gave me two, three days a week. We stayed right with it for nine months and found 36 men and six women who knew both Grover and Ridley. They told us there was just no way for them, down in this section where everybody knows everybody else, not to know each other. We learned that for 20 years the Jones and Stubblefield families lived within 10 miles of each other.

Now I went back to Isabelle Hatcher and pressured her to give me the names of some others who saw Grover and Ridley in Tennessee that weekend. She sent me this time to see another of her sisters—Bessie, who was married to A. W. (Bill) Davis. They live up on Rattlesnake Ridge in a little cabin with no electricity and a privy down in back. Bill Davis is 72, but he stays active as a tent preacher for the Church of God, which some call the Holiness Church. He and Bessie are sort of a team. He preaches loud, and she sings soft, right along with him.

The first time I drove up along Rattlesnake Ridge, Bill and Bessie weren't exactly happy to see me. Bessie cried, using her apron to dry her tears.

"Grover will come down here and kill us if we tell anything on him," she said.

Bill just shook his head and said, "Oh, Lordy, how I have tried to stay out of this thing."

Then I told Bill and Bessie about all of Grover's denials.

"Well, if he talks that way," Bill declared, shaking his big, rough fist, "it's the same thing as calling me a liar. I saw him and that Stubblefield boy the day before your daddy was killed. They was buying soda pop at Benton Reeves's store. Grover said they might need them for chasers."

The Hatchers and Bill Davis all put Grover and Ridley within eight miles of Pappy's house.

Then I thought how this linked up with what Caye Strong and Eck Denton had told us the week after Pappy was killed, that they came out of Winnie Cherry's store which was at the intersection of the Tompkinsville Road and the Red Boiling Springs Road, a few minutes before 4 o'clock on December 31, 1944. The corner was just 250 yards below Pappy's place.

Two generations of stubborn, hardworking Lees: Welby and his wife Lina and, in the portrait, Pappy and wife Elsie.

You could stand in front of the store and see the corner of Pappy's unpainted cedar barn with that chalky-colored corrugated-tin roof. Caye and Eck Denton were just in time to see a dark coupé come around the store from the Red Boiling Springs Road. The driver stopped at the lower side of the store porch, rolled down his window and said hello to Eck Denton. Caye and Eck walked down beside the car and talked to the driver, who was Grover Jones. They said they did not know the man with Grover; he was bareheaded, had light-colored hair and was about 27 years old. No, they had no conversation. Then the car turned north on the highway and headed straight for Pappy's barn.

So after I left Bill and Bessie I went to Moss and talked to Caye about what they said. Caye said, "We told all this to those highway patrolmen, only they wouldn't listen. They said the car they wanted came up from Celina, not off the Red Boiling Springs Road."

I held up a 1946 photograph of Grover Jones.

"Yes, that's him," Caye said. "That's the one. 'Grover Jones' is what Eck called him."

Eck Denton was dead, but I didn't need him. Suddenly the pieces of evidence I had been gathering for years were fitting into place. I had found out that Grover and Ridley had been working together on a vegetable farm in Ohio prior to 1944, and that they both were visiting in-laws around Moss on December 31. I was told that Grover bought some whiskey in Hermitage Springs in the morning, and that he was drinking by 11. He came back to the Hatcher house smelling of the stuff, and Isabelle Hatcher told him, "If water smells like that, I don't want any."

Then Isabelle Hatcher said Grover picked up Ridley, who was staying close by, and that they set off to Tompkinsville. And now I knew that Grover had driven down the Boiling Springs Road and turned left on the hardtop highway toward Pappy's barn just before four o'clock. Pappy was hit at five minutes to four. So finally everything fitted in except the business about the Vernon Road. Why should Grover have turned off the highway onto a side road that must have been real slick in the rain? He had never lived around Moss, and you needed to have lived around there to know the Vernon Road, I thought.

I told Lina that one day I'd solve the Vernon Road mystery. It's my nature to be stubborn. I mean, I've been working since I was 12, and the first eight years we were married was the Depression. Just to survive, I had to be stubborn.

I suspect being a little stubborn also helped me wait out fellows like Dewey Birdwell, who was a Clay County rural-road commissioner years back before he moved up to Indiana. I was told he could talk about Grover, so I waited on him until one day in August, 1962, when he came to Tompkinsville, visiting his brother Elisha. They were finishing lunch when I walked in, and we talked fishing first. After a while I asked Dewey to tell what he knew of Grover Jones. He said Grover used to work for him.

"How's that?" I asked. "He's from down Jackson County."

Dewey laughed. "That's right," he said, "only I got so many votes from them Hatchers, I had to put their son-in-law to work. Grover became my tractor operator."

I had no idea that Grover had done road work anywhere around Pappy's place.

"Did he know the Vernon Road?" I asked quickly.

"Well, he ought to know it," Dewey Birdwell said. "He graded roads in Clay County twice a year from 1940 to 1942, when I was voted out."

I had this quick, cold sweat when I left the Birdwells. It was only two o'clock in the afternoon when I walked in the kitchen door, so Lina knew something was wrong.

"Are you sick?" she asked. "You don't look right."

"The Grover Jones case is over," I said. "The Vernon Road fits."

I was sure I had made my case against Jones. The district attorney general, who was Scott Camp, said no. He told me it would be *fantastic*—that's the very word he used—if after all these years we convicted Grover.

"Farm juries," he said, "don't like to send a workingman to the penitentiary. I've even had them look me in the eye and declare they voted not guilty because they didn't believe in such things as fingerprints."

Scott Camp had been listening to me talk this case at least a half-dozen years, and I don't think he believed I ever meant to do anything except talk. So he sent me home to write up all my notes, and I suppose he thought he'd seen the last of me.

I've worked most of my life in the woods, and trees are what I know best. But now I sat indoors writing, day after day, with a dictionary in my lap, because I'm such a bad speller. It took me a full eight months to put together all my notes, and I felt so funny over what I was doing that I pulled the living-room shades. I didn't want my neighbors to catch me indoors and writing.

It was on June 13, 1963, that I went back to Scott Camp and turned in what I called my book. It had 153 pages. Mr. Camp took four hours reading through it, and then he kind of apologized.

"We'll have our day in court," he said.

Exactly 12 days later I told my story to the grand jury, and right while I sat there, they voted to indict Grover Jones for second-degree murder.

The trial began on November 9, 1964, in the

Welby at his father's grave. "I want to stay free of courts the rest of my days," he says.

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'If I had to do it over again, it would kill me, but I would do it.'

county courthouse in Celina, Tennessee. People bunched together on the wooden benches, and when there was no more room, they squatted in the aisles and sat up on the metal ballot boxes in the back of the old, overhanging balcony. Upton's Funeral Home sent extra folding chairs, but still there weren't seats enough. The high school let out because the teachers said local history was happening, and I guess they were right.

Almost all of the first day I sat up in the witness chair talking, and we used 31 other witnesses—Isabelle Hatcher and Caye Strong and all the rest. Grover Jones testified for 90 minutes and denied everything. He even denied knowing Ridley Stubblefield.

The trial lasted three days, and the jury already had the case when we learned that two of Grover's character witnesses were actually brother-in-law and sister to two members of the jury. The prosecution right away drew up a motion asking for a mistrial. Judge John Mitchell granted the motion and ordered Grover to be tried again at the next term of court.

I knew that I had to be a stronger witness for the second trial, and to condition myself I sat through dozens of cases in Celina and Tompkinsville. After court was over for the day, I would try out the witness chair, practicing how I was going to look right at the jury.

Baxter Key Jr., the new district attorney general who handled the case, said we hurt ourselves in the first trial. We gave the jury too much and wound up only confusing them. This time our thinking was to cut the case to the bone.

The second trial got under way promptly at nine o'clock the morning of July 12, 1965, and right before three o'clock of the second afternoon, Baxter said the state rested its case. This shook up the defense. We could see that. What it did was force them to put Grover on the stand without the overnight rehearsing they were planning.

When it came to the cross-examining, Charley Haile, one of the prosecuting lawyers, really got next to Grover.

"If you weren't here in Clay County on December 30, 1944," asked Haile, "why would Bill Davis, an old man with a heart condition, come in here and testify he saw you on that afternoon buying soda pop in Reeves's store?"

"An old man can lie as good as a young man," Grover answered.

Mention of his in-laws riled Grover. He crossed his feet one way, then he changed them back the other. Meantime, his Adam's apple was bobbing in and out. He said he didn't claim Isabelle Hatcher or Bill Davis as kin any longer. Charley kept pressuring him about Bill Davis, until finally Grover turned red in the face and shook his fist under Charley's nose.

"I never did think much of Bill Davis," he said, so you could hear it in the back of the balcony. "I don't like him, and he's lying on me."

This didn't do Grover any good, and neither did Isabelle Hatcher's witnessing. She calmly told how Grover asked his mother, who would hold prayer meetings in her home, to pray for him. This is how Isabelle testified in court about the talk between her mother and Grover: "He said, 'Mammy, I have done a little of everything.' Mother said, 'Murder?' and he said, 'Yes, I guess so.' Then she said, 'Did you run over Mr. Lee?' and he said, 'Mammy, I guess I did.' That was her words and his. I heard it by the old trunk that sat in my bedroom."

There wasn't much for the lawyers to talk about when the time came for summing up, and the jury filed out just before lunch. They were mostly farmers, all clean-looking fellows with a good shave and haircut. There's a saying in Tompkinsville that when you go to court down in Clay County "you're in the hands of the Philistines." This is only town talk. I liked to think some fine men had worked in this old courthouse, and I knew Cordell Hull was a lawyer and judge here before he went up to Washington to become the Secretary of State. His picture, in a nice gold-colored frame, still hangs above the judge's place.

The jury was out only an hour and 25 minutes. I looked over at Grover, and he was pitiful to me. He grabbed the table so tight the backs of his hands were as white as milk. His face was all strained, and the skin folds at the collar line were those of an old man.

Judge Mitchell called to the jury to give over its verdict, and Frank Borden, the little foreman, read out in a clear voice:

"Guilty of involuntary manslaughter."

So Grover Jones was guilty finally, and he was sentenced to one year and a day in the penitentiary.

I wasn't sorry. He was mean and threatening, he insulted me, and he lied throughout. And he went to jail. That's the law, and the Lee family has no quarrel with it.

But we're not a vengeful people. When I went before the grand jury, I left Ridley Stubblefield out of the case. He has worked steadily and raised a family in Ohio, and he and his wife were nice to me every time I talked to him, although he did not admit any involvement in the case. We hope that he will come and tell us his story. If he does, we're not going to bring a case against him. The Grover Jones case is closed; he's out of jail now, and I want to stay free of the courts the rest of my days.

Waiting on that jury during the last hour, I looked up at Cordell Hull's picture, and I thought about the tale they tell on his father down here. The story is that William (Old Bill) Hull was a Confederate soldier who had his left eye shot out by a Yankee. After the war he tracked this man down and shot him dead. Bill Hull never was tried, because I understand the law at that time called it "a debt of honor."

I suppose you could say, without stretching it, that it took me 20 years, 6 months and 14 days, and it shortened my life some, but Welby Lee paid his debt of honor. □

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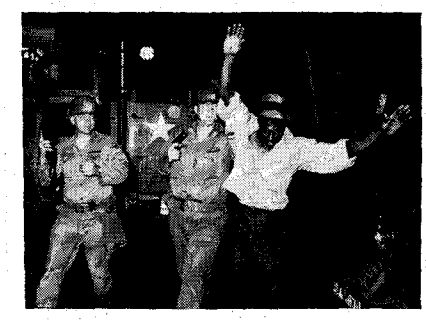
Editorial



The cry of the ghetto

In the lull between the sacking of Newark and the explosion of Detroit, a band of more than 1,000 self-styled Negro leaders from 45 different organizations gathered for a conference on "Black Power." Nobody has ever really figured out what "Black Power" means. When it is chanted by a mob, it sounds suspiciously like a call to arms against "Whitey," but when it is defined in television interviews it sounds more like some kind of mutual-assistance society. The delegates to the Newark conference were equally confused. The Rev. Nathan Wright, who convoked the session, explained the purpose of the meeting by saying, "Unity means a new relationship of working together," so that Negroes can "take care of their own needs," but within a couple of days the more intemperate black-power enthusiasts were threatening white reporters with baseball bats and throwing chairs at TV cameramen.

In each clash between moderates and militants, in fact, the militants seemed to get their way, as black power turned into black paranoia. Bizarre characters like Ron Karenga, whose robes, shaven head and theatrical dark glasses are a familiar sight in Watts, emerged as "leaders"—though it remains anybody's guess whom they are leading, or where. The final resolutions contained a few glimmerings of common sense, like the call for Negro financial institutions to provide neighborhood credit, but most of them were a hodgepodge of absurdities and irrelevancies—demands for "black national holidays," for "black universities" to train "professional black revolutionaries," for rejection of all birth-control programs, for opposition to Christianity as "a white religion," for a boycott of the Olympics and professional boxing—and, as a final bit of foolishness, "a national dialogue on the desirability of partitioning the United States into two separate nations, one white and one black." It is interesting to imagine what such a giant new ghetto would be like, taking pride in its university and its holidays, united in fierce hostility to Christianity and birth control and everything else outside the ghetto.

It is easy to ridicule the wild sloganeering of the black-power extremists because their slogans are, on the face of it, ridiculous. Far from dealing with the essential problem of the Negroes' alienation from contemporary American society, they make a hollow show of trying deliberately to increase that alienation. But what is not ridiculous is that, while the black-power ultras may not actually be the leaders of the ghetto, their chaotic anger certainly reflects the blind rage of the ghetto people. This is largely a matter of ghetto conditions—the filth and rats, the crumbling buildings, the prison-like schools, the exploiting merchants and the callous police. But it is also a matter of white society's stubborn refusal to admit that the ghetto is a problem that it must solve, that its promises, broken and inadequate, are no longer tolerable.

In peaceful times, white America simply ignores the ghetto, a dirty place to be avoided; in restless times, white America grudgingly initiates a few token welfare programs and warns the ghetto not to ask for too much too soon; then, finally, in times of insurrection, white America calls out the National Guards, smashes into Negro homes, opens fire on Negro crowds. This is the policy of escalating force, and, as we have learned overseas, it is anything but a sure solution. There is no question that we must have law and order. And if necessary, force must be used to maintain it. But rioting and looting are not the only signs of lawlessness and disorder in the ghetto. The very existence of the ghetto is a violation of the concept of law and order; its existence breaks dozens of laws, and its only order is that of an animal in a cage.

Aside from demanding an investigation of the outbreaks, the Congress of the United States confronted the nation's greatest domestic problem in two scenes of characteristic high purpose. In one, Sen. James Eastland interrogated Thurgood Marshall, the first Negro justice of the Supreme Court, on whether Marshall had once quoted from a book by a Communist, and Sen. Strom Thurmond wanted to know whether the prospective justice could answer questions like, "Who drafted the Thirteenth Amendment?" In the other, the House of Representatives not only rejected President Johnson's proposal to spend $20 million a year on exterminating rats in the slums but engaged in elegant congressional mockery of the whole idea. One Congressman ridiculed the plan as "a rat corps" headed by "a high commissioner of rats," and another suggested, "Let's buy a lot of cats and turn them loose."

One thing that is plain is that Washington's collection of "civil-rights bills" and "poverty programs" has not been nearly enough to guarantee the Negro his civil rights or lift him out of his poverty. To achieve that would require real sacrifices, of money, energy, and "a way of life" that the northern suburbanite cherishes just as much as any southerner. For the breakup of the ghettos would involve the dispersion of millions of Negroes throughout suburbia, and improving Negro education would involve the lowering of white education. And most difficult of all, treating Negroes as people means, quite simply, to treat them as people. To treat them as animals will require, from now on, periodic shipments of troops to quench, just temporarily, the fires of our burning cities.

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